

A

BLIND MAN'S

OFFERING:

BY B. B. BOWEN

"All do something for the general good, the rich give their wealth, the poor their labor and even those bereft of sight can contribute their thoughts."

SECOND EDITION.

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TO

ONE IN WHOM ARE BLENDED ALL THE EXCELLENCIES OF A NOBLE

WOMAN AND A DISINTERESTED FRIEND;

WHOSE

DEEP AND TRUE AFFECTION IS EVER AUGMENTING THE HAPPINESS

OF MY DAILY LIFE; —

TO

MY DEVOTED WIFE,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

I ken the night and day,
For all ye may believe;
And often in my spirit lies
A clear light, as of mid-day skies;
And splendors on my vision rise,
Like gorgeous hues of eve.

* * * * *

I hear you talk of mountains,
The beautiful, the grand;
Of splintered peaks so gray and tall;
Of lake, and glen, and waterfall;
Of flowers and trees; — I ken them all,
Their difference understand.

And oh, the heavenly music
That, as I sit alone,
Comes to my inward sense as clear
As if the angel voices were
Singing to harp and dulcimer,
Before the mighty throne.

It is not as of outward sound
Of breeze or singing bird;
But wondrous melody refined,
A GIFT OF GOD UNTO THE BLIND
An inward harmony of mind,
By inward senses heard!

MARY HOWITT.

PREFACE.

A few words will be sufficient to convey to the reader the object of our humble "Offering." For whatever it contains, we, of course, hold ourselves responsible. We cannot but hope that it will exert a beneficent influence, and contribute something to deepen the interest already manifested in the condition and claims of the blind. It was our intention to have published a book in raised characters, but the great expense of such an undertaking has prevented us. We have, however, endeavored to give a variety of interesting facts in relation to the blind, their education, &c., which, we trust, will make this book as useful and acceptable as the one we had previously contemplated. Those who are acquainted with the extent to which the blind are now educated, will have no difficulty in conceiving, that one without the aid of sight could write a much better work than this claims to be; but as this volume may fall into the hands of many who may never have given their attention to this subject, we deem it proper to state, that the following pages contain the thoughts of the author as they were delivered to his amanuensis, without even the slightest verbal alteration. We might have rendered them more acceptable to the reading public, by summoning to our aid one better skilled in the art of book-making, but, in such a case, the present volume would have been deprived of its distinctive original character, which we were desirous it should possess. Wherever we have made quotations, they are duly credited. We have thought that short articles would answer our purpose better than elaborate essays. We have endeavored to give the reader some idea

of the effect which blindness exerts upon the mind in influencing the reasonings and modifying the opinions of one who has been its subject from early infancy. Some may, perhaps, think they have discovered a want of consistency in our views. In reply to this, we will only say, that we regard man as a progressive being, and that, for ourselves, we change our opinions whenever we find that those we have previously entertained were wrong. We have always prized higher an earnest and inquiring spirit, than one who remains forever in an immovable state, who can boast of nothing but the pertinacity with which he maintains the ideas inherited from his fathers.

The author wishes to be distinctly understood, that part of the design of the present publication is to enable him to obtain for himself, and for those whose happiness is dearer than life, the means of an independent subsistence; and whatever may be realized from its sale, will be appropriated to this object.

If energy and enterprise that have never yet yielded to circumstances, can do it, our humble "Offering" shall find at least a temporary lodgment in every nook and corner of our widely extended land. Of one thing we are sure, that whoever may honor it with a perusal will do so without injuring themselves in mind or morals.

THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON, *June 1st*, 1849.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"When on a master's work I look,
What hath been done with joy I see;
But when in mine own book I read,
I see what should have been done by me."

A MAN always stamps the impress of himself on his works; hence it always happens, that when we look on a piece of machinery, a beautiful painting, or a finely executed piece of sculpture, we are, I think, conscious of an instinctive desire to know something of him by whose mind they were conceived, and by whose hand they were formed. It is thus, when we look on the material world, we feel within our souls the want of a yet more thorough knowledge of the Great Architect. The philosophers of antiquity were led, by the study of nature, to confess that they needed a more perfect revelation of nature's God.

We see the manifestation of the principle of which we are speaking in every-day life.

Do we behold a splendid specimen of architectural skill, almost the first question we ask is, who is the artist? If we take up a book to examine, we involuntarily turn to the titlepage to see by whom it was written. We regard this as an amiable trait of the

human mind. It is ennobling to contemplate the creative spirit as it reveals itself in whatever it creates. It must, however, be remembered, that, like every other principle, it is very liable to be abused; hence it is not uncommon to find persons in whom this noble desire has degenerated into a cold and heartless curiosity. There are, without doubt, those who, on reading my humble offering, will wish to know something of him by whom it was written. It is with the hope of pleasing such that we have prepared the following necessarily imperfect sketch of our life.

Do not be alarmed, kind reader; I shall not trouble you with a long account of my pedigree.

My ancestors were all, without doubt, very distinguished men, or at least they thought so; and this, so far as I am concerned, answers every purpose.

As for myself, I was born (so say the chronicles of those days) in the fine old town of Marblehead, just sixteen geographical miles from Boston, Mass., in the year 1819. Of my infancy I cannot say much, for I have lost all recollection of those balmy days; yet, reader, an event which happened within the first six weeks of my life, not only affected my physical, intellectual and moral developments through time, but, it may be, has decided my destiny forever. For six short weeks was I permitted to look on the beautiful universe, and then the windows of the soul were closed forever. During that short period of time, of all the objects which I was permitted to see, there is engraven upon my soul, never to be obliterated, the dim outline of one sweet, sad face. Say, if you will, it is fancy! yet I would not have erased from my consciousness the thoughts which that ideal image has created.

I would, for the sake of those who will read this

sketch, as well as for my own sake, I had the power of describing adequately the sensations produced on my mind by that terrible dispensation which consigned me in infancy to total blindness.

It is probable that our first parents, when exiled from Eden, retained during their whole lives some recollection of the awful presence of Him whom, while in their innocence, they were permitted to see. So I have always fancied (I suppose some persons will regard it as a mere illusion of the imagination) that I still retain some remembrance of the beautiful and thoughtful countenance of her on whom my eyes first gazed, and whose yearning tenderness, made more intense by *my* misfortune, guided and blessed my earliest years.

If there is a place in my heart which the selfish and sinful world has not yet corrupted, there is inscribed the image of my mother. It is difficult to explain the principles (if there be any) upon which the destinies of individual men depend. There is one rule which I think holds good, (I may as well remark here that I am a little superstitious,) that the first great event in every man's life decides his fate; at least, it was so in my case. As I have already observed, in six weeks I lost my sight,—so in six years I lost my mother. Henceforth, without eyes and unprotected by a mother's care, I had to grope, or rather poke, my way through the world.

Long and dreary were the hours of childhood spent sitting in the chimney nook or by the doorside, mournfully speculating on the strange difference which existed between myself and those around me.

I contrasted, in my loneliness, the dark world in which I was placed with the bright and better one from which I had come, of which as yet I had not lost all recollection.

The angel of beauty in my youthful heart sighed and wept for some external manifestation of itself in the material world. I looked around me, but saw not the green, beautiful garb in which the earth was clad. I gazed upon the heavens, but the awful stars blessed not my eyes with their mystic light.

Men passed me by with a cold expression of pity and commiseration; and little children, with an instinctive dread of suffering, shunned the society of one who could not participate in their enjoyments. Yet think not the hours of my childhood were all spent in gloom or in sadness; for until the light of the young heart's affection is quenched by the bitter consciousness of sin, it is permitted to enjoy communion with angels, and to bask in the sunshine of an uncorrupted faith. But the simple enjoyments of early life and the pure sentiments from which they spring, are necessarily evanescent and transient; they soon become corrupted, either by the habits of those with whom we associate, or by a defective education; but their effect on the heart is never entirely dissipated. We carry through life a presentiment in our bosom that our earliest were our happiest and our best days; and the consciousness of the individual, like the consciousness of the race, refers to an early and a blessed Eden; and Hope, the sweet soother of all our sorrows, points to the far distant future when man shall again renew his primeval simplicity and innocence.

I have been indulging the bright fancies that play around my heart, spite of the darkness in which I am shrouded; but there is a blessed sunshine within, as well as without, and it is sometimes pleasant to bask in its soft and cheering light.

We will now proceed to note some of those changes

and vicissitudes that marked the days of my boyhood. My father, being in indigent circumstances, compelled me early to make some exertions for myself; and the physical activity which was necessarily excited, proved highly beneficial to me in after life. My first efforts to help myself were displayed in the attempt to walk alone through the streets of my native town. I first, of course, learned the localities of the neighborhood in which I resided, then gradually increasing the sphere of my observations until I was able to go into any part of the place with the greatest readiness. The manner in which I contrived to do this was by observing the irregularities of the ground over which I walked; by noticing every permanent object that would serve as a landmark; observing the turns of the road, and carefully remembering the number of streets I passed through in going from one place to another. The facility and readiness with which I was enabled to go to any particular house, not only in my native town, but in those adjoining it, proved highly advantageous to me in the business which I afterwards pursued, and by which I was enabled to gain a livelihood.

When only ten years of age, I was compelled by poverty to employ that time in obtaining a bare subsistence which should have been devoted to the careful cultivation of the mind; but at that period of my existence I knew not the wants which the cultivation of the intellect and the development of the moral nature alone create; I felt only those imperious appetites which, though inferior in their nature, must always first be satisfied. For sothe years I was distinguished (and at that time it was a distinction of which I assure you I felt proud) as a fish-boy; that is, I was accustomed to take fresh fish, which were daily caught, and to carry

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them to the houses in different parts of the place, to dispose of, receiving for my services twenty per cent. The value of some of the fish was marked in notches on the head; by counting these, I was able to tell the amount I was to receive. Some kinds, however, I was accustomed to weigh with a pair of steelyards which were prepared for my use.

My misfortunes secured for me the patronage of the wealthy; and I knew what days to supply them, and what each customer would require.

I would sometimes go in company with others to fish myself, and on such occasions would receive my share as well as my commissions for selling. I could help manage the boat, bait 'a hook and haul in the fish, almost as well as if I had been blessed with eyesight. These employments, although they enabled me to obtain my daily bread, brought me in contact with those whose influence on me was anything but favorable; familiarizing me with habits which in after life it was difficult to overcome. Yet I was happy, for I enjoyed a kind of equality with them, which I have found it difficult to maintain with those with whom I associated in after life.

At length I heard that something was to be done for the blind,--that a school was to be established, where they were to be educated; and one day, when I was about fourteen years of age, I received notice that I was one of the six pupils selected by Dr. Howe to commence the Institution for the Blind, at Boston. Most gladly did I exchange the fishing-boat for the school-room! As I have in another place spoken of the institutions at Boston and elsewhere,* I need not go into particulars here

* See article entitled Blindness and the Blind.

further than to say that I entered on my studies laboring under great disadvantages. My fellow-pupils had been more thoroughly trained at home; *they* had enjoyed privileges which *I* had not; kind parents had watched over and instructed them during their earliest years; therefore, they had only to pursue the training which had been commenced under the parental roof. But if I was inferior to them in *mental culture*, I did most certainly surpass them in physical activity. At the exhibitions which were given to make the public acquainted with the objects of the institution, I was always sent out on some errand, to show the spectators that the blind could find their way about, alone.

The first two years I spent at the institution were mostly employed at manual labor; but after that, more of my attention was given to study; and during my last year I maintained a respectable position in the first class in all the principal studies, excepting the higher parts of mathematics.

On leaving the institution, which I did in 1838, being then twenty years of age, I received from Dr. Howe, the director, a certificate, certifying that I was honorably discharged from the institution, having complied with all the regulations, and recommending me to any persons disposed to employ me. At the same time, I received from Mr. J. A. Keller, Professor of Music, a certificate of which the following is an exact copy:

"*New England Institution for the Education of the Blind.*

"JUNE 30, 1838.

"Mr. Benjamin B. Bowen has been a pupil to the subscriber, and has received instruction in vocal and instrumental music, more particularly on the Pianoforte, the

Organ, and in Thorough-Bass. As a scholar in Thorough-Bass, he was first-rate; as an Organist, I can cheerfully recommend him; and for the Pianoforte, he has gone through Logier's system, and the last part of Hunting's, and performs several overtures and other pieces with great accuracy.

"J. A. KELLER."

On leaving the institution, I returned to my native town, penetrated with a more profound consciousness of the deprivation to which I was subjected, without being able to do much more than before I entered the institution, to overcome its defects.

Indeed, there had been awakened within me a love of knowledge, and I had received instruction in most of those studies usually pursued in our seminaries and academies. I found that my knowledge of History, Geography, Mathematics, Natural, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, was superior to that of my brothers and sisters, who, previous to my entering the institution, had enjoyed greater advantages; still I found the difficulties of obtaining an independent subsistence for myself not only undiminished, but even increased.

I would not urge this as an argument for not educating the blind; I mention the *fact* because it has not yet received sufficient attention from society, and I take this occasion to express (notwithstanding the blind are sometimes accused of want of gratitude) *my* grateful acknowledgments to the people of Massachusetts, for the provision which they have made for me in common with others of our unfortunate fellow-citizens.

I would not part with the education I possess, *limited as it is;* no! not even for the boon of sight, gladly as I would behold the beautiful earth, and the serene sky, or look upon the sweet faces of those around me.

I proposed at first to spend my days in my native town, working a part of the time at some of the mechanical trades which I had learned at the institution, and devoting the rest to the teaching of music and to intellectual pursuits.

As a teacher of music, I found but little difficulty, and many of those who had several years before purchased *fish* of me, now sent their daughters to be instructed on the pianoforte.

There was not a sufficient number of pupils to occupy the whole of my time, and I attempted to accomplish something as a weaver of Manilla mats; but in this attempt I miserably failed.

A blind person, working with his fingers at this employment some fourteen or fifteen hours, can only average about fifty cents per day; and it would be hard, indeed, if the blind could not have a small portion of their time for mental cultivation, since the material world can afford them, at most, but little gratification.

I will not trouble the reader with a tedious detail of what to him must be uninteresting. Suffice it to say, that, after one year's trial, I satisfied myself that I could only obtain a livelihood by those avocations where sight is not so indispensably necessary as in mechanical employments; accordingly, I have pursued alternately the occupation of musician and lecturer. How well I have succeeded, others must decide; of one thing I am certain; I have had to contend with difficulties which I hope do not beset every one in the pursuit of a mere subsistence.

My pathway through life has thus far been cheered with friendly sympathy and assistance. I hope, however, I shall not be accused of being ungrateful, if I say that, in all the *mere business transactions of*

life, and in all my intercourse with the selfish world, though subjected to greater disadvantage than others, yet I have received no special favors. It is not true, as it has been frequently supposed, that in the world at large (that is to say, among the majority of mankind) the misfortune of blindness protects the individual from those vicissitudes and casualties to which others are subjected.

I have, for instance, been robbed, and have known of other blind men sharing the same fate; and I have found those who were ready on all occasions to take advantage, and were pleased when the misfortunes of others afforded them greater facilities. I am sorry to record these things; they are not in accordance with my views of human nature, but with my experience.

For more than six years I have, by great exertions on my part, been able to obtain a living as an itinerant lecturer; and beside this, I have the satisfaction of knowing that my efforts have done something toward awakening an interest in behalf of the blind as a class.

I have in my possession testimonials from distinguished gentlemen in various parts of the country, who were not induced to give them from mere sympathy, or from any personal regard, testifying to the fact that my lectures were eminently calculated to do good.

I mention this, not actuated by selfish considerations, but because I derive great pleasure in knowing that, in seeking my own individual good, I have still been able, in some degree, to promote the welfare of others. As society is at present constituted, the possession of sight seems indispensable to enable one to be, to any very great extent, a useful and active member. Perhaps the blind man does all that he can be expected to do, if he succeeds in supplying his own wants and

those immediately dependent on him; and *even then his lot is indeed a hard one*, for to *him* the world presents none of those inducements that in every age have fired the ambition and nerved the heroic mind to lofty aims. No! to plod on, shrouded in midnight darkness, compelled to tax to the uttermost his impaired energies, receiving only in return his daily bread, and then at last to sink into an obscure and an unhonored grave!—this! this! is the blind man's destiny! I know I shall be reminded of Homer, Milton, Saunderson, and others; but the admiration they challenged only proves that they were exceptions. The remarks which I have made are applicable to the blind as a class. Still I would not be unmindful of the many enjoyments which serve as an alleviation to blindness, and in which all who are thus afflicted can participate. I would instance those pleasures derived from the social feelings and affections. The heart of the blind man yearns for the sympathy of his fellows; and in social communion with gifted minds he derives the highest happiness of which he is susceptible in the present state of existence. And I may remark here, without exaggeration, that in the more intimate communion of hearts, based upon the purest and the loftiest sentiments of which we are capable, he has a far truer conception, than those whose affections become early corrupted by the objects of sense.

It is a just remark that "the eye is the organ of the passions, while the ear is the organ of the sentiments." The contemplation of mere physical beauty may indeed ravish the senses, but it can *never* give the heart that pure delight which music always imparts. To look upon a picturesque landscape affords a great, yet momentary enjoyment, but in the deep-toned harmony that arises

from all created things, and that thrills with deepest ecstasy the inmost soul, there is a far more enduring happiness. So the radiant beauty of the human form and face,—the joy that beams from the speaking eye,—the smile that wreathes the lip with gladness,—can never exert that power upon the human heart, nor make so deep an impression, as the low, soft tones of the voice divine. If there be any faculty of nature less corrupted than the rest, it is certainly the human voice.

I fear I have already indulged too long in generalization. From the preceding observations it will be perceived that I am fully conscious of the solace which a beneficent Providence has so bountifully provided for that class of his afflicted children of whom I have been speaking.

There yet remain but few incidents of my history to record.

I have already spoken of the satisfaction which the blind derive from the exercise of the social affections. Soon after leaving the institution, I began to feel the want of a friend, whose sympathy, based on something higher than mere conventional forms, might soothe my dark and rugged pathway, and whose counsel and kindly coöperation would assist me to overcome the difficulties inseparable to one in my situation. To be frank, I felt the want of a life's companion. When a child I was taught to believe that there were angels, whose mission it was to guard the innocent and the helpless; and this superstition (if superstition it be) I have not yet learned to disbelieve, and *I trust I never shall.* Is it not true that we *are* surrounded by beautiful angels, who daily watch over and bless our pathway through life, who soothe our sorrows, brighten our joys,

and minister to all our wants? and are they less angelic because they inhabit the human form?

I could tell you of one who, free from the intense selfishness in which so many hearts seem shrouded,—with graces of person, made more attractive by a brilliant intellect, and a heart of untainted purity,—left her father's halls, and the society of her early associates, to share the humble lot of one, who could never see her face, or return her glance of deep affection. It was not that she was actuated by a morbid sensibility, nor with the thought that she was making any greater sacrifice than if she had shared the destiny of one less unfortunate. *No!* It was because she honored him whom she loved,—because her education had made her superior to vulgar prejudice,—that she was willing to adorn the humble home of a blind man. Yet would I by no means be understood to say but that her act manifested a far higher disinterestedness than the unreflecting would suppose. It would be very difficult, nay, utterly impossible, for me to express how much I owe to the sympathy and assistance of my wife.

There are many things, a knowledge of which it is indispensably necessary that a blind man should possess in his intercourse with society, and in which no one can so well instruct him as his wife. There are many little things which in themselves may seem trifles, but which, in the aggregate of life, assume a vast importance,—such as the various rules of etiquette which in all well-organized society are observed. These rules for the most part are learned by the eye, and as their observance is what, in the estimation of many, constitutes a gentleman, there is no way by which a blind man can obtain a knowledge of them but

from one who must indeed be eyes to the blind. Call these trifles if you will, but, as Goldsmith has it,—

"These little things are great to little man."

Most persons would naturally suppose that even in his home the blind man would still feel his misfortune even more keenly than in the world at large; that the gentle voice of his wife and children would create within him a more ardent desire to see them, than he could possibly have to behold other objects in creation. The poet has thus expressed my meaning:—

"And who can tell his cause for woe,—
To love the wife he ne'er can see,
To be a sire, and not to know
The *silent* babe who climbs his knee!"

But so far as my own experience extends, I feel inclined to disagree with the poet, as well as with all those who would endorse the sentiment which he so feelingly expresses. For my part, I am consoled with the reflection that I shall never see the effect which time must produce on those I love; so that I shall know that they have grown old only by counting the many happy years that have passed away.

I should, indeed, esteem it one of the greatest of blessings to be permitted to see, if it were only for an hour; but I would not accept of sight for the rest of my life, if I thought it would make the merry, laughing tones of the voice of my own sweet child less musical to my ear, or less dear to my heart.

I have thus endeavored to give the reader some account of my past history. There is much, however, which I have omitted, and much that must remain forever unsaid. The events of my past life have not been

of sufficient importance to require a minute detail, and I have not judged it necessary to speak of others, excepting where it could not very well be avoided; for the object was not to write a history, but to furnish the reader a sketch.

I have sometimes ventured to generalize, and I fear my remarks have seemed to be crude and imperfect upon those topics which I could at most but barely touch; but with all its imperfections it must be read with that indulgence to which the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed, and the difficulties under which I labor, may seem to entitle me.

TO THE BLIND LECTURER.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Thou walk'st the world in daily night:
In vain they gleam, in vain, for thee,
The morn upon the mountain height,
The golden sunset on the sea.

By every rill that trips away,
In music through the woods to go,
In all sweet nooks where sunbeams play,
Our flowers in radiant thousands blow.

They blow for those, who, careless, see
The hourly wonders in their way;
They bloom for them, but not for thee,
Whose soul would bless their bright array.

In vain in heaven the angels bend
Their airy bow of bloom and light;
In vain the stars glide forth, to lend
Their golden glory to the night.

But he, whom nature thus bereaves,
Is ever Fancy's favorite child;
For thee, enchanted dreams she weaves
Of changeful beauty, bright and wild.

For thee she braids her fairy flowers,
For thee unlocks her gems of light,
For thee she clothes the passing hours,
Like radiant angel forms in flight.

And pitying seraphs, sent from One
Whose smile is still the spirit's day,
Soft round thee sing, *His will be done*,
And lead thee on thy faltering way.

And reverent love in every heart
Attunes all voices for thine ear,
For thou art something, set apart,
For all to soothe, and all to cheer.

Thy soul beholds far more than we;
It walks a purer, lovelier land;
It sails upon a sunnier sea;
It looks on skies more wildly grand.

No shadows from the silent tomb
Steal through thy world's enchanted airs;
Thy flowers in deathless beauty bloom,
Thy heaven, a fadeless rainbow wears.

REPLY.

BY MR. B. B. BOWEN.

'T IS true, alas! too sadly true,
That unto me all time is night;
Yet, through the darkness, I can view
Much that is beautiful and bright.

Full well I know, on verdant lawn,
By many a gentle flowing stream,
A thousand flowers are hourly born,
That ever in the sunlight gleam.

On many a gently sloping hill,
In music murmureth many a rill;
In many a quiet shady grove
The birds sing all their life of love.

At early morn, the golden light
Gilds the majestic mountain height;
At dewy eve, the moonbeams play
In beauty on the quiet sea.

The stars at night forever shine
O'er loving hearts that fondly twine,

And breathe a deeper joy, I ween,
Than e'er hath blest the poet's dream.

From mountain, valley, hill and dell,
Myriads of happy voices tell
Of HIM, whose spirit smiles the light
That makes all nature fair and bright.

That spirit, radiant, beams on me,
And though I ne'er may hope to see
Through the dark veil, that from my birth
Hath hid from view the green-clad earth,—

Yet in my soul that sacred smile
Doth many a lonely hour beguile,
With fairer worlds, and lovelier skies,
Than e'er hath dawned on mortal eyes.

And fairy forms, on every hand,
Dear angels from the spirit land,
Soft murmur many a joyous lay
To cheer me on my darkened way;

And to my soul forever give
An earnest of a holier rest,
Where all that love, forever live,
And where the pure are ever blest.

BLINDNESS AND THE BLIND.

"Ye have a world of light,
Where love in the loved rejoices;
But the blind man's home is the house of night,
And its beings are empty voices."

BULWER.

In an article entitled Nicholas Saunderson, we have spoken of the effect of blindness upon the physical, intellectual and moral development. We also briefly referred to several peculiarities of the blind, as the results of their misfortune. These, and many kindred subjects, we propose to treat at greater length in the present paper.

To the philanthropist, as well as to the metaphysician and psychologist, whatever tends to throw light upon the nature of a calamity so appalling as that of blindness, must have a deep and profound interest. Whatever may be the opinion of those who have made this subject one of mere speculation, and regarded the loss of sight as a physical defect which could be compensated by the cultivation of the other senses, the majority of mankind, in all ages, have considered it as one of the greatest deprivations of which our nature is susceptible.

The poet and the philanthropist have vied with each other in describing the loneliness and wretchedness of a life unblest by the sunlight, and uncheered by the myriad objects of beauty with which God has adorned the earth. Among the nations of antiquity, the loss of sight seems to have been regarded as a much greater misfortune than insanity. The Lacedæmonians, in

obedience to a law of Lycurgus, destroyed their blind in infancy; so did the Athenians. The Carthaginians burnt theirs, upon a slow fire, as a sacrifice to the sun. Historians inform us that, among some of the eastern nations, and also among the Romans and the ancient Germans, blindness was inflicted as a punishment on thieves, adulterers, perjurers and others. To this barbarous treatment some of the early Christians were subjected. In the middle ages, partial blindness was substituted for total darkness. And even in our own day, blindness, for a greater or less period of time, is virtually inflicted on criminals, by incarcerating them in dungeons where not a ray of light is permitted to enter.

From the foregoing facts, it will be easy to perceive that blindness has ever been looked upon as the most terrible calamity to which a human being can be subjected. It is difficult, if not utterly impossible, for one in the possession of sight, to have anything like an adequate idea of the thoughts and sensations of him to whom the world is shrouded in perpetual night. You may, indeed, form some conception of the effect of partial darkness upon the mind; and, if we may believe those who have had an opportunity of testing it, it is anything but agreeable, producing, in some instances, mental derangement. It must, we think, be obvious to every one who will give the subject the slightest reflection, that a person born blind, (or who becomes blind so early in life as not to retain any knowledge of the external world, derived through the medium of the eye,) must have altogether a different idea of men and things, or at least his ideas must be greatly modified, from what they would be, if all the organs of his senses were perfect;—as, for example, his idea of distance, space,

form, beauty, &c., which is mainly derived through the senses of *touch* and *hearing*. We shall soon have occasion to remark upon the astonishing extent to which these senses have been cultivated by eminent blind men.

Of the extent of blindness, we may form some conception by considering the many causes of which it is one of the effects. We have a few facts upon this subject, which we will now present. The blind may be divided into two classes: those born blind, and those who have become so by disease or accident. The latter class, of course, are the most numerous. And we may here remark, that there is no authentic instance on record, of an individual, *born blind*, obtaining sight by mere human instrumentality. Of those who become blind in after life, it is believed that the evil in many instances might be prevented, did physicians possess a more thorough knowledge of those diseases to which the eye is peculiarly liable.

The proportion of blind to the rest of mankind, we have no very accurate means of ascertaining. It is supposed that the whole number upon the earth is five hundred thousand. It is found that they exist in greater numbers in that part of the temperate zone bordering on the torrid, or in those countries nearest the equator; and that they decrease as we approximate to the poles. To this rule, however, there are some exceptions. In Egypt, for example, some travellers have estimated the number to be one to every hundred. More accurate observations have led to the belief that there is, in that ill-fated land, between twenty and thirty thousand; or one to every two hundred. Of Europe, we have more correct statistics. In many provinces of Austria, the number is one to every five hundred and forty-five

inhabitants. In Sweden, one to every seven hundred and forty-seven; in Denmark, one to every eight hundred and forty-seven. Further north, there is considerable diminution. In Norway, one to every nine hundred; in Prussia, one to every thousand. It is found, by observation, that the same causes which operate in Europe, do not exert so great an influence in similar latitudes in this country. The exact number of blind persons in the United States has not yet been ascertained. It is thought, however, to be not far from ten thousand.

Language is inadequate to portray the ignorance and imbecility, the wretchedness and poverty, to which the blind, as a class, have in all ages been condemned. We shall not pause here to show the tendency of blindness to poverty. That begging was almost the only employment of the blind in past ages, and that the place to find them was in the alms-house, or by the way-side, in the quaint, but forcible language of another, "with their abject hats abjectly protruded, and their cold hands extended for still colder charity," — needs no proof from us. It is, indeed, cheering to find that there has been, here and there, one who has risen superior to what would seem almost insurmountable obstacles, and who has taught the world, by example, that there is no physical calamity, however great, but must yield to the well directed and earnest efforts of a brave and energetic mind.

The annals of philosophy, literature, science, and the arts, furnish many striking instances of blind men, whose rare attainments have astonished those who, with greater facilities, have failed to equal them. The reader need not be told that the greatest poet of antiquity, and his only compeer of modern times, wrote

those works that have immortalized their names, while to them the world of beauty no longer revealed its thousand charms.

Before we proceed to give an account of the successful efforts that have been made in our own day to ameliorate the condition of the blind, by giving them an education, we must briefly notice some of those who have distinguished themselves by their extraordinary acquirements in nearly every department of knowledge, without the special aid of society. History informs us of but one who voluntarily subjected himself to blindness. Democritus, it is said, put out his eyes, that he might give himself more entirely to contemplation, and not be so much influenced by the surrounding world. St. Jerome tells us of one Didymus, of Alexandria, who was born blind, and though without the knowledge of letters, appeared a wonder to the world, by his learning, logic and geometry. Cicero informs us that his teacher in philosophy, Diodorus, after being deprived of his sight, professed geometry, and was able to describe accurately his diagrams to his pupils. We have more remarkable instances of attainments in these sciences, in modern times. We have already spoken of Professor Saunderson, in another essay. As a parallel case to him, we may mention Mr. Greenville, who was deprived of his sight in early infancy. He invented an arithmetical machine, for his own use, very similar to the one used in the different institutions for the blind, in this country and in Europe. The London Encyclopædia mentions the yet more remarkable case of Dr. Henry Moyes, who was deprived of sight so early in life as to be unable to remember ever having seen. The account of his life is so deeply interesting, that we venture to make an extract from that work:

"Possessed of native genius, and ardent in his applications, he made rapid advances in various departments of erudition; and not only acquired the fundamental principles of mechanics, music, and the languages, but likewise entered deeply into the investigation of the profounder sciences, and displayed an acute and general knowledge of geometry, optics, algebra, astronomy, chemistry, and, in short, most of the branches of the Newtonian philosophy. Mechanical exercises were the favorite employments of his infant years. At a very early age he made himself acquainted with the use of edged tools so perfectly, that, notwithstanding his entire blindness, he was able to make little windmills; and he even constructed a loom with his own hands."

Dr. Moyes, in after life, supported himself by lecturing; and he is said to have been a very acceptable lecturer upon hydrostatics, pneumatics, optics, and almost every branch of natural philosophy. He was remarkable for his cheerfulness, and was greatly admired for his conversational powers.

We must not omit here some account of M. Huber, of Geneva, who was deprived of his sight at the age of seventeen. He distinguished himself by writing a very able work, entitled "Observations on Bees." He was aided in his investigations by his wife, an excellent lady, who spent her life in contriving means to alleviate the misfortune of her husband. Before such instances of beautiful devotion, the exploits of your Joan of Arc seem tame and meaningless. Huber often said, if he had never been blind, he could never have known the depths of his wife's affection.

There are none of the pursuits of life from which the blind man is debarred, excepting the studies of anatomy and painting. Yet certainly there are many employ-

ments to which he would not seem very well adapted. Who, for a moment, would suppose, that a man without sight could discharge the duties of a pilot? Yet we are told of such a blind man, of Manchester, England, who lived about the commencement of the present century, whose name was John Metcalf. This man was deprived of sight in early life; uneducated, but possessed naturally of a very active mind. Mr. Bew, who has written his life, says that in his earlier days he passed his life as a wagoner, occasionally serving as a pilot to others over intricate roads during dark nights, or when the roads were covered with snow. Subsequently, he was employed as a projector and surveyor of roads, in difficult and mountainous places. It was his custom to walk over the roads, feeling the irregularities of their surface with his staff. He projected the famous road in Devonshire, which was designed to prevent the necessity of crossing the mountains to get to the London road.

We might multiply these instances of remarkable blind men, indefinitely. We might occupy more space than we have already done, with examples which demonstrate, conclusively, that blindness by no means impairs the vigor and exercise of the intellect. But this would cover only a part of our design. We must now proceed to give the reader some account of what society has done for this class of its unfortunate children. Hitherto we have spoken of the efforts of solitary individuals, impelled by what would seem an irresistible necessity.

Distinguished blind men of whom we have spoken seem to have been regarded, in their day, as passing wonders — as phenomena that none could explain. Saunderson alone seems to have suggested to the be-

nevolent mind of Abbe Hauy the probability that a system might be invented, by which the blind, as a class, might be instructed in mathematics and the physical sciences. The first account we have, however, of schools for the blind, is of those which were established in Japan, some years prior to the one commenced in Paris under the direction of M. Hauy. Among the Japanese, the blind seem to have been instructed orally; they were emphatically the oracles of their country. It seems to have been the business of their lives, to transmit to posterity the acts of their government, and the exploits of their great men. They were the only class of their countrymen who devoted their whole life to literary pursuits; and they formed, among that religious and superstitious people, no inconsiderable portion of the priesthood.

About the year 1782, prompted, it is said, by the earnest solicitations of a benevolent lady, who employed her whole life in efforts to alleviate the wants of the blind, M. Hauy made an appeal to his countrymen, which was promptly responded to, and which finally resulted in the establishment of one of the largest institutions of the blind in Europe.

M. Hauy invented a method of printing books for the use of the blind, in embossed characters. Of course, printing in this way did not require ink. The paper, when properly prepared, was laid upon the type, which had been previously set up in a frame for the purpose. A pressure was then made upon the paper, which gave the letters in relief on the opposite side. These letters could be distinguished by the touch, with almost as great precision as those printed in the ordinary method can be perceived by the eye. Books prepared in this way had but one inconvenience—that of their extreme

bulk. Subsequent improvements, however, have considerably reduced their size. And though a given amount of matter occupies a much larger surface of paper, and one volume printed in the common way makes two or three when prepared for the blind; still, when we consider the benefits that flow from an invention displaying so much skill and benevolence, such a defect is of trifling importance.

The more difficult task of teaching the blind to write is accomplished by simple contrivances, one of which we will now describe. The reader must bear in mind that in writing, as well as in reading, and, in short, in whatever he does, the blind man must *feel* his way. Hence the difficulties, amounting almost to an impossibility, of his committing his thoughts to paper in the ordinary method,—that is, with pen and ink. The common lead-pencil is substituted in their stead. The writing-board, as it is called, by which the blind are enabled to write in straight lines, is formed by pasting on a piece of pasteboard of the size of a common sheet of paper, strips of the same material, forming parallel lines, about half an inch from each other. This board is placed under the paper, and the finger is then drawn along upon the surface, so as to press it in the grooves or between the lines. The pupil is then taught to form the letters with the pencil. After writing a word, he measures, with the forefinger of the left hand, the space to be left between the words. It will be seen that, by this contrivance, the blind can not only write straight, but are always sure of having their words at convenient distances from each other, which cannot always be said of the writing of those who have eyes. Thus, by this simple instrument, are gained to the blind

all the advantages that are conferred upon seeing persons by the ruled paper.

Other ways have been contrived to enable the blind to write; but they so nearly resemble that which we have already spoken of, as to render a description of them unnecessary. The apparatus employed in the study of arithmetic is simple and effective. It consists of a slab of zinc, cast in such a manner as to be divided into some hundreds of small square holes. Into those holes are placed types made of the same material. On both ends of each type is a point which can be made to represent four different characters, by changing its position. For instance, when so placed as to bring the point upon the left hand of the upper line, it represents 1. When on the right hand of the upper line, 3. On the lower line at the right hand, 7. The left hand, 9. On the other end of the same type, there is a point slightly different, which, by changing, represents 2, 4, 6, 8. They have another type which represents the 5 and the 0. Thus they are able to form the nine digits and the cipher. This, for all arithmetical purposes, is as serviceable to the blind as the common slate and pencil to the seeing person. In algebra, the only difference is, the types contain letters upon each end instead of points. In geometry, trigonometry, &c., they are aided with diagrams in raised characters.

The study of geography is pursued with the help of maps and globes adapted to the touch. I have in my possession an atlas, containing a map of each of the states, on which are represented the mountains, rivers, towns, &c.; so that, with my fingers, I can find any part of the country you may name, and describe its geographical peculiarities with as much accuracy as I

could, if in the possession of sight, with the common map or globe.

Most persons would suppose that a blind man's knowledge of astronomy must be very limited. But with the use of an orrery, or planetarium, he can obtain correct and definite ideas of the motions and orbits of the heavenly bodies. He is also aided with printed diagrams. Still, his knowledge of astronomy cannot be as extensive, nor can the pleasure which the study of it imparts be so great, as to him who, with delighted eye, rendered almost illimitable in its range by that masterly instrument, the telescope, views those resplendent worlds that so eloquently preach of God's wisdom and glory.

We might occupy a much larger space, and detail more at length the system of educating the blind. But what we have said must suffice. Other and more important facts deserve to be noticed. We may take occasion again, before we close this essay, to advert to the *modus operandi* of educating the blind.

Besides the Parisian institution, there have been various others established in the different parts of Europe, most of which owe their origin to the philanthropic exertion of the indefatigable Abbe Hauy, who devoted his whole life and fortune to the interest of the blind. And, in the estimation of good men and angels, he enjoys a far higher glory than that prodigy of the world, who, after deluging Europe in blood, died unlamented upon an isolated island of the ocean. In most of the larger cities of Europe, as well as in Great Britain, there are institutions, or, as they are more commonly called, asylums, for the blind. Some of them are dependent upon private munificence; but by far the greater number are supported by government.

At these establishments, the inmates receive, in addition to their education in other respects, instruction in music, or in some kind of handicraft-work, by which they obtain their livelihood. Music, of course, is the favorite employment of the blind, and does more to compensate them for the loss of sight than any other blessing which Heaven has vouchsafed to them. It is to the "concord of sweet sounds" that must be ascribed that remarkable cheerfulness which has always characterized their dispositions, and which, to others, seems so great an enigma. In mechanical pursuits they often evince great ingenuity; but, as they never can make use of steam and machinery, nor acquire a very great facility in the use of edge tools, it is impossible for them to compete with their more fortunate fellow-men. They, however, manufacture mattresses, mats, hearth-rugs, baskets, brushes, and many other small articles. But the problem—How shall blind men obtain for themselves a livelihood? remains yet to be solved. The sense of dependence can be endured only in a state of ignorance. The moment you begin to educate the man, its crushing, blighting influence is felt. It is not enough, then, that society establish schools, where the slumbering intellect of the blind man is developed, and where those higher wants of his nature are called forth. But something must be done to remove him from the terrible necessity, under which he has so long suffered, of eating the bread of charity. As yet, education has accomplished but little more for the blind than to awaken within them a deeper consciousness of the evils which they have so long endured. We may yet hope that the ingenuity and benevolence already displayed in those wonderful contrivances we have detailed, will discover some way whereby the blind man, by his own exer-

tions, shall be able to place himself on a level with those around him.

In all the practical concerns of life, the deaf and dumb have decidedly the advantage of the blind. All the wants of society require *sight* to supply them; while not to hear, in some situations, is regarded as a positive advantage. Much has been written on the comparative value of the senses; but the nearest to a solution of this question, that we have ever yet seen, is that of a German writer, who said, "If I were rich; I would rather be blind; if I were poor, I would rather be deaf."

It is now time we should say something of the blind of our own country. In the year 1832, an institution was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, entitled the *New England Institution for the Blind.* It was established in Boston, under the direction of Samuel G. Howe, M. D., who commenced with six poor children. The citizens of Boston, with that alacrity which has characterized all their benevolent enterprises, came forward and furnished the means indispensable to such an undertaking. We must not forget to mention the gift of the truly *Hon.* Thomas H. Perkins, who presented the institution with his elegant mansion in Pearl street,—an act which has entitled him to the lasting gratitude of all those who love the benefactors of their race. During the last sixteen years, this institution has conferred upon the blind of Massachusetts and New England incalculable benefits. It has been the cause of the multiplication of similar establishments throughout the country. The one at New York was commenced about the same time with the one of which we have just spoken. Soon afterwards, one was established at Philadelphia, by Professor Freelander. This

gentleman, whose sympathies were early enlisted in behalf of the blind, left his native country, Germany, and, on arriving at Boston, finding that his benevolent intentions had been anticipated, he proceeded to New York and Philadelphia, and finally concluded to commence an institution in the latter place. He succeeded in interesting the philanthropic of that city in the good work; and, after many ineffectual efforts, at length obtained from the Legislature of Pennsylvania an annual appropriation of a portion of the school-fund. His success was such as always attends the well-directed efforts of a good man. Desirous only of promoting the welfare and happiness of those under his charge, he devoted himself, not to build up a magnificent monument to the state, but to rescue from ignorance and degradation the sad victims of misfortune. He was indeed the friend of the blind. It was his ambition to bless, not to rule them, — to furnish a home where they might be made useful and happy, and not to make use of them to gratify the curiosity of the vulgar, or the speculations of the heartless. We have heard his pupils speak of him as the truest of friends, and the noblest of benefactors. Mr. Freelander died before he had accomplished all that his great heart had projected. His grave, among strangers, is marked only with a plain marble slab. But the tears of the sightless, commingling with the dews of heaven, have watered the place where repose the remains of this eminent philanthropist.

Besides the institutions we have already named, there are several others in different parts of the United States. There is one at Columbus, Ohio; one in Louisville, Ky.; one in Virginia; one in Nashville, Tenn. The two last are as yet in their infancy. We hope the day

is not distant, when every state in the Union will have a school for its blind. It must not, however, be supposed that society has done all its duty to this class of mankind, by merely establishing institutions where they may be educated. Something must be done to protect them from the ruthless and relentless competition, against which they are poorly qualified to contend. If we have special legislation to protect wealth, (and who in his senses can, for a moment, doubt we have,) surely there can be no very serious objection, to a few special enactments, which shall secure to the poor blind man at least his daily bread. But let us be a little more explicit; for on this subject we wish to be understood. Society, or some one of its commissioned messengers of mercy, selects from the highways and by-ways of our land some twenty blind children, and takes them to a school, where they are educated, and instructed in some useful trade. Of the whole number, perhaps only two are qualified for the professions; and even to these, what we have to say is equally applicable. After a term of years has expired, they are sent out into the world, relying upon their own resources for their subsistence; feeling, more deeply than they ever could before they were educated, the incalculable advantages which sight confers, in the every-day pursuits of life. Without capital and without friends, what, for instance, could they do, supposing they had learned only the art of weaving? And it must be remembered that they have not the advantages which the division of labor affords to those who work in companies; each one goes from the institution to his home, and there attempts alone, or with such assistance as the sympathies of his neighbors prompt, to commence business. He works early and late, (for the blind limit not

their day by the rising and setting of the sun;) he weaves a piece of carpet, or a door-mat, and sends it to market, where it is sold at the current price. But, meantime, not a mile from his workshop is a factory, which has turned off some hundred yards while he has been making one with his fingers. Besides, the factory-man is a capitalist; he can afford to wait for favorable opportunities to sell, and can buy the materials he manufactures in larger quantities and for smaller prices. He must be blind, indeed, who cannot see the disparity; and he must have an adamantine heart, who would not do something to prevent it. What we have said of one trade is equally true of nearly all the trades the blind pursue. Now, it seems to us the evil can be remedied. Suppose a city, a county. or state, should confer a bounty upon the productions of the blind, which shall, in some measure, remove the evil of which we have complained.

We have another suggestion to make. We have already spoken of the general fondness of the blind for music. In Europe, it is not an uncommon thing for them to act in the capacity of organists in churches. Why should they not, in our own country? Nay, more, why should they not have the preference over those to whom *none* of the other avocations of life are closed? Another suggestion: Why should not the blind be permitted to travel on our railroads free of expense? What objection could there be to provide for this, in charters granted to private companies, by the state? These may seem to others unimportant; but to us, who have for nearly thirty years felt, in some way or other, nearly all the evils attendant on blindness, they seem to be called for, and therefore we have suggested them. There is a kind of spurious philan-

thropy, which delights to contemplate men in classes, but which cannot descend to benefit the individual. But when institutions for the blind shall overlook the grand object for which they were designed so far as to forget the individual welfare of the blind man, they can very well be dispensed with.

As institutions multiply in this country, some regulations, such as those to which we have pointed, will become more and more necessary. The time has come when the blind man can no longer stand by the wayside and beg. Education has awakened within him the feeling of independence, which too long has been permitted to slumber. The gentle voice of sympathy, which in past ages lulled him into a consciousness of his deep degradation, by bewailing, rather than attempting to mitigate, his fate, has received another direction; and instead of reminding him of what he has not, it tells him of what he has, and of what he may become.

We have described, as well as we were able, the mode of printing books in raised characters. This is a subject of so much importance to the blind, that we may again advert to it. Great improvements have been made in preparing books, not only in the mode of printing, but in reducing the size of the letters; for which the blind are indebted to Dr. Howe. This gentleman, assisted by Mr. S. P. Ruggles, has also improved the apparatus used for arithmetical purposes, and invented a method of printing maps, which greatly surpasses, in beauty and durability, those of European schools. There are but two presses for printing books for the blind in this country; the one at the Pennsylvania, and the other at the Perkins Institution.* Most of the books are issued from the latter.

* The name of the *New England Institution* was changed to that of

The library of the blind is still small. The Bible has been printed in *nine* volumes. Some idea of the expense of works of this kind may be obtained from the fact that the entire copy of the Bible is twenty dollars. It is, however, furnished free of cost, to indigent blind persons, by the *American Bible Society*. The Tract Society have printed, at their expense, several of their publications; besides which, we may mention a History, in two volumes, an English Reader, Geography, Grammar, and several other small school-books. It will be seen that most of the instruction of the blind, in the physical sciences, as well as in intellectual and moral philosophy, must still be oral; and, indeed, it is in this way that they must ever obtain most of their knowledge of the world around them, and of passing events.

The books which the blind can read themselves, and especially the Bible, furnish benefits that can never be calculated. They enable them to pass usefully many an hour which would else be spent in ennui and listlessness, or in repining at a fate to which they ought to be resigned.

There are many facts and thoughts, slightly touched in this paper, each of which would be sufficient of itself for an entire article. We hope, however, that we have not written altogether in vain, and that what we have said will attract the attention which the subject itself merits: for it is not too much to say, that if there be any misfortune which entitles a man to the sympathy of his race, it is *blindness*.

the *Perkins' Institution*, and the *Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind*, in honor of its generous patron.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

"*Thought* is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught."

THE spirit of independence that characterizes our age is not confined to politics, but pervades to a greater or less extent the literary and the religious world. In times long since gone by, men seem to have had a consciousness of law, system, &c.; but in these days of ours, liberty, universal and absolute, seems to have taken the place of all other ideas, or, rather, to have confounded all other ideas. This seems to be the thought of the prevailing consciousness at present. We see it manifested in much of that which *passes* for philosophy, literature, and religion; and why should we not avail ourselves of this tendency of our times, and speak out after our own fashion the thought within us? For is it not true that if we write systematically, and obey the dictates of what is complacently denominated *common* sense, there are those who would call us prosy; when, if we but yield to the impulse, and utter, no matter what, we shall obtain the cognomen of philosopher, and have it said of us that we are beyond our times, and cannot be understood by vulgar minds? &c., &c.

Well, then, we commence with the remark that this is a great and mighty universe, and that this life of ours *is* a profound mystery;—that nature is beautiful, and that man is an enigma; and that the heavens and the earth, the land and the sea, and all the things therein, are a vast riddle, which none but the sphynx can solve.

Therefore dive we into the depths of the vast unknown, and report thereof what we may of "heroes and hero worship," and of other matters pertaining thereto. Out of the womb of ages have sprung pigmies and giants, treading this earth somewhat rudely at times, and speaking articulately and inarticulately;—hence it happens that human history, as it is called by the vulgar, is but a vast pile of jargon. Here and there the far-seeing eye of some prophet genius, gathering up a fragment, translates its hieroglyphics to the unconscious mass who are plodding on, and who know not whither they are tending.

We know from the indicator within, whereof we speak, that all things that now are, are in very truth but mere sham,—not things at all, but the semblance thereof.

In the days when men did dream and *act* as if one was but the child of the other, *then* heroes in very truth inhabited the earth, and man did not hesitate to speak what the sibyl within bade him. Divine words came from the mouth, big with life and energy;—they built pyramids, and composed Iliads and Odysseys. There is no heart now that can beat like that of the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle. What was more misplaced in modern times than a Shakspeare or a Byron? We are not worthy of them. We cannot apprehend what they would teach; yet there were those who could. But ah me! the heroic ages are gone! Yet is there something of significance in the concatenations of developed and undeveloped thought and actions, in the midst of which destiny has thrown us, almost without a light to guide us, whereof we may speak presently.

Life is an *epic*,—a *gospel*,—a tragedy,—an altogether fearful thing. We tremble when we think of

ourselves! All that we can gather, from the past and the present, will not assist us to the solution of these unanswered questions:—What am I?—Where am I?—and, Whither am I going?

That this casement, wherein I find myself a prisoner, is strangely and curiously formed, I know; that of vein and artery, nerves and lungs, there be a most strange compound, my consciousness doth confess; but who is this that thinks, and speaks, and acts, and wills,—this myself,—this unfathomable combination of angel and devil, of good and bad, that knows everything, and yet knows nothing,—that can soar to the stars, and move mountains,—and yet that cannot turn his own feet aside, even for a moment, from the dark, dark grave?

Where am I? Upon earth, you say. *Ay, and of the earth!* The stars above look down upon us, as if they alone could explain the mystery of our being;—the flowers give forth their fragrance, as if it was *their* mission to anoint us for our burial;—the brooks murmur their sweet music, as if to make us more conscious of our sadness;—and the trees nod gracefully, as if they were the sentinels to attend us in solemn silence to the abodes of the dead. Where am I? An answering echo returns to the heart the question unsolved.

The earth is but one wave of the great spiritual flood, "whose flux is *life*,—whose reflux, death;—whose efflux is thought, and whose conflux is *light*." The grand chant of our mundane sphere is ever the same:—mystery,—mystery,—mystery!

Whither am I going? From the depths of the soul there comes a voice full of music, of beauty and sublimity, demanding its freedom from earth, and proclaiming its home in heaven, drinking with unutterable

delight the words of that blessed Being, the proudest achievement of the ages, the Incarnate God;—typified in all the religions of the world. He threw from the heights of the far-off future his shadow to the feet of our first parents in Eden. Through the mysterious light that has illuminated in every age the hearts of the pure, has floated the image, the God-man, Christ. At length he was seen teaching in the temple,—in the market-place,—on the mountain; and, true to his mission, he died for the race. When we know his words, speculation ends, and the soul is satisfied. The Saviour has ascended to heaven, and so shall we. But whither is heaven? Look around thee!—look within thee!—look above thee!

Turn we now to contemplate the heroes whose deeds have rescued their time from oblivion. In the days of giants,—of a Hercules or Sampson, of a Goliah and an Agamemnon,—then the heroic in man dwelt in his own right arm, and his daring exploits were written in darkness and in blood. He trod the earth as tread the lion, the tiger, and the leopard; yet very sincere was he in that age of might!—But the infant soul awoke, and matter yielded to its sway. Then came the heroes of the brain and the heart,—a Herodotus, a Pythagoras or Socrates, a Plato, a Seneca, and a Cicero. Great teachers these, yet all of them together unequal to that one capacious soul, of whom we have said somewhat. "Yet, oh Plato! there are but few in every age that can comprehend *thee.*" But by those few thy memory is preserved in the universal heart.

Come we now to the age which men call dark,—dark, forsooth! because mankind discerned not its deep significance. The age of poetry, of minstrelsy, and heroes great and brave; an age when lord and lady sat in

the banquet-hall, and the troubadour sung at the castle gate; when, fired with holy zeal, led by a priest of God, the hero band of every land fought long and valiantly to redeem from infidel hands the sepulchre of the world's Saviour. But the golden age of chivalry has departed, and the men of great thoughts that are left upon the earth mourn in their loneliness. Self-love has usurped the place of virtue, and abject selfishness has well nigh driven the heroic spirit from the earth.

Wealth and luxury are the deities enthroned in the bosom of the multitude. Here and there the philosopher is making his last effort to restore the race to its primeval simplicity, and for this end call we on the true-hearted to retire from the world, and give themselves up to the guidance of the Divine impulses, that they may bask in the spiritual sunshine, and by the light of their intuitions develop another scheme for the regeneration of society.

THE FRIEND OF MY EARLY DAYS.

"Be true to the dream of thy youth."

"The heart never laughs; but the deeper the sunlight that blesses it, the less it looks to outer things for its blessings."

To the mind of the blind man all material objects idealize themselves;—he may, indeed, be said to *live* in a shadowy world. In very truth, life is to him a strange but a beautiful dream. All that he *touches*, all that he *hears*, become, as it were, to him spiritual verities, and incorporate themselves into his inmost being; hence it happens that a great thought, or a beautiful idea, is in his soul the faithful representative of something he has known, or some being with whom he has associated.

There is a passage in one of Beethoven's symphonies that I love to hear; there is something in those sweet, wild strains, which calls forth from the deepest recesses of the soul the images of those I have known and loved.

Reader, I will tell you of one that I once called my friend, who lived upon the earth, retaining her recollections of heaven until she was again called home to dwell forever with the angels.

Our brief acquaintance was at that period of existence when the human heart first yearns for sympathy, and the youthful imagination begins to speculate on life. It was the consciousness of suffering we could not explain, that first brought us together, and formed from the grief of sinless hearts the mystic band that never can be broken. In my dreams (reader, dost thou never dream?) I see the spiritual sunlight that bathes the

beauteous form of one whose silent sympathy gladdened my early days. Silent! for the love that dwelt in her soul found no voice of utterance while here upon this earth she dwelt. The smile of ineffable beauty,—the look of intense affection,—the earnest and expressive gesture, were the means by which the oracle of her bosom delivered its revelations of innocence and heaven.

She spoke not, she heard not, save the whisper of angels,
Who murmur their music to hearts that are pure.
Along her bright pathway streamed the sunlight of gladness,
Around her bloomed flowers whose perfume she knew,
For it came like her spirit from the garden of heaven,
Unmarred by decay,—untarnished by sin.

The greatest gift of Heaven is the spotless faith of childhood. It is that confidence inspired by the light of the soul's intuition that makes our infant days so placid and beautiful. Would it not be well for all of us, if what seems but the dream of our youth should become the experience of our lives? If not, then it were better to bury in forgetfulness the sweet remembrances of our early Eden.

I spent the first years of my life, as destiny had appointed, in darkness and in sorrow, relieved now and then by the sweet companionship of a little deaf and dumb girl. At first, the difference in our condition rendered the communication of thought almost impossible, but our souls were impressed with the consciousness of our mission, and in obedience to its decree, all difficulties disappeared. The thoughts of childish hearts can only be expressed by those signs which are as spontaneous as the thoughts themselves.

Cut off in a great measure from communion with those around us, the entire life of each seemed blended in one, till after many days there seemed to be but one

consciousness. I speak, of course, of *the life* within! of the realm of love! for outwardly we were two. One mourned *the want of light*, the other, *of music.* Uncounted the hours of our existence sped on, till the dark cloud of care passed over the disc of our souls, and the dreamy, enchanting spell that encircled us had vanished. And she who had fluttered like a bird upon the earth, returned uncorrupted to her home in the skies.

TO A LADY SINGING.

WHAT voice is that? — a sorrow deep
  Sigheth in every trembling tone,
So soft, so plaintive, yet so sweet,
  It seemeth like the wind's sad moan.

When the fair flowers of earth are gone,
  And Nature seems no more to smile,
And the dear birds have ceased their song,
  That oft our happiest hours beguile.

That pensive voice, it doth reveal
  Far more than she would have it tell;
And though her bright, dark eye conceal,
  I know the truth, alas! too well.

The rose still blooms upon thy cheek,
  And beauty flashes from thine eye,
But oh! thou oft art doomed to weep,
  As one by one thy fond hopes die.

Those halcyon hours when thou wert blest, —
  That first bright dream, — all, all are gone,
And thou dost yearn in vain for rest;
  So, lady, saith that mournful song.

A TALE OF THE BLIND.

In the institution of which I was a member, and from which I derived much of the knowledge I possess, the most trivial incident was sufficient to change the monotony of common school life, and the ordinary incidents of every day, which to us, confined as we were to a very limited round, were sufficient to awaken great interest, and are as fresh to my memory as the transactions of yesterday. I well remember, though many years have since passed, when Maria Bordon became an inmate of our school. The fact of her having arrived was whispered around among the pupils; and when the hour arrived for the introduction of a new comer, — the time when we were accustomed to meet for the practice of music, the most delightful of all employments to the blind, — to every pupil in the school was known her name, the place from whence she came, and the time she would probably remain with us. These facts had been grudgingly obtained from our good-natured director, who was by no means willing to tell us at once all that he knew, as his principle in dealing with the blind was, that they should gain knowledge gradually, that they might value it the more.

It is now necessary that I should introduce Maria to the reader; but as I have never looked on a human face, or beheld a human form, it will not be expected that I shall occupy much space in describing her exterior appearance. Maria *was* beautiful, if we may judge from the caresses of those who judge of beauty only by the symmetry of form and contour of person; but to the

blind she was beautiful, as she possessed a most sweet and musical voice, which, to those who know the existence of those around them only by hearing and feeling, is the very *sine qua non.* The unusual sweetness, and the superior qualities of her voice, were themes of conversation among the pupils for many a day, and one on which they delighted to expatiate. Maria, like most persons, when first admitted, was sad; but this we attributed to the regret she felt in having left home and the beloved scenes of childhood, or perhaps I should say, associations, which to the blind are as powerful as is anything beheld by the seeing, and of which they delight to speak as constituting "the charms of home." But when, day after day, for many months, Maria still continued sad, we were surprised, and none of us were able to divine the cause of such habitual melancholy. She was one of the most gentle and amiable of the females, and every one, without a single exception, admired the traits of her character as they gradually unfolded themselves. No adverse circumstances, no petty annoyances, which constitute so great a part of every-day life, could annoy her. She seemed to be placed above being affected by those things which severely try common tempers. Her intellect was of no common order; and having enjoyed the blessing of sight for the first ten years of her life, she had acquired many things which those born blind are obliged to obtain aft r they enter the institution. But of the advantage which she thus possessed over her companions she did not seem conscious, and to it she never alluded. In short, in the ordinary·language of all men, "she was beautiful!" beautiful, I say, in the highest and best sense of the term. "She seemed," in the language of Shakspeare, "to be the very top of admira-

tion, made of every creature's best." During the whole time which Maria spent in the institution, there was only one perceptible change of the aspect she wore,—only once did the sadness which rested upon her like the shadow of a cloud, depart and leave her an altered being. It was then that we first perceived what she might have been in her earlier years,—a merry, laughing, happy creature,

"too good
For human nature's daily food."

Now that I am about to introduce another character, I would remind the reader that I am not dealing in romance or fiction, but simply portraying what belongs to the real occurrences of that period which was to me the beginning of life, though it was not till after I had somewhat advanced in years.

One day, a little more than a year after Maria came among us, we were officially informed that a young medical gentleman, a veritable disciple of Hippocrates, who had recently been, by accident, deprived of his sight, was about to become an inmate of our home. As he had received a collegiate education, and was withal a great man, having the grave title of "M. D.," some of the knowing ones among us prophesied that the "doctor" was destined for an instructor. In this, however, they were mistaken, as many a pretended prophet has been. Dr. Rochford, for such we will call him, having been deprived of his sight by one of those accidents to which medical men by their chemical experiments are exposed, and having thus all his bright hopes in life taken from him, was anxious to seclude himself from society, or, if that was impossible, to spend his life with those who, like himself, were forever shut out from the light of heaven. He requested of the trustees

a room, and to share in the amusements and occupations of the pupils, on an equal footing with them. The day on which he entered was, of course, a marked one in the annals of our school; he was regularly introduced, first to the males, and then to the females; and it was remarked that when he was introduced to Maria he repeated her name with emphasis, and so in like manner did she his. There seemed to be a silent recognition on the part of both, which could only have been perceived by those to whom the human voice is the only index to the human heart. It was remarked on that day that Maria seemed more cheerful than ever, that her laugh was more frequent, and that she was altogether a happier being. The teachers — the seeing ones, I mean — attributed this to the natural cheerfulness and gayety consequent on the introduction of a new comer, which was in our school a sort of jubilee; but the most reflective among our number thought of matters much deeper, but said nothing.

In a few days, the doctor found the way round the institution, which was always the first lesson to be learned; and it was observed by some of us that the rotunda, the place where Maria often chose to practise her voice alone, was the place which the soonest became to him familiar. This was, of course, unobserved by the majority. There was between him and Maria a similarity of tastes, — they loved the same songs and admired the same poets; there seemed to be a harmony, a unison of feeling, which can easily be accounted for on natural principles, but which some now-a-days would attribute to the influence of magnetism. Yes, dear reader, there was a magnetic something between these two hearts, as I shall reveal in the sequel.

I must confess that long before I knew anything of

the real history of our hero and heroine, I could not but suspect that there had existed some relationship between them, but further than this, I could not penetrate the veil. I never shall forget one occasion when, unperceived by them, I chanced to stroll into the room where they, as usual, were singing duets together. Although I have many times heard that beautiful Swiss air, which so touchingly appeals to the tenderest feelings of the human heart, yet never did I listen with so much pleasure as on that occasion when, with their clear and beautifully blended voices, they commenced the following melody:

"Why, ah! why, my heart, this sadness?
Why 'mid scenes like these decline?
Where all, though strange, is joy and gladness,
O, say what wish can yet be thine?

"All that's dear to me is wanting,
Lone and cheerless here I roam,
A stranger's joy, soe'er enchanting,
Can never be to me like home.

"Give me those, I ask none other,
Than those who blessed my humble dome,
Where dwells my father and my mother,
O, give me back my native home."

The song so wrought upon my feelings, that when they finished, I unconsciously moved my chair; the noise was perceived by them, and the doctor immediately walked up to see who had been intruding. Before I could succeed in making my escape, he caught me by the collar, and made me speak, as this was the only way by which he could know who I was. I expressed some surprise that he should be astonished to find any one in that place, as it was the room where we frequently met to practise music; but he seemed to per-

ceive intuitively that I knew more of his heart's history than he was willing should be known. And so, without any hesitation, he immediately made me his confidant. He told me very briefly that he had known Maria in happier days. They had both played on the green before the same homes; they had walked in the shade of the same verdant trees, and gazed, alike interested, into the waters of the beautiful Kennebec. They had looked on the same sunsets, and watched the infinitude of stars with kindred emotions. Nature had been alike eloquent to them, and to them the world was full of enchantment. They had looked on the blossoms of spring, on the luxuriance of summer, and the gorgeousness of autumn, and in all the thousand beauties of the seasons there was always something that knit their hearts still closer together.

The first disappointment which they knew was when Rochford's father left his native village for a new home far away from the scenes of his boyhood. One of the objects of the removal was that Rochford might receive greater means of education, as his father had contemplated the fitting of his son for college, and this could not be done in the place where he then resided. Rochford entered the academy, made diligent improvement of the means afforded him, and was subsequently received into Bowdoin College, where he graduated with all the usual honors which crown the career of the persevering and successful student. But amid the new scenes and occupations consequent on this course, it may well be supposed that Rochford forgot the associate of his earlier years; not so with Maria—she remembered him as the friend with whom she had loved to roam in the wood, or sit beside the stream, and listen to the music of waving forests and running

waters. She had heard nothing concerning him, save occasionally a word or two from the minister of the parish, who kept up a correspondence with Rochford's father. His place was in a measure supplied by a beloved brother; in a few years he fell a victim to that dreadful scourge of New England,—consumption,—and she was left again alone to wander in paths familiar to her tread and dear as home. The friends of Maria perceived that day by day her appearance betokened that health was departing from her; her step became feeble, and her countenance pale and wan. The physician of the village advised her parents to provide her with a change of scene, or she would soon lie low with her brother in the grave of the early dead. It so happened about this time that the "commencement" of Bowdoin College was to take place, and the physician being one of the curators of the medical department, and the minister being invited, it was arranged that Maria with her mother should accompany them to Brunswick, with the hope that the pleasant excitement of that interesting season might dissipate in some degree her gloom, and revive her wasting spirits. During the journey the minister remarked to Maria that among the students who were to graduate the next day, was her old schoolmate—Francis Rochford. This called up in the mind of Maria thoughts of the past, and induced the reflection whether the proud student would remember at all the poor girl with whom he had so often roamed "on the banks of *their* beautiful river."

On the day of the exercises the church was filled with the *élite* of Maine, and great expectations were excited by the unusually large number of young gentlemen who were that day to receive the honors of the institution. When the procession of students entered the

church, the position of Maria was such that she could not discern distinctly the individuals composing it, and therefore, did not, of course, recognize her early friend. But as they each took a station upon the stage, she had a full view of them; and with no ordinary interest did she watch for the appearance of a new speaker, in hope of being able to distinguish her Francis; one by one, the speakers left the stage, till but one remained to attract the attention of the audience. All eyes were turned to him who was to deliver the "Valedictory Address"—to bid farewell in behalf of himself and his fellows to the friends and the scenes of their college years. As he ascended the stage, Maria gazed intently to discern what changes time had wrought, and gladly did she perceive in the man the fuller development of all the graces and charms of the boy. His cheek was indeed pale, and there was a shadow of deep thought upon his countenance, but there he stood to her a noble man—

"A pure, warm heart and spirit high,
Were written on his lofty brow,
And in his manly eye."

In his address, Rochford spoke of the social feelings—their power and their charms, and of the ties which would bind him to the scenes of his most studious years. He turned to the faculty and addressed them in a most feeling and eloquent manner, and took farewell of them and all in behalf of himself and those who like him were to leave the classic halls, so long their home. A simultaneous and enthusiastic burst of applause complimented his noble effort; and as he descended from the stage, it was to Maria like the departure of the sun to him who has no hope of beholding it

more. Rochford did not, as may well be imagined, recognize Maria among the vast throng; and the next day she left with a relative to spend a few weeks in Augusta.

This, as will subsequently be seen, was a visit attended with most melancholy circumstances. A remnant of the Penobscot tribe of Indians had about that time visited Augusta, and all the lads of the place had acquired a great passion for bows and arrows to rival the skill of the savages. One day, when Maria was out in the open air, her cousin was at his usual play, and by a most unfortunate accident, the arrow which he discharged from his bow, pointed to resemble a spear, entered her right eye. In consequence of an inflammation which afterwards ensued, the other eye became affected, and—sad to relate—she was at length pronounced by the eminent and skilful Dr. Warren to be totally and incurably blind! Every means was used for her benefit that promised to relieve, and she passed through a season of suffering most dreadful to endure. At last her friends made the necessary arrangements whereby she entered that noble monument of Christian philanthropy—the New England Institution for the Blind.

After leaving college, Rochford spent a few months of recreation with his father, during which time he became acquainted with a young lady, of whom it is necessary that I should attempt a description. Amelia Brownell was a young lady whose principal attraction was a fortune which her father intended at some time to leave her. She had received what is denominated "a fashionable education," that is to say, she had spent a few years in a seminary, of course not in her own town, but at a considerable remove from home, where

she had been instructed in everything but that which would have rendered her useful as a wife or companion. At this time she had just returned from the seminary, and had arrived at that precise period in such a young lady's life when she is very desirous of making an impression. She seemed to be conscious of her personal defects, but hoped to make up in flippancy and ostentatious display all other deficiencies. She was very particularly desirous of making a decided impression on our young hero, who was the guest in many a circle, and with whom she frequently met. Rochford did not admire her, nay, he was not infrequently vexed with her efforts to conceal her real deficiencies, but, in consideration of the fortune in perspective, he overlooked all the want of real excellence of character, and when he left for Boston to pursue his studies as a physician, he was regarded as her accepted suitor.

Rochford's progress was rapid as a successful pupil of the Medical School, and he was about, at the end of the third year, to receive his degree of "M. D." with honor to himself and his teachers, when, by a sudden explosion of some chemical preparation with which he was experimenting, the fragments of the glass bottle which contained the substance were thrown into his eyes, and he was almost instantly rendered blind! He had expected, at the close of the term of his studies in Boston, to have returned to his father's, and to have fulfilled his matrimonial engagement with Amelia. But, on learning his misfortune, she positively refused to receive any further attentions from him, and it is easy to perceive that her affection had no sympathy with the true and holy passion which impels even to martyrdom for the one beloved.

Dispirited by his misfortune, and unable to make any use of his acquirements as a physician, he resolved to

enter the institution of which we have more than once spoken. It was there, as we have seen, that he again met Maria. His mind was carried back to the happiest years of life, and the powerful associations of the past came thronging into the soul, leading him captive to what had once so delighted him. It was natural, in meeting with the being he had known in other days, sharing with him a common misfortune, and being in other respects similarly situated—it was natural for him to feel for her a deeper interest than he would be likely to feel for any others with whom he was surrounded. Associating with her day after day, and discovering the many amiable traits of her character, he soon found himself cherishing towards her a deeper affection than he had entertained towards any human being; and, in short, gentle reader, he loved her with all the ardor of which his nature was capable. And this was strikingly manifested, when, by the regulations of the institution, the male and female departments were made entirely distinct, and, of course, the opportunities of their meeting were less frequent. It is singular to see how difficulties will be overcome by the ingenuity of a mind when impelled by that master passion which poets and philosophers have vainly endeavored to describe. This ingenuity was brought speedily into requisition by the separation made by the regulation alluded to; and the contrivance they adopted whereby to correspond with each other was singular indeed. They had a method used in the institution—that of pricking the letters with a sharp-pointed pencil, so that by the touch on the opposite side of the page, the words could be read. The room occupied by Rochford was in the left wing, and that of Maria was in the right wing of the building, and the windows of both opened into the yard.

Rochford would tie his letter on the end of a long string or cord, and would then throw it a few times, till he succeeded in making it lodge on the window-sill of Maria's apartment, retaining in his hand the other end of the string; she would tie her letter on the string, and Rochford would speedily draw it in to himself. This correspondence was of course carried on at night, when the darkness favored them, and was continued for some time undetected. Now it chanced that there was a tree in the centre of the yard, and on a certain time when Rochford was endeavoring to draw back the answer to an epistle he had transmitted, the letter caught in the tree, and, in endeavoring to extricate it, the string broke, the letter fell, not on the ground, but on a man's hat, and he—the man under the hat—was the last person into whose hands they would have chosen to have had it fall, for he was none other than the chief in authority. He could read it, and the effect of it may be judged of by the following: Both parties were severely reprimanded for indulging those feelings with which God had endowed them, and the exercise of which constitutes in those who are so fortunate as to cherish them, the purest happiness which this world affords. This long lecture, however, did not turn them from their purpose, and, therefore, the first opportunity of meeting was improved to fashion *a new alphabet*, by which they were able to correspond in a manner, or with a mystic language, which could not be read by any third person. In this way they did find ways of corresponding for a considerable time, though the windows aforementioned were nailed down. It was deemed proper, in consequence of this, and the known ardor of their affection, to make more complete the separation, and to stop, if possible, all means of intercourse between them.

Accordingly matters were so arranged that Rochford received a peremptory letter from his father, requiring his immediate return home. He was determined not to comply with this requisition till at least he could have one interview with Maria, and be able to leave her with a full understanding of their mutual feelings and purposes. This interview he obtained the eve previous to his leaving the institution. They met at a place to which I have before referred as the home of music, and both seemed to feel a vague apprehension that it would be long before they should meet again. Rochford told Maria briefly that his father was a firm man, and would doubtless object to their union, yet he was determined, that, although he had never disobeyed his commands, yet he now should consult his own feelings, and Maria might depend on his unchanging affection. It was arranged on the part of Maria, that, at the coming vacation, she should return to her mother's, and Rochford should meet her there. But now they must part, and the lovers were agitated beyond expression. As Rochford clasped his Maria to his breast, language was inadequate to express the deep emotions of their souls, and in nature's simple eloquence they but uttered each other's name — O Francis! O Maria! They separated, melancholy proofs that what God intended to constitute our purest bliss is too often made a source of our keenest misery! The next day, Rochford departed.

A few weeks passed, and the vacation came. Maria was soon in her own home, full of hope and joyous expectancy. In a few days Rochford joined her, and once more they walked amid the scenes of their early years. It was a beautiful evening in June, at the mellow hour of sunset. The loveliness of the heavens reflected the

serenity and beauty of their own souls, and they felt the charms they could not see. But, alas! how changed was their condition when contrasted with what they were when last they stood amid those endeared retreats, and walked by the glowing waters of the majestic river! They sat by the waters on a prostrated tree, and both, without any understanding save that which was natural to two hearts thus sympathetically tuned in harmony with each other, commenced the following melody: —

"Softly the shades of evening fall,
Sprinkling the earth with dewy tears,
And Nature's voice to slumber calls,
And silence reigns amid the spheres."

The last sad notes of their voices died away over the quiet waters, and a silence ensued, which was broken by Maria.

"Francis, it is a beautiful evening! O, how often have I wished that the close of my life might be as calm as such an eve fading away into night, when I have wandered amid these scenes with you or alone, and have felt the holy influences of the hour. Did you ever think, Francis, that the time must come when we must part — when one of us should be called to leave this world, and no more listen to the voice beloved or the sounds so dear?"

"That, Maria, is a thought on which I delight not to dwell. When I am with you, my affections are satisfied; I am contented with the present, and ask not to look into the future."

"But," replied Maria, "love must have a future. It is a dread thing to think of love only where death is permitted to exert its power, and my dearest meditations are of that world where reigns immortal youth."

"There is poetry in that; but my reasonings have been confined to the present existence. I know, indeed, that we shall live again, but more than that is not revealed."

"No more revealed! For what did Jesus live? for what did Jesus die? for what did Jesus rise? Was not the great object of his advent and mission to reveal God's everlasting love, reaching to all souls and enduring through all ages, here and hereafter? This, Francis, this is a truth which I have learned at Jesus' feet, and it is to me the sweetest solace in every hour of gloom and pain, and which I would not relinquish for the greatest boon which I could possibly receive—no, not even for the gift of sight! Gladly would I look on the scenes of life's earlier days, and admire the beauties which once so entranced my vision, but dearer, far dearer, is the hope of gazing, with an undimming eye, on a world of fadeless loveliness. O say, Francis," said the enthusiastic girl, clasping, almost wildly, his hand in hers, "O say, Francis, do you not believe that we shall meet in that bright and better world?"

The earnestness of the girl astonished Rochford, and he exclaimed—"O God! is this a reality? is the beautiful creature at my side my Maria, or is it all a dream, and she an angel?"

"No," replied she, "I am no angel, but the weak, erring girl you call your Maria. I am earnest, for there is something—I know not what—that tells me this is the last time we shall meet on earth."

"Nay, nay, Maria, there are yet for us many happy years in store. But the hour is late—let us return to the house."

They arose and directed their steps towards Maria's home. All the cheerfulness and gayety which Rochford

could throw into his conversation as they pursued their way, could not remove the weight of melancholy that pressed on Maria's heart. When they reached the dwelling, Rochford felt that he must part, and he briefly informed her that he was required to set out early on the morrow to meet his father, and must therefore say farewell to her.

"Ah!" said the poor girl, "are we then never more to meet?"

"O do not utter such words. We shall meet many times, — I have told you there are happy years for us in store;" and imprinting a kiss upon her fair brow, he bade her "good night!"

Early the next morning, Maria could have been seen sitting at her chamber window listening intently for the sound of the departing coach that should bear the beloved away. At length the rumbling noise, disturbing the hush of morn, broke on her ear, and she intently listened to the sound till it died away and no echo remained. Then did she feel her doom was sealed, though she could not in the least account for the apprehensions under which she labored.

At evening Rochford arrived at his journey's end. His father immediately called him into a private apartment; and there he frankly informed him that by letters from Boston he had been fully advised of all that had occurred between him and Maria, and that he should not consent, on any account whatever, to any further intimacy between them. "You are blind," said the stern father, "and can do nothing for yourself! I must therefore provide for you. Now, Mary Ann Neal is a good girl: she has lived with us several years, and I know she will make you a good wife. She has consented to marry you on condition that I will settle upon

you a sum the interest of which shall be sufficient to maintain you and her. This, though my property will hardly justify it, I agree to do, if you will decide to be united to her. To-morrow I shall go to Portsmouth, and shall return in a week,— that time I give you to decide, with the understanding that if you still cling to your present wild project, I shall discard you forever!"

We will not attempt to describe the feelings of Rochford, but return to Maria. Two days after the departure of Rochford, she was called to the bedside of her dying mother, who, always in feeble health, had received several apoplectic strokes, and was now struck down by another and a fatal one. But the religion which had always consoled Maria did not now fail to afford her the consolation she needed in this the most trying hour of her existence. Her mother had been to her all that maternal love could be in the soul of a Christian, and now that she stood by her side in death, a new and the darkest mystery of life pressed heavily upon her soul. But she remembered God and was comforted.

After the last sad rites were attended to, and Maria began to feel how much had been taken from her, a kind sister, residing at a distance, sent her word that her home should be hers if she would make it so. Maria received this affectionate message with gratitude; and after a few days, she visited for the last time the graves of her sainted mother and darling brother, and strewed a few flowers on the place of their repose, as the last offering of her undying love, and then bade farewell forever to the scenes so hallowed by the varied events of the past.

The week apportioned to Rochford had now expired, and after vainly endeavoring to dissuade his father from his cruel purpose, he yielded a reluctant consent, and

promised to marry a being he did not love. Having taken this step, he dictated to a confidential friend, a letter to Maria, in which he informed her the situation in which his father's determination had placed him, and that he was compelled to unite his destiny with a woman he did not love; but that, though the husband of another, she would always have his affections.

One day, sometime afterward, Maria was sitting listening to the reading of a newspaper by her sister, and among the variety the list of marriages and deaths attracted attention. Her sister, unconscious of reading a name dear to Maria, read the marriage of "Dr. Francis Rochford to Miss Mary Ann Neal." The effect of this was electrical, but as soon as she recovered from the first shock, Maria immediately concluded that there were two Dr. Rochfords—she thought the "Doctor" sounded unnatural, so unwilling was she to believe the fact of the case. But this indecision was of short duration, as soon afterward she received Rochford's letter, that had been sent to her former residence, and after a long delay, was transmitted to her enclosed in an epistle from the minister of the parish. The awful truth now flashed upon her mind. She was now indeed miserable. This was the last of a long series of misfortunes which had made her life a painful one, but which had revealed to her the power of religion in the soul. The effect of this last sad and heavy stroke was not perceptible to the observer, and while a tear trembled in her sightless eyes, she prayed God to bless *her* Francis.

Not long since, it was my happiness to visit Maria, and as I conversed with her of the past, she appeared to have lost nothing of that enthusiasm which seemed to be a part of her very nature. "But once have I seen Francis since he was a man; but oh! that once was

sufficient to keep him ever distinct in my soul, the ideal of all perfection. He is compelled to drag out an existence far less happier than mine, united as he is to a being he cannot love, and who has no sympathy with his high endowments of mind."

I mentioned to her that I should probably visit the East, and might perchance meet Rochford. "Tell him, then," said she, "that at the hour when last we met, I shall ever offer up to heaven a prayer for him." Then, in a more subdued tone, she added, "Tell him not to forget me."

Before I parted from her, she sang to me, with the same touching sweetness as in other years, Rochford's favorite—The Flower Girl's Song, in the "Last Days of Pompeii." As I took my leave of her, I could not but say half audibly, "Poor girl! sad victim of a love too deep, too pure, for such a world as this."

But yet in her soul she has hopes that give her the living waters of immortality, as she rests her spirit in the expectancy of the time when the mighty and loving voice of God shall speak—"*Ephphatha!*" ("that is, Be opened!") and on her vision shall burst the ineffable glories of that world where there are no changes but from glory to glory!

AN ADVENTURE OF MY BOYHOOD.

Every one requires time for relaxation. There is real pleasure in throwing off the self-imposed dignity of manhood, and of yielding, without reserve, to those sincere feelings and emotions that guide and govern to a certain extent our childhood.

It is a pleasant thing to recall in after life the pranks we have played in our boyhood, and to have a hearty laugh over the jokes we then perpetrated at the expense of others.

I well remember an incident which, at the time it occurred, made a great deal of amusement for those who witnessed it, and which I will now relate.

Some years ago, there was a man who was in the habit of visiting our native town, as often as once or twice a week, for the purpose of disposing of the produce of his farm. The principal commodity which he brought to market was butter, which was usually contained in small covered boxes. He was accustomed to bring some forty or fifty in his cart at a time.

It happened that he one day met with me, just after he had been offering up his libations to Bacchus, and when, probably, he was as mentally blind as I was physically. Not perceiving that I was blind, he requested me to drive him around the town, and to show him where he would be most likely to dispose of his butter.

Now I was always an ambitious youth, though I say it myself. Having learned to go about town alone on foot, I was anxious to try my skill at driving around;

besides, boys are always glad to have a good ride. Therefore I closed at once with the butter-man's proposition. He, by this time overcome by the potent draught wherewith he had regaled himself at the tavern, had quietly stretched his person in the back part of his cart, as if coveting repose.

Taking the reins in one hand, and the whip in the other, I drove off in what was at that time denominated a furious style, for, seeing no danger, I feared none. The spectators, witnessing the rapidity with which we rattled through the principal street, looked on with astonishment, especially when they found that the driver was a blind boy. The horse kept the middle of the road, and we moved on for some distance, when, finding by the air upon my face, that I had arrived at a cross street, and knowing that there was a store on the corner, I stopped, but as no butter was wanted, I drove on again. I had received instructions to call at the minister's, he being a regular customer. We soon reached his house; I knew when we had got there, from the fact that it was situated on a high hill. Accordingly, when we were ascending it, I informed the butter-man of the fact, who succeeded, after a considerable difficulty, in getting out of the cart by the time we had arrived opposite the door of the parsonage-house.

He was gone a few minutes, but being unable to trade, returned and told me that if I would turn round and go up into one of the cross streets, he would call into the houses and try to sell his butter.

Emboldened by my success thus far, I pulled, unfortunately for all concerned, the left rein rather too quickly; the horse attempted to turn,—the wheels came in contact with a large stone at the corner; in an instant the cart was upset, and the contents thrown

upon the ground. The boxes containing the butter were thrown down the hill, and as ill-luck would have it, it had rained the night before, so that it would have required the chemical skill of a Sir Humphrey Davy to have separated the butter from the mud. The poor man stood for a few moments looking on in perfect amazement. At length he exclaimed, "You confounded fool! could you not see that rock?" By this time, the minister, who had witnessed the accident from the window, came out. His manner was usually solemn, but on the present occasion he was nearly convulsed with laughter. As soon as he could collect himself sufficiently, he addressed himself to the unfortunate butter-man, who had sufficiently recover'd his senses to begin to estimate the extent of his loss, and who was denouncing me in no very choice terms. "My dear sir," said his reverence with emphasis, "that lad is totally blind." "Blind! blind!" repeated the indignant man; "then why, in the name of common sense, do you keep blind pilots upon the coast? I will never come to this market again."

It may well be supposed that by this time a large number of persons had assembled. As for myself, I attempted to leave the ground as soon as possible, carrying off upon my shoes a large quantity of the butter. By the aid of others, the poor man succeeded in repairing the slight damage done to his cart. He gathered up his empty boxes, and returned home. Reflecting upon the adventures of the day, (for by this time he was thoroughly sober,) he saw that it was to his intemperance that the loss he had sustained was to be attributed. He never came to our market any more, but he lived ever after a temperance man.

LINES

SUGGESTED ON HEARING A LADY SING THE SONG "WHEN WE WENT GYPSYING, LONG TIME AGO."

O, LADY, sing that song again!
  To me 't will e'er be dear;
It calls up sweet remembrances
  Of many a by-gone year.

It speaks of early childhood days,
  When life was free from sorrow,
When happy went the day away,
  And brightly came the morrow.

When each returning hour that came
  Brought its peculiar joy;
When all was bright and fair around,
  And *I* a gladsome boy.

It whispers of those halcyon hours
  When innocence was mine;
When round each object of my love
  Did every fond wish twine.

But now, alas! those days have fled!
  And those I loved are gone;
But, lady, thou canst call them back;
  O sing again that song!

And know, it can assuage the grief
  Of one lone child of sorrow;
Whose only hope, whose every wish,
  Is for life's latest morrow.

Then sing again that plaintive song;
  To me 't is ever dear;
It calls up sweet remembrances
  Of many a by-gone year.

OUR COUNTRY.

To one conversant with the history of our country, the events which have transpired for the last twenty-five years possess a deep and thrilling interest.

The great problem which *we*, as a people, have attempted to solve, involves a greater responsibility than was ever, in the providence of God, committed to any nation, in ancient or modern times.

It behoves the true lover of his country and his race, to pause and attentively consider what we have been doing for the last quarter of a century. Have we done anything to advance the cause of civil and religious liberty throughout the world? Have we strengthened and rendered more permanent our own free institutions? Have we endeavored to strengthen the bond of union between the states of this great confederacy? Have we presented to the world the sublime spectacle of a great nation controlled by laws enacted in accordance with the will of a *majority* of its citizens? Have we always preserved social order, and maintained inviolate the freedom of the press? Have we never sacrificed our national honor? In short, do we still retain uncorrupted the noble legacy transmitted to us by the heroes and patriots who fought the battles of the Revolution, and formed, by their collective wisdom, the charter of our liberties? These are important questions. Would to God that to each of them might be given an affirmative answer!

The true friends of man throughout the world have looked to America as their only hope. Here the fond

enthusiast trusted he should see realized Plato's idea of a true republic. The splendid example of a Washington led the disappointed friends of liberty in Europe to believe that here, in a country which had never been cursed with despotism, man would prove to the world for the first time his capacity for self-government. The tyrant pointed with a proud satisfaction to the republics of Greece and Rome; but the friends of liberty replied, In America there are no despotisms to overthrow, no inherent evils to overcome; and the united wisdom of a Washington, an Adams, and a Jefferson, will form a system of government which shall survive the monarchies of Europe, and which shall defend the millions that fly to it for protection.

The Goddess of Liberty, which for ages seemed driven from the earth, established her dominion upon the western continent, and millions of the oppressed from the old world came hither to enjoy her protection. Every movement of our government has been watched with a jealous eye by the friends and opponents of republican institutions throughout the civilized world; and, so far as we can judge, we have disappointed the expectations of the former, and allayed the fears of the latter; and accordingly we hear it said that the idea of a permanent republic in America is still problematical; that our government is at most but an experiment; and we hear this from those who, a few years ago, felt confident of our success. Our enemies, with an assiduity worthy of a better cause, are availing themselves of every opportunity to sow dissensions among us, and to engraft on our system of government the elements of a future despotism. Can any one doubt this? Witness the encouragement afforded by the powers of Europe to emigration. Thousands annually flock to our shores,

asking for protection; but the ship that brings them, like the wooden horse which was introduced into Troy, has concealed within it those who will, ere long, accomplish our destruction.

It is a trite maxim, that the perpetuity of our institutions depends on the purity of the elective franchise. Now, it is an undeniable fact, that, in many parts of our country, foreigners are permitted to vote as soon as they land on our shores. The mischievous influence which foreign voters have already exerted upon our elections is beginning to be felt, and if a speedy remedy be not found to the evil, the time will come when our liberty will be a *mere name.* I know it is said, that those who emigrate to our country come to enjoy, and not to destroy, our liberties; but it must be remembered that they constitute for the most part the poorest and the most degraded portion of the population of Europe, and, consequently, can have no just idea of rational liberty. They are, therefore, the fit subjects to be wrought upon by the artful and designing demagogue; and that they form a powerful element, which the enemies of liberty will not fail one day to use to our disadvantage, no one can for a moment doubt.

See the appeals to their prejudices contained in our newspapers on the eve of an election; proclaiming the candidate of *this or that party* to be of Dutch, French, Swiss, or Irish origin, and calling on his countrymen to support him! Nor is this all; in the principal cities of the United States they form themselves into political clubs, parade the streets with their banners, and he who can most successfully appeal to their passions is sure of their votes.

The most successful chief magistrate this country ever had, he whose *iron will* could control the repre-

sentatives, and did not fear the senate,—next to the magic power of one great battle, was indebted for not a little of his influence to the *fact*, that *he was of Irish descent.* We hope we shall not be misunderstood; we would not deny to the famishing, starving population of Europe an asylum, where, by their own labor, they may obtain bread for themselves and their children, and where they might enjoy forever all the advantages of a good government; but we would not forget, in discharging the duties to our race, the obligations we owe to our country. We would go down to the shore, and welcome the foreigner to our country and our home; but we would not surrender to him those rights which, if he possessed without knowing their value, would, without benefiting *him*, *injure us*, and, in process of time, would render this country but little better than that from which he has emigrated. It is not thought wise to intrust a native citizen with the tremendous responsibility of the elective franchise, until he has had the experience of twenty-one years; and shall we surrender to aliens, whose prejudices, habits of thinking and education, so far as they have any, render them inimical to republican institutions, those dear-bought rights, at a shorter period of time than is required of our own citizens? I say, no! and until the majority of the people of the United States shall give the same reply, in a manner that cannot be mistaken, the palladium of our liberty is in imminent danger.

There are, indeed, many evils at work in the body politic, which the clear-eyed philanthropist sees without being able to remedy*; but there is a cure for the one of which we have spoken, in the speedy alteration of our naturalization laws, so as to prevent the alien from voting until he shall have resided among us long

enough to become acquainted with the genius of our institutions.

An attempt has recently been made, in at least one of the largest states in the Union, by a portion of our foreign population, to obtain a complete separation of their part of the public fund for the support of common schools. The effect of this movement must be apparent to all. They are desirous of imparting to their children their own peculiar notions in government and religion, which will be found to be adverse to republican institutions. It has been openly avowed that they would not suffer their children to enter our common schools, and that if they could not be allowed separate schools for themselves, their children should grow up in ignorance. It was the proud boast of our pilgrim fathers, that they had established our institutions on the Law of God, contained in the Old and New Testament; and yet the principal objection urged against our free schools by that portion of the population to which we have referred, is, that the Bible is read in them daily.

It is deplorable to see with what readiness the two great political parties, for the sake of a temporary advantage, yield to the demands of those to whom our public schools have become so obnoxious. Indeed, it is said that foreigners already hold the balance of power, and that party which can most successfully appeal to their prejudices, and who will pledge themselves to comply with their demands, is alone sure of success. In a short time, those who, a few years ago, humbly craved an asylum here from the oppression of their own country, will boast, and justly too, that they are our rulers. Even now they begin to taunt us. One of their number, in an organ devoted to their interest, did not hesitate, on a certain occasion, to call Native Americans

cowards and the sons of cowards. This, it may be said, is not of much consequence; but it must be remembered that "straws show which way the wind blows." The fact is undeniable, that those who are constantly emigrating to our country come here without any very exalted notions of liberty, and with no very strong attachment to republican institutions; this is already seen, and when they shall outnumber us at the ballot-box, it will be *felt*, bitterly *felt*. Now is the time, if ever, to remedy the evil.

If the battle for civil and religious liberty is to be fought over again on this continent, it is quite time that the friends of freedom were marshalling their forces. For one, *we* are not afraid of the result. We can anticipate with certainty a bloodless victory, if we but avail ourselves of the ballot-box, while it is yet under our control. We have always had a firm faith in the success of those great principles which it was the object of the fathers of our republic to establish, and which it is the duty of their children to maintain at all hazards; but we freely confess that there are times when it would seem as if we were pursuing a retrograde movement; when a degrading subserviency to party seems to take the place of a lofty patriotism, and a noble love of country appears to be supplanted by the desire for office. Most of the political papers of the day, instead of discussing, in a calm and dispassionate manner, the great questions affecting the happiness of the people and the perpetuity of our institutions, are filled with inflammatory appeals to sectional prejudices—designed to influence the worst passions of the multitude—to accomplish a temporary triumph; and we look in vain into the published speeches of our statesmen for that dispassionate wisdom and far-reaching sagacity that characterized

a Hamilton and a Jefferson. It was *once* thought that intrinsic merit alone could entitle an American to the suffrages of his countrymen; that he who had served his country with the greatest fidelity was alone worthy to become its chief magistrate;—but the palmy days of republican simplicity have passed away, and political intrigue is, in our day, more likely to be successful than statesmen-like ability and sterling virtue.

Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and his immediate successor, compare well with each other; but since their day, there has been a gradual deterioration, and it will be long before American intellect and American virtue will be fairly represented in the person of her chief magistrate. The man who a few years ago brought forward, in the Senate of the United States, that *great* measure which demonstrated alike his ability and his patriotism, and which was alone adequate to preserve the Union, which artful political demagogues were endeavoring to destroy, has been forgotten by those who were unworthy his services, and supplanted by one who is his equal in nothing; but the pen of the historian will render that justice to his merits which even contemporaries have not been able altogether to withhold, and his name will be enrolled in that bright galaxy of illustrious men we have already mentioned, and whom we now venerate as the benefactors of our country.

The presidential chair, which every aspirant to popular favor regards as the ultimatum of his ambition, has within the last few years been brought within the reach of every one who will stoop to the means by which it is obtained. The question is no longer asked, when a candidate is to be selected for the suffrages of the people, Is he a man of ability? Is he capable of admin-

istering the government in such a manner as shall best promote the great objects for which government was instituted?—but, Is he available? Can he appeal and pander to the prejudices of the multitude? Why is it that so many of our great minds, of our truly great men, shun the political arena, and prefer literary and scientific pursuits? Because the military chieftain is preferred by the multitude, while the scholar is often rejected. There is a popular prejudice against learned men, of which the artful demagogue always avails himself.

He who has shot an Indian stands a better chance of an election than the graduate of our universities. It is a mournful fact that our legislative halls are not unfrequently the theatres where, for a time at least, all law, to say nothing of decency and propriety, is violated, and by the very men whom we send to make the laws. "He who governs freemen must himself be free." If we select our representatives from among those who are more remarkable for their pugilistic than their intellectual or moral powers, we must expect to be poorly governed, and we ought not to complain of those frequent violations of all law that so often disgrace our legislative halls. We believe that the evil of which we are speaking can only be corrected by a more thorough dissemination of knowledge among the people. There is no more cheering sign of our times than the need which is everywhere felt of a more perfect system of education.

When the study of the science of government shall receive that attention to which its importance entitles it; when the constitution and the laws of our country shall be thought of sufficient consequence to be more generally taught in our common schools; we shall no longer

look to the *camp* for our *rulers;* and the distinction of a representative will be worth something,—not for the mere emolument of *office*, but for the opportunity it will afford him of contributing to the prosperity of the country, and the progress of the race.

There are many other evils with which our country is afflicted, perhaps surpassing in magnitude those we have named, and which we hope will receive their appropriate correctives from the hands of an enlightened and patriotic people. Those of which we have spoken call loudly for immediate redress, and we have no doubt but they will receive the attention their enormity merits.

If any one thinks we have written hastily, or that our words are harsh, let him remember that we have written with the feelings of an American, and let this be our apology. We wish not to survive when our country shall become unworthy of the high destiny for which God has designed her.

THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

In the calm, quiet moments of reflection, when, freed in a measure from the cares and pursuits of life, we sit down to contemplate those great truths and sublime mysteries which have in every age employed the mightiest intellects, and inspired the noblest hearts, that have adorned and enlightened humanity, we feel overwhelmed with a sense of our own littleness, and of our indebtedness to those whose investigations have opened to us such vast fields of thought and speculation.

There is no subject fraught with such deep and thrilling interest to every thinking being as the future destiny of the human soul. It is a theme upon which the wise and good of every age have delighted to expatiate, for it engages at once the most discriminating power of the intellect, and the warmest affections of the heart. It appeals alike to our judgment, and our consciousness; to the facts of our experience and observation, and the evidence afforded by the light of our intuitions. In fine, it is as vast and illimitable as earth and heaven, — time and eternity.

Of all the questions which a thinking mind ever proposed to itself, there is probably none which has called forth so much thought, and excited so much speculation, as the proposition contained in the following: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

There are those who have not only denied the immortality, but the very existence of the human soul. They maintain that what we call mind is but the result of the organization of matter. According to this theory,

thought and feeling is but an effect of the higher laws operating on the most perfectly organized bodies. What is instinct in the animal becomes mind in man, because he is more perfectly developed. The materialist compares the soul to music; as the latter is but an effect produced by the peculiar construction of the instrument, so the former is but one of the effects of that more cunningly contrived instrument, the human body.

It would be needless to show the absurdity of this analogy, — the fallacy of such reasoning. Its best confutation is found in the lives of those who have most strenuously advocated it. It is the basis of that dark, skeptical philosophy whose highest maxim is, that pleasure and self-gratification is the end of life; but there are those who, admitting the existence of the soul, affirm, nevertheless, that it has no *natural* immortality; that when the body dies, it remains in a state of unconsciousness, and in fact ceases to exist, so far as the consciousness of life is concerned; but, in the great day of the resurrection, it will be again resuscitated, and its destiny forever fixed.

The advocates of this theory profess to draw arguments in support of it from the Bible.

We can conceive that it would not be very difficult for one who accepts the fundamental principles of Locke's philosophy to give his adherence at once to this dark and unsatisfying view of the human soul; but he who admits the fact of his own consciousness; who is influenced in the slightest degree by a spiritual faith; who prizes more the revelations of his intuitions than the doubtful facts he perceives by his senses; must reject it with abhorrence; and all other views that detract from the divinity and dignity of our nature.

There are arguments in favor of the immortality of

the soul, which the materialist never has, and never can satisfactorily answer. He may indeed have attempted to ridicule them, and, like Voltaire and others, sneer at, and satirize those who make use of them; but no one has ever succeeded in refuting them, and it is fair to presume that they cannot.

The first which we shall mention, is that derived from the universal consciousness. There is no nation, no matter how degraded, that has ever existed, but has manifested, in some way, a belief of the soul's future existence. The Hottentot, the Hindoo, the aborigines of our own country, and even the New Zealander, although it has sometimes been asserted to the contrary, have each a firm faith in future life; and we should as soon think of discovering a people that deny their own individual existence, as we should to find a nation in which a belief in the soul's immortality did not form a part of their religion. We know, indeed, that there have been individuals who have denied that they had any consciousness of a future existence. Hume and his disciples denied that they existed in the present world; and we believe that our present existence can no more be proved than our future life; those who would doubt *either*, subject us to the alternative of questioning their sanity, or their honesty.

Another argument in favor of the soul's immortality, is founded upon what we know of God. It cannot be that a being of infinite perfection could have created and so wonderfully endowed man with such an exalted nature, if his existence was to terminate with the present life. No! it is as inconsistent with the character of the Creator as it is contrary to all the analogies of nature, to suppose that our being terminates at the grave. Against such an idea, the best feelings of the

heart and the deepest convictions of the intellect are alike opposed. It cannot be that unbounded goodness and infinite wisdom have placed us here to partake of the evanescent joys of the world,—to endure its sorrows and participate in all its vicissitudes,—and then to be consigned to total annihilation. Oh, no! the thought is too revolting. We could not even here enjoy sleep after the fatigues of the day, were we not cheered with the hope of a coming morrow.

There is, in the soft sunlight of heaven, and in the ravishing beauty that it everywhere reveals, stamped upon every part of the material universe by the finger of God, an assurance to man that he is destined for a better world and a nobler existence. It is written alike upon the earth and the sky, the flowers and the stars; and in the bow that spans the clouds, there is a pledge that, after the storms of this life, we shall enter in calmness and peace upon a higher and a holier existence; and in the tones of the human voice that bless us here, is symbolized the music of the angels that shall gladden us there.

We come now to the consideration of another argument, which, upon most minds, probably exerts a greater influence than those we have mentioned, in deepening the conviction of the soul's immortality. It is drawn from the nature of the soul itself. We find that we possess faculties and capacities, affections and aspirations, that this world cannot satisfy.

The truths wrapped up in the material forms around us, embodied in all that we see and know, do but make us conscious of the extent of our powers, without fully gratifying them. They invite us to ascend to Him from whom they emanate,—for no truth, properly considered, terminates here; hence it is, that we only view truth in

fragments. An atom, and a world, alike symbolize some spiritual fact, which we are yet to discover, and which we are capable of comprehending.

If we reflect upon the vast discoveries which the intellect of man has made upon this mundane sphere, and consider how eager he is to learn yet more, can we for a moment doubt that an opportunity will yet be afforded him, under more favorable circumstances, to unfold and expand those mighty energies with which God has endowed him, and which are here so necessarily limited and confined? Does not that ardent love of knowledge, which this world is too poor to satisfy, prove that it shall yet have a broader field, a wider range, for its endless development? Besides, if we consider the nature of our affections, how little there is in this changing, transitory world, to satisfy their cravings; —love, that noblest of all principles, that divinest of all impulses, how seldom its deep yearnings find a response in a world whose mightiest law is change!—we cannot but conclude that this is but the beginning of our existence, the infancy of our being; and that there yet remains for man an eternity in which his exalted faculties and inexhaustible affections will continue forever to develop and expand.

Can we, upon any other supposition, explain the fact that the wisest and most learned of our race have felt, at the close of their earthly existence, that they had but just commenced learning; or, as the great Newton expressed it, "that they were mere school-boys in the study of nature." The most that we can hope to obtain in the present state of existence, are the *rudiments* or the *elements* of knowledge. We but learn here the alphabet of nature, and then pass on to a higheer school, to make room for those that come after us.

On the hypothesis of the materialist,—that man, in common with the beast, ceases to exist when the bodily powers no longer perform their functions,—there would not only be want of wisdom, but positive injustice and cruelty; in conferring upon him capacities and affections, which are but awakened to a consciousness of their vastness and grandeur, to be forever extinguished in *total* annihilation. It was not for this that God conferred upon man an intellect capable of ranging at will throughout his vast creation,—discovering its laws,—examining its parts,—revealing the secrets hidden in an atom, or a world,—now penetrating to the interior of the earth, and anon ascending to the most distant star. It was not for this, that to his expansive heart was given a love so broad and so vast as to embrace the whole family of man, and aspire to the sympathy of angels. No; *in man's very nature is written the certainty of his immortality.*

There is another argument in favor of the soul's immortality, drawn from the incompleteness of life. Nothing in the present state of existence seems permanent; all is change, though nothing is annihilated.

The most gigantic works of art in time crumble into ruins, and everything in the material world seems subjected to the same fatality. Nor is man exempt from this general law. Our physical system is continually undergoing change. The body, every seven years, we are told, is entirely renewed; nor is this phenomenon less certain because it is unperceived. But amidst all the mutations to which everything material is subjected, the human soul remains the same, ever developing and expanding itself, acquiring more energy, and becoming more exalted as the period approaches, when, freed from its earthly prison-house, it shall expand its wings

and rejoice in the absolute liberty of a higher existence.

It seems to us that all of that which we call the experience of life,—those nameless events, those hourly occurrences, which, when viewed separately, seem to be the effect of chance, or accident, but, when regarded in their relation to each other, have, to the philosophic eye, a profound significance,—refer us to a higher development than we are capable of receiving in the present imperfect state of existence. We believe that there is nothing which the heart can conceive, or the intellect plan, in harmony with the ultimate good, but that will finally be effected. The many schemes which the wise and good of every age have projected, designed to remove those evils with which the world has been afflicted, which still darken the fair face of the beautiful earth—and which, because they have not succeeded, have been pronounced by some, Eutopian, chimerical, &c.—are capable of being actualized. The error has been, that men have attempted to accomplish on earth what can only be effected in heaven. The soul never forgets entirely its former home; its aims and aspirations are always above the earth. In its darkest estate and lowest degradation, it still retains some faint glimpses of its high destiny, and in every stage of our earthly progress, it whispers to us of a better land. And when, alas! as it too often is, darkened and deformed by ignorance and sensuality, and its blessed sunshine obscured by the blackness of sin, it still yearns for that baptism that shall regenerate it, for that voice that shall welcome it, redeemed, to its home in the skies.

When we have admitted the immortality of the soul, there are many passages in our earthly pilgrimage, which, though they cannot be considered as proofs in

themselves, yet may still serve to confirm our faith. We would instance the *fact*, that in all our actions we have an *object*, and that object is usually in the future,—something that *is* to be attained; we are never satisfied with the present. What is it but the consciousness of a future life, that makes us desirous to do something to preserve our memory when we are gone?

Whence the desire of fame, if the grave is the goal of our existence? Why does the humblest human being desire some friend to adorn his tomb with flowers, if he is to sleep beneath all unconscious of the act?

Why is it so difficult for us to conceive of death? Because the soul has only the consciousness of life.

Fired with the enthusiasm of youth, the young man goes forth from his father's home to play his part in the busy world; from time to time he hears that father, mother, sister, brother, all have fulfilled their earthly pilgrimage; still, in sad sincerity he struggles on, to accomplish a purpose greater than he thinks; and when at last his physical energies are nearly all exhausted, he returns to the home of his childhood to die; whatever may have been the vicissitudes to which he was subject in the world of strife, he is still cheered with the hope of a blessed reünion with those he loves.

From almost every incident of our daily life, when correctly understood, we may derive something to confirm our faith in the soul's future destiny. That which to-day seems dark and mysterious, to-morrow will be explained. Humble virtue, that now goes unobserved and uncared for, and that, in its very loneliness, weeps, shall in the future be honored and glorified above all; and vice and wrong, that now enjoy the favor and applause of the multitude, shall in the coming future be forgotten and consigned to oblivion.

Thus have we endeavored to state some of those arguments usually adduced to prove the immortality of the soul. We have not been influenced by what Addison, Dick, or any other writer, has suggested. It has been our object to state only those which, to our mind, seem to carry the clearest conviction. We cheerfully grant, that all the arguments which reason can devise, or which the nature of the soul itself can suggest, come far short of the teachings of Divine revelation; but when, as in the present case, what God has taught in his Word confirms the voice of nature, they are worthy of our serious consideration.

Christ has brought life and immortality to light. What, to Socrates, Plato, and other spiritual philosophers of antiquity, was at most but mere speculation, is to the Christian absolute certainty.

Christ has risen—death has lost its sting, and the grave its gloom; henceforth the humble Christian hears, as it were whispered by an angel, "In my Father's house there are many mansions."

We need not dwell upon the advantages which the contemplation of the subject which we have been considering confers. It is fit that we should sometimes withdraw our mind from the all-engrossing pursuits of the world, and reflect upon that higher life upon which we must all so soon enter. It is good to think of heaven, and the angels; it purifies and elevates our affections; it exalts and ennobles our whole nature; above all, it brings us nearer to God. We would not detract, in the slightest degree, from the importance of the present life. We know that there are duties and obligations which *must* be discharged in this state of existence; man has an earthly mission, and he should fulfil it; but he should never cease to remember that he has a heavenly

destiny. There is nothing which can so console us in all the disappointments and afflictions incidental to our present life, as a steady, unwavering faith in the soul's immortality; nothing that will so elevate us above the contaminating influence of sin, and bring us into a more intimate communion with our Father in heaven.

[The following lines were suggested on meeting with a poor blind man who obtains a precarious subsistence by begging in the streets of New York city. He does not ask charity, but attracts the attention, and endeavors to awaken the sympathy of those around him, by chanting a low, plaintive song.]

Alone he gropes his dark and dreary way,
With none to soothe or bless his humble lot,
Shut out forever from the light of day,
By all unpitied, and by all forgot.

Compelled to beg his bread from day to day,
Without one kindly look, or friendly tone,
To cheer him on his darksome, lonely way,
Poor, sightless man, without a friend or home!

In vain he chants the sad and plaintive song;
In vain the tear streams down his sightless eye;
He ne'er can move the cold and heartless throng;
They heed not now the blind man's feeble cry.

And yet the boon he craves ye well might give,
For surely unto you much hath been given!
Oh! say, in mercy's name, shall he not live,
And share with you the bounteous gifts of Heaven?

I pity *thee*, poor man! thus doomed to dwell
In this cold world, all friendless and alone;
Yet, happily for thee, it may be well,
For *this*, thank God, is not our final home!

No; there are worlds that gem the vaulted sky,
The bright abode of all that suffer here;
There thou shalt one day dwell—no more to sigh,
No more to shed misfortune's bitter tear.

THE BLIND INVALID.

In this world there is a continued contest between good and evil; and so intimate is the connection, that it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish the one from the other.

They are the antagonistic principles of life, but they are often so *mysteriously* blended, as to defy the calmest and the clearest scrutiny. Yet, in proportion as we are influenced by one or the other, is our destiny decided for weal or for woe, for time and for eternity.

Almost every hour of our existence, are we called upon to perform some act, the influence of which, upon our future life, transcends the power of human calculation. How fearfully great is the responsibility which God has imposed upon every human being, and how little is it felt and understood by the majority of mankind! Is not much, very much, of the misery and wretchedness which we see around us every day, but the inevitable result of this ignorance and neglect? How often, for example, does the transgression of a single physical law entail upon others wretchedness and misery, which no kindness can alleviate, and no sympathy assuage. How often are we called to mourn over the grave of the young and the beautiful, who have fallen the victims to a disease engendered by the ignorance of those who might have blessed them. How often do we meet, in our daily walks, the young man or woman whose early doom is written in terrible distinctness upon their pale and wan countenances. How frequently do we hear, when at church, a hollow cough,

and see the cheek of the young, now flushed, now deadly pale, telling but too plainly that, like half developed flowers, they must die before the spring-time of life has passed away.

Is it not a sad thing to witness the sufferings of one who has entered upon existence only to endure the pains and penalty of a law that others have transgressed, and whose only hope for relief is in death? Yet there are thousands of such.

Reader, I will tell you of one, whose mournful lot has suggested the preceding remarks.

In a small upper chamber of an old wooden building, in one of the most obscure streets of our city, there dwells a wretched human being, compelled to endure sufferings which can never be adequately described, but who might have been as happy and joyous a creature as ever pressed the earth.

I am now about to sketch no mere dream of the imagination, to gratify a morbid sensibility, but to relate the melancholy story of one whose life has been marked only by misfortune and suffering.

I happened one day to complain to a friend of the difficulties that beset the pathway of one in my situation. He rebuked me, saying he knew of one who suffered more in a day than I did in a year; and on my expressing doubt if such a being existed, he said he would convince me if I would go with him the next day. My friend was one of those good men who employ all their time in visiting the abodes of poverty and misery, in providing for the wants, and in alleviating the miseries of the suffering and ill-fated victims of our imperfect civilization.

I cannot now recount the acts of his daily life; they are all unseen save by the recipients of his bounty, and

by the blessed angels who ever hover over the abodes of the children of want.

It was a fine morning in the early part of May, when I set out with my friend to visit one whom he said was a poor blind invalid. As we passed through the principal streets of the city, we met with those who were going in all directions, some to business, some to recreation, and each one seemingly occupied with his own peculiar wants, unmindful of those around him.

There is a sad and terrible *necessity* manifested, all unconsciously, by the multitude that throng the streets of a large city; but there is a deep significance even in their intense selfishness; yet it is melancholy to contemplate it, and so we passed on. We reached, after a short walk, one of those dark, narrow streets, which always indicate the abode of the poor. On turning into an obscure court, "Here we are," said my friend; and conducting me through a narrow entry, up two flights of stairs, he tapped gently upon the door, and we were admitted to the chamber of the blind invalid, who at once recognized the bland tones of my friend's voice, and in tremulous accents thanked him for this visit. He, in return, made many kind inquiries that manifested how deep an interest he felt in the suffering being before us.

As soon as I was introduced, we sat down, and, at the request of my friend, the poor blind invalid related the incidents of her melancholy story.

"My name," she said, "is Mary Lee; I am about eighteen years old. My father and my mother were both blind; they resided some time after their marriage in the town of B., in the state of Maine. My father contrived to obtain a livelihood by sawing boards; we were always, however, very poor.

"My father died when I was only eight years old; my mother and myself were then supported by the town. My aunt, who was a milliner in this city, visited us soon after father's death. She persuaded mother to let her take me home with her. Soon after I came to this city, I heard of my mother's death. My aunt was very kind, and said I should never want for a home.

"From my earliest infancy I have scarcely ever known a well day. My whole physical constitution seemed to be completely prostrated, and the doctors all say that they can do nothing for me. The slightest exposure always subjects me to the most intense pain for days and even for weeks. My aunt always tenderly nursed me, and provided for all my wants. I was in hopes I should recover my health, that I might enjoy the advantages of the Institution for the Blind; but my health did not improve as I grew older. My cousin Sarah, who was about my own age, used to read to me every day; she even obtained a book with raised characters, printed for the blind, and taught me to read with my fingers. This is a very great blessing; for now that Sarah has to work constantly to maintain us, I am able to read to her from the Bible, and from other books which Dr. Howe was so kind as to send me; and when I cannot sleep, I take the book on the bed, and read with my fingers how Jesus opened the eyes of the blind; and I know that though I can never behold the beautiful earth, he will one day restore me to sight, and I shall be permitted to see the glories of heaven."

"Is your aunt still living?" I inquired. "Oh, no! she has been dead these two years!" Here the poor girl manifested great emotion. At length, however, she

overcame her feelings, and inquired if Sarah was in the room; and on being told she was not, she proceeded:

"One night the bonnet-store of my aunt took fire, and in the endeavor to remove some valuable articles, she perished in the flames. Oh! it was a dreadful night! Poor Sarah! I thought her heart would break!

"A short time after, the creditors came and took all excepting the few things with which this room is furnished. We were unable to pay the rent where my aunt formerly resided, and so we moved here, where we have been ever since. Sarah with her needle is able to pay the rent, and kind friends supply all our other wants. But it will be easier for Sarah by-and-by, for Dr. L. says I shall not live long, and then she will not have to work so hard." At this time the door opened, and Sarah entered. Going up to the bedside, she kissed the invalid and said, "Mary, I have got something for you. That good old woman, who everybody says is crazy, and whom they call a fanatic, has been here again, and brought this package. She said she could not come up now, but would come in and see you to-morrow."

The package was opened, and found to contain articles of clothing for the invalid, and a silver dollar.

My friend now said that we must leave, having several other engagements. He inquired if their wood was nearly gone,—and on being told it was, he promised to send them some in the course of the day.

"Well," said my friend, when we were once more in the street, "what do you think now? Are you as much disposed as ever to complain of your lot? Besides being blind, poor Mary Lee endures every day sufferings that would make you and me think that life would be scarcely worth possession; yet *she* is resigned,

nay, is comparatively happy! I was there the other day, when she had fallen into one of those terrible paroxysms that must very soon terminate her existence. She not only inherited blindness from her parents, but consumption, which brings in its train a complication of other diseases. They ought never to have been married; and the man who would sanction such a connection, will one day have a terrible account to render to God, unless, indeed, as is frequently the case, he can plead ignorance as an excuse."

I have visited Mary Lee several times since, and have had occasion to admire the meekness and serenity which she ever manifests, though compelled frequently to endure the most excruciating pain; and I am not ashamed to acknowledge that as I have listened to her simple and unaffected expressions of confidence in God, I have learned many salutary lessons, which I trust will not soon be forgotten.

AN IMPROMPTU.

The following lines were written in reply to a question addressed to us by a lady, whom we had the pleasure to meet while travelling on the Western Railroad. We give the question, as nearly as we can, verbatim:—

"If you, sir, were permitted to see, for this day only, which, of the many beautiful objects by which you are surrounded, do you think would engage your undivided attention?"

I dictated to my friend the following, which I presented to the lady:—

Oft I have wished in vain to view
  The earth, the sea, and sky,
The pretty flowers, the lovely stars,
  That gladden every eye.

But oftener far I 've yearned to see
  That home of love and grace,
Where beauty ever sits enshrined,—
  A pretty maiden's face.

And oh! if I could see to-day,
  Fair one, I tell thee true!
I 'd turn from all the world away,
  And gaze alone on you!

CHEERFULNESS OF THE BLIND.

I HAVE often heard it remarked that the habitual cheerfulness of most blind persons seems truly astonishing; but if we bear in mind that human happiness depends *much more* upon the condition of the head and heart than upon the *external* world, and that those who are in a measure cut off from the enjoyments derived from the contemplation of the physical world, have a keener appreciation of the pleasure arising from moral and intellectual pursuits, we shall have, I think, no difficulty in understanding how it happens that the blind are generally so happy.

We would by no means countenance that common mistake, that those who are deprived of sight are not conscious of the magnitude of their misfortune, and that their happiness is but the result of their ignorance. So far from this, we believe that if most blind persons could be suddenly restored to sight, their first exclamation would be that of disappointment. We think, as a general rule, the advantages of sight are too much exaggerated. We know that many persons, on reading the description of some foreign country, highly colored by some enthusiastic traveller, are very apt to be disappointed when an opportunity is afforded them of contrasting with his description their own observations.

Indeed, the actual seldom comes up to the picturing of our imaginations. The blind man, in his darkness, figures to himself a beautiful world; but if he were permitted to see it, how often would its beauty be marred with *darkness more terrible than that in which he is shrouded!* Besides, it must be remembered, that, with

the aid of his other senses, he is enabled to obtain, notwithstanding his deprivation, a much more extensive knowledge of the material universe than one would upon first thought be apt to suppose.

He has a correct idea of space, of form, and of beauty; and, by the means of association, even of color.* The great disadvantages to which the blind man is subjected, are, after all, not that he cannot behold objects around him,—not that he cannot look upon the earth, the sea, and the sky,—but that all the wants of society are so arranged as to require sight to supply them;—so that he finds it very difficult, and not unfrequently *impossible*, to obtain for himself an honorable independence, and to render himself useful to others.

When he can succeed in accomplishing this great object, there is no reason in the world why he may not be as happy and as joyous as the rest of mankind. The smile that wreathes the lip with gladness comes not from the sunshine without, but from within.

The physical world is not beautiful until the soul has breathed upon it. The highest happiness of which we are capable can proceed only from the heart that has been sanctified by sorrow.

There is, then, after all, not so great a mystery in the cheerfulness of the blind man. The happiness it imparts is sometimes the only return he can make for the favors he receives from those around him. He has often a motive for being cheerful when in society. It is that he may avoid the *attention* which his *misfortune* would otherwise attract, by manifesting how little apparent effect it has on *his own* feelings and disposition.

* It can, we think, be demonstrated, that there is something analogous between color and sound. *Blue*, for instance, corresponds with the tones of the flute, *violet* with the violin, &c.

Besides, it is the dictate of courtesy to suppress, in the company of others, all private feelings. The sedentary life to which he is not unfrequently subjected, and the great difficulty he sometimes finds in walking alone, often prevent him from taking that amount of physical exercise which health seems to require. Hence, in most blind persons, the natural tone of the nervous system is destroyed often before they arrive at manhood; and if we take into consideration the fact that blindness is generally but one of the effects of a cause which deranges, to a greater or less extent, all the physical functions, we can readily see why it is that the blind die at an earlier age than perhaps any other class of mankind.

It would not, therefore, be strange, if they were sometimes found peevish and fretful, since, in most other persons, these are usually the effects of the causes just referred to; but in the blind they are modified, if not always entirely counteracted, by that habitual cheerfulness of which we have spoken, and which undoubtedly arises from their ardent temperament and strong social affections.

It will not, I suppose, be denied but that the blind are more spiritual,—that their conceptions and ideas are less liable to be corrupted, and that the general flow of their thoughts is more uniform, than if they were permitted constantly to look upon the material world. They often manifest through life that buoyancy and joyousness of disposition which, in most persons, is confined to youth.

The foregoing remarks will apply only to those who were either born blind, or were deprived of sight in early infancy, for it is only in such cases that blindness can exercise any considerable influence in forming the character.

We can never be too grateful to God for so arranging the allotments of his providence that there is always something in the situation of every one which exerts an alleviating influence. We have seen that in the case of the blind man, it is cheerfulness. But this is not all; we may instance his love of music, which is of itself a source of boundless enjoyment. If we add the innumerable pleasures derived from a good education, which nearly every blind man at the present day may obtain, there would certainly seem to be no earthly reason why he should not enjoy a good share of the happiness of life. There is, indeed, one form of blindness that knows no mitigation. It is the blindness of those, "who, having eyes, see not,"—who, though they can behold the beautiful earth and the serene sky, have never yet seen the Divine Being that created them,—who, though they can see the light of the natural sun, have never beheld the light that comes from the Sun of Righteousness. If there be a misfortune that calls for the heart's deepest pity, it is this.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD, OR A TRAGICAL STORY.

I STOOD, the other day, by the death-bed of a young and beautiful girl. We had been friends for many years, and the attachment which existed between us was that of brother and sister. Possessing a truly exalted mind, she called forth in me a feeling of admiration akin to that which the poets tell us the sons of God once felt for all her sex. I stood there almost the only mourner. She had lived in this darkened world but eighteen years; and though she possessed many rare attractions, and though the sweetness of her disposition was perhaps never surpassed save by Him whom we reverence as the perfect pattern of humanity, yet her acquaintance with the children of this world was limited. Her nature was too pure—too ethereal, to impress common minds. There were, however, those who admired her, and who reverenced in her what, perhaps, they could not themselves equal. These assembled around her death-bed, to cheer her last hours with that consolation which Christianity alone can impart. It would be difficult for me to convey, through the imperfect medium of language, the impression made upon my mind by the events of that day, when she whom I had ever considered the perfect paragon of excellence closed her earthly pilgrimage, that her pure spirit might dwell with its God. But she is gone,—and the only satisfaction we can now enjoy, is in dwelling upon her virtues, and recording, for the benefit of others, some of the incidents of her eventful life.

Mary Landon, for such was the name of our friend,

was early doomed to feel the power which suffering alone can exert upon the youthful heart. She had seen but seven summers when she was called to shed tears of regret, and to strew flowers of affection, upon the grave of her sainted mother. She was hardly old enough, it is true, to appreciate the loss she had sustained, yet a void had been made in her young and susceptible heart, and she found some consolation in this appropriate manifestation of her grief.

The father of Mary was a noble and kind-hearted man. For his daughter, he felt an affection which none but a parent can ever know. Possessing an ample fortune, he devoted his whole time to the education of his only child, and most amply were his efforts rewarded by the rapid attainments she made in her studies. Such was her advancement, that, at the age of ten years, her father found it necessary to place her under the direction of a teacher more competent than himself to finish her education. We need only remark that he selected for this purpose a lady every way qualified to discharge this high responsibility. Under the direction of her fair instructress, our young heroine made rapid progress in the sciences, and in those graceful accomplishments which are considered in our day the indispensable prerequisites of a female education.

At the age of fourteen, Mary was deprived by death of her only remaining parent, and consigned to the guardianship of her uncle. We will not pause here to tell how bitterly she wept when she found herself alone in the world, nor dwell upon the regrets she experienced on leaving the place which had so long been her home. To Mary the transition was great. Her own home was on the banks of the Merrimack,—that of her uncle on the banks of the Hudson. In order that the reader may

understand the incidents we are about to detail in relation to our heroine, it is necessary we should describe the individual who was now her only protector. Mr. Landon, the uncle of Mary, was, at the time she entered his family, just passed the meridian of life. He was engaged in successful mercantile speculations, and was regarded by all who knew him as one of the richest men in his neighborhood. He seemed to have been formed by nature for the business in which he had spent most of his life. He was a cold and calculating man, and judged of everything by dollars and cents. At the time of his brother's death, he formed a plan to get possession of his property, and to accomplish this he was anxious that our heroine should become the wife of his only son. Accordingly, she had not been a member of his family many months, before he ventured to broach the subject, and with all the arguments which his knowledge of human nature enabled him to use, endeavored to persuade the young and artless girl to become the wife of one who could have no sympathy with her high endowments. Mary had not been long enough acquainted with the individual for whom her hand was solicited to judge of his character; and, besides, she thought she was too young to take upon herself the responsibilities of married life. Subsequent acquaintance with her cousin assured her that he was not the man calculated to make any woman happy, and she therefore declined the proposals made to her, with all the delicacy, and at the same time with all the firmness, which the occasion required. Charles Landon was a young man who had just passed his minority. As his father was wealthy, he did not judge it necessary to learn a profession. He had indeed entered college, but was expelled the second year, in consequence of his

immoral deportment. After this, his time was usually spent in that London, or perhaps it should be more appropriately styled, that Babylon of the western world —New York city. Here he associated with those who, like himself, lived upon their fathers' wealth, frequenting those haunts of vice with which that den of iniquity abounds. At the time his father wished him to become the husband of his fair cousin, he was a confirmed sensualist. He looked upon a wife as a useless appendage, and was desirous of being married only that he might obtain the means more fully to gratify his vitiated taste and depraved desires. Though very young, Mary Landon, with a penetration far beyond her years, discovered the motives which actuated her avaricious guardian, and saw plainly that it was her money, and not her heart, that he would secure for his dissolute son. But, to do him justice, we would say he was not without his hopes that, could his niece be induced to comply with his proposals, she would exercise a powerful influence in reclaiming his son. After many ineffectual attempts, however, to accomplish his object, he determined to do by force what he could not do by persuasion. In the mean time, however, we will introduce to the reader another personage connected with the fate of our friend. Henry Morndale was a young man, about the age of Charles Landon, but his opposite in character. His father had bestowed upon him a liberal education. and at the time we speak, he bid fair to become a distinguished member of the New York bar. Though not an associate of Charles, he was a constant visitor at his father's house. He of course became acquainted with our young heroine, and was delighted with the rare talents manifested in one so young. As his acquaintance with her increased, he learned to

esteem in her what is far more estimable in a lady than mere intellectual powers—that sweet and amiable disposition for which she was always distinguished. 'Tis not, therefore, strange that Mr. Morndale should feel an attachment for one in whom he beheld all the attractions calculated to render a truly noble man happy. He was, therefore, assiduous in bestowing upon Miss Landon all those polite attentions which a young lady has a right to expect, and which a true gentleman is always proud to bestow. It would be needless for me to add, that they were much in each other's society. They walked together and rode together, and there was, besides, great similarity of tastes between these two gifted beings. They admired the same poets, and sung the same songs. In short, the attachment of which we have spoken soon ripened into high regard, and high regard soon deepened into devoted love. Yes, dear reader, they loved with all the enthusiasm of which their young natures were susceptible. In a shady grove, on the banks of the beautiful Hudson, they plighted their vows. Alas! how bitterly to be disappointed;—but we will not anticipate.

Mr. Landon perceived, with fiendish satisfaction, the intimacy which existed between his fair ward and the son of his old friend, and he rightly judged that he now had an opportunity to take his revenge for the scornful manner, as he called it, in which Miss Landon had rejected all proposals of marriage with his unprincipled son. Accordingly, one morning, calling her into his room, he briefly informed her that she had been laboring under a great mistake in supposing that the property of her father had become hers as his only heir. "Private considerations," continued he, "induced your father to bequeath his property to me, knowing, of

course, what my generosity would dictate when you should become a wife; nay, more," he said, perceiving the effect he had already produced upon the innocent being before him, "it was your father's desire, or at least his expectation, that you would become the wife of my son, and he made this arrangement with a view of overcoming your frivolous scruples. I was in hopes that you would have accepted my son, and then the property would have reverted to you, and you would have been spared"—affecting a sympathy he never felt —"this painful intelligence."

What were the feelings this speech awakened in the bosom of Miss Landon, it would be difficult to tell. It is certain she did not shed a tear, nor manifest, by any outward sign, that she at all regretted the arrangement of her father. She simply remarked to her uncle that she hoped he would show himself worthy the confidence her father had reposed in him. "I shall deem it my duty," said her uncle, "to inform Mr. Morndale of the circumstances of the case; for, from appearances, I have no doubt that he is laboring under a mistaken idea that with your hand he can obtain the property of your father." To this remark his niece made no reply, but bade him "good morning," and left the room.

Mr. Landon was completely disappointed; his villany did not have the effect he expected. Sending for his son, he informed him that every effort to induce Miss Landon to consent to unite her destinies with his had been ineffectual. "Perhaps," said he, "you can do more for yourself than I can do for you. Perhaps you can induce her to commit herself. Can you not manage her as you do some of your city girls? Do you understand me, sir?" "I think I do, father," was the reply. "Still, there are many difficulties. There

is something in the glance of her eye that makes me stand abashed before her. However, I will see what I can do. Something must be done, or that young gentleman of the bar will get her hand as he has her heart, in spite of me." The father and son then separated; the former admonished the latter to be cautious.

Miss Landon embraced the first opportunity to communicate an account of her interview with her uncle to her lover, and ask his advice as to the course which she should pursue. "I think," said Morndale, with that candor which always characterizes a truly noble mind, "that your uncle—pardon me for the expression—is a consummate scoundrel. He could not help perceiving the regard I felt for you, and he supposed me a mean-souled wretch like himself, incapable of loving aught but your fortune in prospective. But if," said he, gazing upon her with a tenderness which told how deeply she was beloved, "it shall be my good fortune to have you for my wife, I ask nothing more. I trust," said he, "I shall ever be able, by my humble abilities, and with what wealth I possess, to administer to your every want. So you need give yourself no uneasiness in reference to your uncle's designs. They will not affect me. Let us wait a few days, and we may be able to understand more fully the plans which your uncle intends to pursue."

One day, sometime after the interview we have just described, Miss Landon was sitting in the parlor of her uncle, attentively perusing an article in a periodical, from the pen of young Morndale, when her attention was attracted by the entrance of her cousin, who advanced towards her with a beautiful bouquet, of which he begged her acceptance. As this act manifested more courtesy and politeness than she had ever witnessed in

him before, she at once accepted it. Taking a seat on the sofa beside her, he began his conversation by some inquiries relative to the periodical which lay upon her lap. After his inquiries upon this subject were satisfied, he said, "I am glad, my dear cousin, to find you alone. I have long been seeking an opportunity to declare to you, more fully than I have ever yet done, the deep and devoted love which your beauty and accomplishments have inspired in my breast. Why is it"—attempting to take her hand in his—"that you will continue to reject the honorable solicitations I have so frequently made for your hand? Is it because you are incapable of feeling the heaven-born passion with which I am inspired? No!" said he, "I will not, I cannot believe it. Surely, one so lovely cannot long remain insensible to devotion enkindled by her own transcendent beauty." With the impudence of a libertine, he now attempted to pass his arm around her waist. At this instant, however, she arose and stood before him in all the majesty of conscious virtue. "Charles," she said, with a countenance speaking more plainly than words could express, the indignation she felt, "you have forfeited all claims to my respect. I know you better than you think I do; and I wish you now distinctly to understand that the man whom I shall consider worthy of my love must pursue a course altogether different from that which has marked your life since I became an inmate of your father's house. But in order that I may no more be troubled with your importunities, I tell you, sir, that the pretended attachment you feel for me can never be reciprocated." He attempted to reply, but she immediately left the room. The effect of her words was only to increase the passion of the libertine, and he determined to make another,

and, as he trusted, more successful attempt upon her virtue.

Nearly three years had now elapsed since Miss Landon became a member of her uncle's family. She had employed most of that time in the cultivation of those kindly feelings which bring with them their own reward. She was daily accustomed to visit the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, and manifest, by her munificence and sympathy, that she who suffered could feel for the sufferings of others. She was regarded by the simple-hearted villagers as the guardian angel of their village. She was, as it may well be supposed, a frequent visitor at the house of Henry's father, and in the society of Mrs. Morndale and her young and amiable daughter, she found that happiness which she could not enjoy in her uncle's family.

It must not be expected that we can give a minute detail of all that our young friend suffered during the few years she remained under the roof of her unnatural guardian; nor does it comport with our plan to dwell upon the various stratagems by which he hoped to compel his niece to submit to his unreasonable requirements. We will therefore proceed to relate the circumstances which conspired to induce Miss Landon to leave forever the place which had been to her anything but a happy home, and to place herself under the protection of those who could feel for her sufferings, and guard her from further insults.

Not far from the home of Mr. Landon, and upon the margin of the beautiful river to which we have more than once referred, was the favorite retreat of our two young lovers. Here, accompanied by Henry, Miss Landon was accustomed to resort, that she might enjoy those beautiful scenes which can be appreciated only

by those who have stood upon the banks of the Hudson at the hour of sunset. One day, as she sat intently gazing upon the beautiful prospect before her, and anxiously waiting for him who had now become the centre of all her affections, her attention was suddenly attracted by the rustling of the leaves, and on turning round she discovered her cousin, who, without saying a word, approached, and throwing his arms around her beautiful neck, and endeavoring to stifle her cries for assistance, attempted to consummate his wicked and malicious designs upon her person. The poor girl gave one shriek, and in an instant the spoiler was lying senseless at her feet. Now it happened, at the time Charles Landon left his father's home with the foul purpose of insulting his cousin, he was perceived by Henry Morndale, who carefully watched all his movements. When he beheld him enter the grove, he rightly divined his purpose. As soon, therefore, as he heard the shriek of the young lady, he rushed to the spot, and with one stroke of his cane brought the villain to the ground. The next moment the lovers were clasped in each other's embrace.

This disgraceful affair was immediately communicated to Mr. Landon by the father of Henry Morndale, and that gentleman further informed him that the young lady had fled to his home for protection, and that there she should remain, where she would ever find friends to protect her,—"And where, I suppose you mean," interrupted Mr. Landon, "she will soon find a husband." "In six months more," replied Mr. Morndale, "your guardianship over the young lady will close by limitation, and then I presume she can marry if she chooses." "I would suggest," said Landon, with a significant look, "if she is to marry *your* son,

she had better be married before." "Your caution, sir," retorted Morndale, with a look implying that he understood the base insinuation, "had better be exerted for your own son,—mine, sir, is fully capable of vindicating his high character as a gentleman and a man of nonor." As he said this, he left Mr. Landon to his own reflections, and these, forsooth, were not of the most pleasant nature. All his infamous plans with regard to his niece had failed, and his son, in the eyes of all honorable men had become unworthy of respect and esteem. What else he might have been tempted to do, to retain the property which of right belonged to his niece, it is difficult to say, had not the losses which he sustained in his business drawn his attention in another direction.

In the mean time Miss Landon remained at the house of her protector, enjoying that quiet happiness to which she had been a stranger since the death of her venerated father. Every day she spent hours with her lover, and enjoyed those sweet interchanges of thought and of feeling, which can be appreciated only by hearts sympathetically tuned in unison with each other. The day was fixed on which their nuptials were to be celebrated, and they both looked forward to it with that joyous anticipation which can be felt only by young and innocent hearts. It would be well, perhaps, for the happiness of many, if marriage was not always considered the highest attainment of earthly felicity, since, as it too often happens, it is but the beginning of the misery of life. But we must go on with our story.

The enjoyment of Miss Landon was now marred only by the fear that her cousin, defeated in his attempts upon her virtue, would seek revenge upon her deliverer. Indeed, Henry Morndale had received several chal-

lenges from him, couched in insulting language, which he treated with the contempt they deserved. Though three months were yet to elapse before the happiness of the affianced couple was to be consummated, yet the notes of preparation for their wedding day had already been sounded in the happy home of Mr. Morndale. One day, while looking for some ornaments worn by her sainted mother, and which were handed to her by her father at his death, with the injunction that they should not be examined until she should need them to adorn her person when led to the hymeneal altar, she discovered that the paper in which they were carefully enclosed was no other than a copy of her father's last will and testament, by which his property, amounting to seventy thousand dollars, invested principally in real estate, was bequeathed, without reservation or condition, to his only child. She then understood the extent of her uncle's wickedness, and felt how deeply he had wronged her. But she thought no more of the suffering he had caused, nor dwelt upon the scenes of the past. For her, there was a bright future, or, at least, so it then seemed, and she lived only in the joyousness of anticipation. But one image was enshrined in her heart, — but one bright thought filled her imagination. Her happiness, her existence, her all, was centred in one, and that one was Henry Morndale. Her affection, deep and intense as it was, was fully reciprocated by him upon whom it was bestowed. But the love they felt for each other was too bright, too pure for earth. It was such as may be enjoyed only by those ethereal beings who never felt the touch of sorrow, or shed the bitter tear of regret.

Reader, hast thou ever looked upon a delicate flower, which blooms, and fades, and dies, in the brief space of

a day?—if thou hast, in it thou hast beheld a beautiful emblem of human felicity.

"In six weeks more, Mary," said Henry Morndale, as one day she sat by his side, "six weeks more, and you are mine." A beautiful smile, more eloquent than words, told how ardently she, too, longed for that hour; and the glance of her deep blue eye spoke the intensity of thoughts and feelings that language can never but imperfectly express.

O how sad is the life of him who has never beheld the glance of affection! who may never see the face of a friend! *

"'Tis strange, 'tis very strange!" said Mr. Morndale one day, dropping the newspaper which he had been intently reading; "What can that mean?" said he to his son, who had taken up the paper and commenced reading the paragraph which had occasioned the expressions of surprise. "Why, it means, father," replied his son, with, it must be confessed, a smile of satisfaction, "why it means that—but I will read the paragraph for the benefit of the company, and all, I dare say, can understand it."

"MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—We regret to learn that Charles Landon, Esq., who has of late been extensively engaged in mercantile speculations, and who was extensively concerned in several houses in this city, committed suicide last evening, by hanging himself in the attic of his counting-house. His body was discovered at a late hour by one of the clerks in the establishment. An inquest was holden upon the body this morning. Verdict of the jury—'Death by suicide, while laboring under mental depression, caused by

* The writer of this, it will be recollected, has been totally blind from infancy.

extensive losses.' We learn, in addition to the above, that the deceased has suffered much from domestic difficulties, which probably contributed to hasten this melancholy termination of his life."

The reading of this paragraph was scarcely finished, when the company was thrown into the deepest consternation by the bursting in of one of the doors of the apartment, through which rushed Charles Landon, and deliberately aiming a loaded pistol at the head of Henry Morndale; before he could be prevented, the contents were lodged in the young man's head. The unfortunate victim reeled back and fell upon the floor a lifeless corpse, while the daring assassin fled from the house, exclaiming in fiendish triumph, "*I have got my revenge! I have got my revenge!*" It would be difficult to depict the heart-rending scene which ensued. Mary Landon—poor girl, what language can describe the misery she endured in that dreadful hour! Her cup of bitterness was full. She threw herself in frantic despair upon the body of her lover, exclaiming, "They have killed you, my Henry! they have killed you!"

Attracted by the noise, the neighbors soon filled the house; but it was in vain they attempted to console the afflicted family. The grief, the agony manifested in every countenance, the tears of the mother and sister, the frantic cries of the delirious Mary, together with the half suppressed groans of the wretched father, rendered the scene truly appalling. The surgeon, who had been sent for by the neighbors, soon arrived; but, alas! his assistance was not needed. The murderer had been but too successful.

As soon as the confusion had in some degree subsided, the body of the unfortunate young man was

removed to another apartment, and Miss Landon, having in some degree recovered, was persuaded to leave him; not, however, until she had enjoyed the melancholy satisfaction of closing with her own fingers those eyes which had so often reflected back the form of her whom he had so deeply and so truly loved.

We will now leave the house of affliction, and follow to his end the libertine and the murderer. Aware that he should be pursued, and, if taken, punished for his crimes, Charles Landon attempted to reach New York city as soon as he had perpetrated the deed of blood. In a few hours he succeeded in doing so, but justly concluding that he could not long find a place of concealment here, he succeeded in finding a small vessel bound to Texas, in which he took passage. Before, however, she reached her port of destination, he became involved in a dispute with one of his fellow-passengers,—a Spaniard, who, like himself, was a desperate man; and before any person on board could interfere, the bowie-knife of the Spaniard had entered his heart. Thus the murderer met the murderer's fate. Thus crime ever brings with it its appropriate reward.

Let us return once more to the abode of suffering, and view the concluding scene of our sad and tragical story. Gladly, indeed, would I drop the curtain, but justice to the interest which I am sure the reader must feel in the fate of our young and beautiful heroine, demands I should say something of the last hours of her sad and eventful life.

For nearly a month after the murdered Morndale had been consigned to the tomb, she moved around among her friends, but it was apparent to all eyes that she soon would follow her lover. Day by day she became more feeble. For hours at a time, she would

sit gazing vacantly around her, as if in search of some lost but cherished object. But soon her fragile form, worn upon by grief, lost its fair proportions; her step, once so joyous, its elasticity; and her sparkling eye became dim, or lit up with an unnatural brightness. On the morning of the day which was to have witnessed the celebration of her nuptials, impressed with a conviction it was the last she should spend on earth, she summoned her few remaining friends to her bedside. With a voice that had in it more of heaven than of earth, she said, "This day was to have witnessed the realization of all my fondest anticipations. But Heaven hath decreed it otherwise. Yet ere the last rays of this day's sun shall gild with their fading brightness the verdant hill-top, my spirit will be wedded to Henry in the paradise of God." It was a sad sight to behold one so young, so innocent, and so beautiful, thus prematurely dying of a broken heart. Yet all who witnessed the scene felt that it was well,—that her virtues were of too exalted a character to bloom in this dark, cold world. In her thin, delicate hand, she held the blue violet of May, not an unappropriate emblem of her fading loveliness.

After directing that she should be buried beside the grave of her Henry, she took his miniature in her hand, and gazing upon it with an intensity that can never be described, and as if she would recall in an instant all his fond looks of affection, she attempted to give utterance to her emotions; but the exertion was too much. In feeble accents she exclaimed,—a smile of satisfaction beaming upon her countenance, "I am going." Then, pressing the miniature to her bosom, she gave one look of melting tenderness upon her friends, her pure spirit burst its bands, and soared to dwell forever with her Henry in the presence of their God!

A BLIND MAN'S BEAU IDEAL OF A BEAUTIFUL LADY

On thy pale brow the glossy hair,
  More dark than raven's wing,
As if it loved to linger there,
  Like some enchanted thing.

The home of thought, that lofty brow,
  In snowy whiteness gleams;
The throne of intellect,—we bow
  To it by day in dreams.

In quiet hours thine eye is bright,
  And glows with light serene;
But changing oft, in glances wild,
  A brighter ray is seen.

More merry than the dancing wave,
  Flashing with star-light gleam;
When sunbeams glide o'er plain and cave,
  Or glance along the stream.

Thy cheek all tinted with the hue
  That summer roses wear,
When gentle showers their bloom renew,
  Or cool, refreshing air.

Thy lips are like the coral red,
  With gleaming pearls between,
Where radiant thoughts, within thee bred,
  In sunny smiles are seen.

A holy temple is thy mind,
  Sacred to purity,
Where every virtue sits enshrined
  In maiden modesty.

Its priest is a deep-feeling heart,
That mourns for others' woes,
Prepared its solace to impart,
Hope's prospects to disclose.

ep thought, that temple's incense, rise,
Offering of inward worth,
:om the heart's altar to the skies,
Too pure to dwell on earth.

s victims the dread passions are, —
They immolated lie, —
Vhose rage consumes, with mortal care,
Deep founts of human sighs.

Blind to the charm of loveliness,
Proof against sympathy,
Unmoved by ought of tenderness,
Dead to all purity,—

Lifeless and cold *his* heart must be,
Who never felt he loved;
And *never*, while he looked on thee,
Affection's power did prove.

For thee no earthly passion burns,
No *common* love is thine;
For thy adorer proudly turns
From sin's unworthy shrine.

Low thoughts, that fill the earth-born souls,
He must drive far away;
And when pure feeling ceaseless rolls,
He feels he loves for aye.

A BEAUTIFUL VILLAGE.

Of all the places I have ever visited, none ever made so deep an impression, or will be remembered with more satisfaction, than the beautiful village of Geneva, New York. It is located on the borders of Seneca Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, some forty miles in extent.

Nothing can exceed the enchanting view from that part of the village that overlooks the lake, from the margin of which the ground gradually rises, until you reach the centre of the place, or the principal street, which is adorned on either side with the elegant residences of its opulent citizens, many of whom are retired merchants, who have spent the most of their lives in the city of New York, and, having acquired a fortune, have sought repose for the rest of their days in this retired spot.

The sloping ground that overlooks the lake is, for the most part, adorned with flower-gardens, displaying great taste, and contributing not a little to ornament the village. Here you will find the violet and the rose, the pink and the dahlia, the honey-suckle and jessamine, and a thousand more of those beautiful things that adorn the earth, delight the eye, and gladden the heart.

It is pleasant to wander, as I have done, on a summer's day, along the winding paths of these terrace-gardens, to inhale the perfume of the flowers, and feel upon your cheek the soft breeze that comes over the cool waters of the lake; and *it is delightful for those that can see*, to stand there at evening, if it is only to view the moonbeams, like elves and fairies, dancing and frolick-

ing upon the quiet waters, and to reflect that there, long ago, the Indian youth and the Indian maiden met in the stillness of night to plight their vows of constancy and love.

It may in truth be said, that Geneva, in picturesque beauty, is unsurpassed by any other village of our country. The most of its inhabitants lead a quiet life. It is, however, a place of some business.

Geneva has a college; both the medical and literary departments enjoy a high character.

It is the residence of the Bishop of Western New York, and several other distinguished persons, who give tone and character to its society, which has always enjoyed reputation for its hospitality and high cultivation.

We once resided there for a short period, and we cherish in our hearts grateful recollections of the friends who proved themselves such by many acts of kindness.

It may be our lot to visit many parts of the world, but we shall always carry with us the pleasant memories and the pleasing associations that cluster around the name of Geneva.

THE AGE.

EVERY period in the history of the world has something in it peculiar to itself. Every century seems to have its own definite character. Not that it is disconnected from that which preceded it, nor that its character is not in a measure formed from all that is gone before; yet it has a definite character of its own, which marks its individuality with as much certainty as the contour of form and the peculiarity of the countenance distinguish one man from another. We read of the age of iron, the age of brass, the golden age, &c. Now, these terms express the character of the different eras to which they are applied. We also speak of the Christian era; and when we refer to St. Augustine's day, we say it was the age of faith. We all know what is meant by the middle or dark ages. By what term sufficiently comprehensive shall we distinguish the age in which *we* live? We hear it called by some an age of invention; by others, an age of benevolence. One man says it is an age of discovery; another affirms it an age of reform. Each one endeavors to express what it appears to him from his own peculiar point of view. The conservative sadly fears that the age is deteriorating; the reformer declares it is an age of progress; while the modest eclectic says it is a transition age.

In politics, philosophy, literature, and religion, the different phases indicated by these terms are pointed to with more or less distinctness by those who from their several stand-points are led to view this or that aspect within their own circumscribed sphere. In this essay,

we shall confine our observations to the two great parties, whose views, upon nearly all the subjects discussed at the present day, and which, whether settled or not, give character to our time, are diametrically opposed to each other:—the conservative and the radical. We would premise, in the outset, that our sympathies are with neither of these parties *exclusively*. We cheerfully grant that there are men who range themselves under the banners of each, actuated by sincere motives, having pure purposes and lofty aims, and who labor assiduously for what they believe will be the most conducive to the happiness and welfare of their race; still, we are compelled to differ from them in regard to almost all of those unsettled questions, upon which, with our limited advantages, we have been able to form a definite opinion. We dislike, on the one hand, the prejudices of that man who can see no good but in the past. We equally dislike, on the other hand, the flippancy of him who rejects with disdain the wisdom contained in the oracles of other days. These two men often verify a trite adage, that "extremes often meet."

It is not uncommon for those who, in the commencement, occupy entirely different ground in the discussion of any of the great questions of the day, to find themselves, before they get through, in the same identical position. Thus the German philosophers, dreading what they believe to be the inevitable result of Locke's system, commence by denouncing it in toto; they went, as a natural consequence, to the opposite extreme, and, for fear of giving too great a prominence to the objective, confined their speculations almost entirely to the subjective. During the last half century, the advocates of both schools have been gradually receding from the antagonistical positions which they at first occupied,

and approximating slowly but surely toward a medium position. Who that has read Locke and Kant has not become convinced that the truth lies somewhere between them? And who can fail to see that the respective theories of both these great men have led to results which certainly *they* never contemplated? The material philosophy on the one hand, and the ultra spiritual or transcendental on the other, leads precisely to the same result—*sensualism* and infidelity. In proof of this, we need only point to the notorious fact, that there is but very little if any difference between French atheism and German rationalism. It is certainly something to be said in favor of the latter, that it does not expose its native deformity; that it wraps itself in a more comely garb, and makes use of more consecrated terms;—but the former is less liable to do injury, by its unblushing avowal of principles at which the clear head and the sound heart revolts with horror.

If we examine minutely the speculations which have employed the noblest intellects of the present day, both in Europe and in this country, we find they are identically the same with those to which the philosophers of former ages devoted so much time in the investigation, and with about as much success. The questions which Plato and Aristotle discussed with so much earnestness, are many of them still unsettled at the present day.

After reading all the standard works upon intellectual philosophy, how little do we know of the workings of the mysterious and unfathomable mind! How utterly incapable are we to explain the mental phenomena, and that wonderful process of thought which every consciousness perceives, but which none are able fully to analyze and explain! How pitiable seems the affectation of those philosophers, who profess to explain,

with so much exactness, the laws of mind, and who labor to support their own *peculiar* theory by denouncing all others! *

There is a refined smartness and a lurking egotism pervading the writings of Cousin, Jouffroy, Carlyle, Emerson, and others of the same school, quite unlike the spirit that pervades the works of Stuart, Brown, and other metaphysicians of the English school. It has become quite fashionable of late to denounce, in no unmeasured terms, the metaphysicians of the old school.

We have heard a disciple of Gall and Spurzheim demolish, in one lecture, to *his own* satisfaction, half a score of the most eminent philosophers the world has ever known. The term philosopher once had a significance; it was applied to men whose whole lives were devoted to the study of nature and her laws; but now, alas! it is not unfrequently applied to those pigmy scholars, whose reading has been confined to the few works in the English language, where German philosophy, reproduced, is put forth as something truly wonderful and original. You will hear them talk of the subjective and objective, of the absolute and the infinite, of the Divine impulses,—the spiritual sunshine of the Great Unknown, &c., &c., as if their capacious minds had succeeded in grasping *all* the truth in heaven and earth, in man and in nature. If you ask them what they mean by their unintelligible jargon, with a look of ineffable pity and a sigh for your deplorable ignorance, they say *you* are not sufficiently *spiritual* to comprehend them;—they speak and write for other times;—the men are yet to come who will truly interpret them;—there are enough to attend to the wants of the present

* See Jouffroy's Lectures, translated by William H. Channing.

age;—*theirs* is the task to enlighten coming generations.

We would by no means speak disparagingly of the *spiritual philosophy;* it is unfortunate that its defence has been intrusted to such as those indicated by the preceding remarks; but he who confounds it with *modern transcendentalism* is sadly mistaken; they are quite distinct from each other.

There is yet another class of philosophers at the present day, of whom we wish to say something. They call themselves Reformers, and "their name is Legion." Some of them advocate the notions of Ann Lee; some contend for the principles of Robert Owen; while others defend the speculations of Charles Fourier. They differ from each other as widely as those they profess to follow differed in intellectual and moral capacity. They all, however, come under the generic term of Socialists, and agree in nothing but in denouncing the present state of society. Their philosophy (if, indeed, they can be said to have any) seems to be based on utilitarianism and selfishness. They maintain that the present relations existing between man and man are antagonistical. They assert, and with great apparent sincerity, that the present evils of society are not inherent, but grow out of the unnatural condition in which man is placed. Poverty they declare to be but one of the defects of a general evil pervading all our social institutions. It can only be removed when there is a thorough radical change brought about, by a complete abolition of the present order of things, and this they propose to do in various ways. We cannot go into detail further than to remark, that the followers of Ann Lee, or the Shakers, have succeeded in establishing several small communities, in which all property is held in common. It

must, however, be apparent to every one, that, if all their principles should become universal, the race would soon become extinct, and there would, of course, be no need of social reform.

Mr. Owen is still living. He has devoted many years to an ineffectual attempt to give to the world a practical demonstration of what he believes to be the beneficent result of his theory.

His philosophy is practical atheism. Man he regards as a creature of circumstance,—a mere machine, whose actions can possess no moral quality. It would seem that a mere statement of these opinions would be sufficient for their complete refutation; yet they have been adopted and advocated by men of great intellectual ability, in France, in England, and in the United States; but it will be very long, we trust, before the average of mankind can be brought to believe opinions so dangerous in their tendency.

Fourierism, as it is called, is, we believe, at present the most popular form of socialism among the reformers of our own country. Several efforts have been made in different parts of the United States to actualize the dreams of the greatest visionary of modern times,—for what can the speculations of Charles Fourier be called but dreams? It is proper here to remark, that those who claim to be preëminently socialists have publicly disclaimed the appellation of Fourierites, though believing firmly in his scheme for the regeneration of society.

It would occupy too large a space, were we to attempt to give anything like an analysis of that complicated system, which, it is said, if it could be reduced to practical operation, would remove most of those social evils which now afflict the world.

The great error of the socialists seems to be, that they

regard man too much as a social being, as a mere constituent part of society. They seem to us to overlook his distinctive individual personality. They say that with certain artificial arrangements, systematized in conformity to what *they* call passional attractions, all the wants of man as a physical, intellectual, moral, social, and religious being, can be attained. It is in vain you suggest the idea that society, as we find it, has grown up in accordance with the wants of man, bearing upon it, of course, the impress of his imperfections; —they will still maintain that the social evils with which the world is afflicted are the results of a false and unnatural organism. Their whole system seems to be predicated upon the presumption, that happiness is, or should be, the end and aim of life. We have read some of their pamphlets, in which they profess to give an exposition of their views, and we confess we could not avoid the impression, that we were reading the appeals of an ingenious epicurean. However, we freely acknowledge, we may have been liable to be influenced by our preconceived opinions. It cannot, however, we think, be denied, that most of the arguments employed by the socialists are addressed almost exclusively to self-interest and the love of pleasure.

Though we cannot but regard the system we have now been considering as chimerical and fallacious, as a whole, yet we would by no means identify ourselves with those who indiscriminately denounce it; much less would we impugn the motives of many of its advocates. The evils of which they complain are indeed gigantic. The amount of suffering to which a large portion of mankind are subjected is truly appalling, and he who can contrive any means of diminishing it is indeed a benefactor of his race.

Without doubt, Charles Fourier has given to the world many useful hints upon political economy. Many suggestions which he has made in regard to the relations which at present exist between labor and capital, deserve to be seriously considered by the legislator and the philanthropist; but it is taxing human credulity too much to ask mankind to accept his system as a whole.

Thus we have spoken of transcendentalism and of Fouricrism. Our remarks upon both these systems have been necessarily brief, for it is not our object to go into a minute exposition of any particular system, but to barely notice those prevailing ones at the present day, the discussion of which seems to indicate the great problem, which it is the mission of our age to solve.

We will now offer a few remarks upon that party who stand opposed to those we have already mentioned, but who are nevertheless exerting an important influence in deciding the character of the age; for, like the centripetal and the centrifugal forces in nature, the conservative and radical parties balance each other, promoting harmony and order, where, but for their combined influence, there would be disorder and confusion, which is always sure to be the case when either one of them is in the ascendant.

The stand-still party, as it is called, prides itself on its opposition to every innovation. It fixes its eyes upon the majestic past, and regards him as presumptuous and visionary who ventures to pry into the future. It searches for wisdom only among the records of antiquity,—it can see nothing to admire in the movements of the present day. It laughs at the idea of progress, and talks only of the corruption of our times. It trembles at every new experiment; but defends or apolo-

gizes for everything that can boast of antiquity. It has, however, this advantage over the *movement party*, that it oftener affirms than denies.

The conservative of the present day is doing much to check the excesses of that party whose only hope is in change and revolution;—who seeks to destroy rather than to build up; who can see but little good in whatever time has consecrated.

Viewed separately, it would perhaps be difficult to tell which was doing most good, the conservative or the radical. As it is, however, the one not unfrequently counteracts the evil of the other, so that the age is benefited by their united action.

The conservative at the present day, as a philosopher, is a disciple of Locke. He scouts the idea that any part of our knowledge is obtained by intuition. He knows nothing but what he perceives by his senses. He talks of the benefits conferred upon the race by the investigation of the exact sciences and their application to the mechanical arts. He points the dreamy transcendentalist to the railroad and the magnetic telegraph, and, with a feeling of pride, asks what German philosophy has done that will compare with the advantages which they confer. In whatever he does, he searches for a precedent; he thinks, and acts, and speaks, as his fathers did before him. As a philanthropist, he sometimes labors, but always in the same manner as those who have preceded him. He is frequently found to be a shrewd, calculating man, but generally sincere. When assailed, as he often is unjustly, by the radical, with the epithets of bigot, pharisee, hypocrite, &c., he can always return the compliment by hurling at his opponent the dreaded epithets of Jacobin, atheist, infidel, and the like. There is usually about as much

truth in one case as in the other. As no man can in justice claim that *he* has been made the *exclusive* repository of the truth, neither can any *party* arrogate to itself *all* that is just and right. It would be difficult to decide which of the contending parties at the present day is most obnoxious to the charge of dogmatism. It is far more reasonable to believe that they both have a mission to perform, and that it is easiest attained by each adhering to its own distinctive ideas.

We have thus endeavored to delineate what seem to us to be the two great elements in the character of our times. We have spoken of them in a general way; but they are seen in every department of life,—in church and state, in philosophy and in literature; there are few that occupy neutral ground.

The churchman, the statesman, the reviewer, the editor, the pamphleteer,—all range themselves in one or the other of the great parties that are contending for what they believe will best advance the happiness of man and the glory of the age.

There is no question, at the present day, but what is freely and openly discussed. Principles which, until now, were thought to have been forever settled, are keenly and critically examined, and are condemned or extolled as they harmonize or conflict with the prevailing opinions of this or that party.

The power of combination was never rendered more effective than at the present moment. The opinion of the individual usually expresses the opinion of some clique. Independent thinkers are extremely rare. Hence it is often said that this is not an original age. All problems are decided by public opinion;—this is, with us, the ultimate tribunal.

Without yielding implicit faith in all that the radical

claims for the present age, and equally rejecting the dark views of the too cautious conservative, we are still compelled to admit that it has a high and glorious mission; and that the condition of mankind, upon the whole, is far better than at any previous period; and that there are now active agencies in operation, that seem to indicate a bright and an auspicious future.

THE BLIND BRIDE.

HUMAN nature is not all depraved. We are sometimes led to contemplate an action that springs from the pure impulses of an uncorrupted heart. Amidst the intense selfishness of life, we are sometimes permitted to witness acts of disinterestedness,—of pure devotion,—which seem to say that there yet burns deep in the human heart the unquenchable fire of love. We know that they are exceedingly rare, like angels' visits; but they speak to us of man as he once was, and of what he will again become.

The highest and the noblest heroism the earth has ever known, has not been displayed on the battle-field, or in any of those extraordinary revolutions brought about by the terrible instrumentality of the sword. No! if you would see that which alone is worthy of the name of heroism, you must look for it among those whose ambition has never been influenced by the selfish motives which have usually impelled the mass of mankind to great exertions,—among those who have strove to be good rather than to be great,—to bless others rather than to aggrandize themselves. Their names have found no place in the world's history; the beauty of their daily life has passed all unseen, save by the angels; yet it has blessed the world.

We have been led to these reflections, by an incident which, although it occurred many years ago, is as fresh to our mind as the transactions of yesterday.

We had been travelling all night, and indeed it was not until late the next morning that we arrived at the

very pleasant village of N., where we stopped to take breakfast before proceeding on our journey. We had observed that there was an unusual excitement among the people of the village. On inquiring of the landlord the cause, he informed us that Mary Manly, a poor blind girl, was to be married in yonder church. He went on, in a very rapid manner, to tell us that she was a favorite in the village,—that everybody loved her,—and that now the people had all come out to see her married, and to rejoice at her good fortune. "Ah! good fortune," replied one; "that depends very much upon whom she is to have for a husband." "As fine a young fellow," rejoined the landlord, "as you ever need to see. Harry French, a midshipman in the navy. Everybody was astonished that, after having been gone so long, he should return and marry poor blind Mary; but they were playmates in their early days, and he never forgot her."

By this time, breakfast was announced. While we were disposing of the good things placed before us, the driver came in to inform us that before we could proceed on our journey the stage must be repaired, and that it would probably detain us about an hour.

We all determined to witness the marriage ceremony. On entering the church, we found it crowded with persons of both sexes, and all ages, anxiously waiting the hour when the ceremony should commence. At length, the bridegroom and the bride, with their friends, entered the church.

A choir of children, who were stationed on each side of the main aisle, introduced the services by singing an ode prepared for the occasion, while they held in their hands bouquets of fresh and beautiful flowers, with

which they were to deck the young bride as she passed out.

Nothing could exceed the fine effect of their sweet young voices, blended in the following stanzas, composed by one of their number:

With songs and flowers we welcome thee,
And bless thee on thy bridal day;
And may thy life forever be
Gladdened by love's inspiring ray.

It is a blessed thing to see
The union of two hearts complete,
So joyous, — happy, — and so free,
As those we at this altar greet.

Father in heaven, to thee we pray,
Look down upon this happy pair,
And guide them ever on their way,
Cheer by thy love each earthly care.

As soon as the little voices ceased, the venerable clergyman fervently supplicated the throne of grace to bless those whom he was about to unite; then addressing the happy pair in a few brief and impressive words, he admonished them to live henceforth to each other and to God. The benediction was then pronounced, and the congregation dispersed. The timid bride, leaning on the arm of her noble husband, went with him to her future home. Her pathway was literally strewed with flowers, whose fragrance she could enjoy, although she could not behold their beauty.

I have often wished I could see, but never more than on that occasion. My fellow-travellers watched the happy pair, until they could no longer be seen, and then entering the stage, we resumed our journey. Nothing was talked of during the day, but the blind

bride. It was amusing to hear them speculate on the probable motives of her husband in marrying her.

A gentleman who had got into the stage at N., related the history of the married couple.

"The bride," he said, "was an orphan girl, who lost her sight when only six years old. As she grew up, she was beloved by all, for the sweetness of her disposition.

"Her husband was the son of a wealthy country gentleman; he was about her own age. In early life, they were playmates. No one ever thought that they would be man and wife; but after finishing his education, and entering the navy, where he spent two or three years, he gave up his commission, returned to his native village, and, very much to the astonishment of every one, married his early friend."

By this time, the stage had ascended a high hill, and the gentleman who was relating their history pointed out their residence to his fellow-passengers.

"It is a beautiful place," said one. "I wish I had such a home," said another; and all united in wishing its inmates a long and a happy life.

THE BENEVOLENCE OF CHRIST.

A SHORT SERMON.

Who went about doing good. — Acts x. 38.

It is delightful to contemplate the benevolent institutions of the present day, in which so many wise and good men are engaged. It is gratifying to witness the deep interest which is everywhere manifested in the suffering and afflicted children of earth. It is one of the most cheering signs of our times, that there is no class of human beings, no matter how degraded, but are brought to feel the benign influence of that comprehensive philanthropy which is inspired by the Divine spirit of our holy religion; for when we trace back the causes which have set in operation so many benevolent instrumentalities at the present day, we are carried back to Bethlehem and Calvary.

In the deep devotion of those true-hearted Christians, who, forgetting self, sacrifice their lives for the good of others, "to seek and to save those that were lost," we behold the brightest manifestations of the love enkindled by the blessed example of Him who came down from heaven, and "went about doing good."

We propose, in the present discourse, briefly to remark upon some of those incidents in the life of the Saviour, which so strikingly exemplify the deep and all-controlling love he felt for suffering, guilty man.

It will be expecting too much to suppose that *we* can offer anything new upon a subject which has been so often descanted upon from the sacred desk. There is,

however, sometimes an advantage in recurring to old and familiar thoughts, and in dwelling upon topics which seem to have become trite.

There is a depth in the philanthropy of Christ, from which the sincere and earnest soul can always draw something to sustain and cheer it in its earthly pilgrimage. We can never reflect too often upon the daily beauty of his life, who lived, and toiled, and died, that we might live. We can never strive too long nor too earnestly to imitate his blessed example, and thus to conform our lives to his just and holy requirements. While others seek to display their logical acuteness and theological subtlety, in disputing about the essence and personality of the Saviour, let us seek to draw from the great lessons which he has taught us, our duty to God and to one another. The predominant element in the character of Christ,—that which shone forth on all occasions, which lives in all he did, and which was breathed in all he uttered,—was his deep and compassionate tenderness for suffering and for sorrow.

Cold and adamantine must be that heart who can behold him pausing at the way-side, at the cry of the afflicted, to heal their infirmities, and assuage their grief, without feeling grateful to God, that he has sent his Son into the world, to bless us with his labors, and to inspire us with his love.

All the miracles that the Saviour wrought attest how deeply he felt for the sufferings of man, and it is, without doubt, to the influence which they have exerted on the hearts of Christians, that so much is now being done to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate.

It may, in truth, be said that the philanthropic element in Christianity is that which distinguishes it preëminently from every other religion. Its founder

could see in the most degraded child of earth, an heir of heaven. It was for such that he lived and labored, that he toiled and died. It was to establish no system, it was to promulgate no theory, that brought the Son of God from heaven. It was the spectacle of human wretchedness and misery, that had for ages darkened and deformed the beautiful earth, that cried to heaven, and moved the compassion of Christ. Is it not lamentable that his mission to earth has been so little understood by his professed followers? How much time and energy have been expended in the building up of sects, rather than, legitimately and without ostentation, imitating the example of him "who went about doing good!" If he were at this moment to appear among us, what terrible words of condemnation would he utter, as he witnessed our contentions for this or that theological speculation! Would he not say to us, as he did to the Pharisees of old, "Wóe unto you, ye blind guides—hypocrites?" Would it not be as true now as it was eighteen hundred years ago, "He came to his own, and they received him not?" Do you think, if he were to go among the "publicans and sinners," he would be permitted to enter our fashionable churches? And if he were to denounce the evils of the present day, as boldly and as fearlessly as he did those that existed when he first appeared upon the earth, would he not be persecuted, ay,—and put to death even, by those who profess and call themselves Christian? We have much of Judaism, but little of the benevolence of Jesus. There are many who "devour widows' houses," who "build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous," and then "for a pretence make long prayers," and cry "Lord, Lord." But few, very *few*, like the meek and lowly Jesus, "go about

doing good," in consoling the afflicted, visiting the prisoner in his degradation, and everywhere preaching mercy to the guilty and forsaken. As yet, we have only the letter,—we need more of the spirit of Christianity. There are enough who are willing to fight, and die even, *for* religion. How few there are willing to *live* it,—to carry it out in the every day concerns of life! We have faith and hope, but we need more of the divine charity of Christ. Our lives should be gospels, "epistles" of truth and goodness.

Let us consider for a moment some of the incidents in the life of the Saviour, that manifest his compassionate tenderness in behalf of our suffering race. Behold him as he approaches Jerusalem, that city which had given birth to so many prophets, and which had so long shared the peculiar protection of Heaven. As he looks upon its lofty structures and contemplates its impending fate, *he weeps;* and in the deep agony of his soul he exclaims, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem—how often would I have gathered your children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings; but ye would not." Again, see him sympathizing with the sisters Mary and Martha, as they weep for the death of their brother. What a sublime spectacle does he present at the grave of Lazarus! Raising his meek and loving eyes to heaven, he expresses, in a few and simple words, his confidence in God, and then he commands the dead to come forth. Witness him also as he meets the funeral procession of the widow's son. How profound is his sorrow for that bereaved mother! Here he works another miracle, not merely to display his power, but prompted from the deep sympathy of his uncorrupted heart. Its purpose was accomplished when

the fond mother once more clasped to her bosom her son, restored to life.

It is worthy of remark, that the Saviour never sought great occasions. The most wonderful things he ever did were suggested by the occasion. For example: as he was one day passing along, followed by the eager multitude, his attention was attracted by a poor blind man, who sat by the way-side begging. Touched by his affliction, he commanded the man to be brought unto him. The ignorant and cold-hearted Jews remonstrated, but to little purpose; for the comprehensive soul of Jesus embraced the humblest of earth's children. He restores him to sight, but charges him to tell no man. These were incidents of his daily life. They show us that he took no limited, no one-sided view of man. While it was his object to purify the heart, by revealing to man his intimate relation to God, he never refused to mitigate physical suffering. And with the injunction to preach the gospel, he has given the command to feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

There is one more illustration of the Saviour's boundless love, to which we would refer. It is the closing scene of his short, but eventful life. The cruel persecution which he endured could make no impression upon his serene and heavenly temper. And when at last he was condemned to die on the cross, — scoffed at and spit upon by the deluded multitude whom he had sought to bless, — and when, to render his death more ignominious he was placed between two criminals, he breathed that prayer which ought of itself to be enough to regenerate the world, "*Father, forgive them — they know not what they do.*"

He died; and the cross, which till then had been a sign of reproach, became the glory of the world. It

has led armies to battle, and symbolized the faith of the humble. But oh! when shall its deep significance be written on every human heart; when shall men everywhere imbibe the spirit of Christ, and imitate his blessed example, in "going about doing good?"

NICHOLAS SANDERSON.

It is a very interesting and instructive fact, that, among those who in every age have been distinguished for their scientific and literary attainments, appear the names of men who, during their whole lives, were compelled to contend with obstacles, which, to common minds, seem utterly impossible to be overcome. But of all the disadvantages to which a human being can ever be subjected in the pursuit of knowledge, the privation of one or more of the senses must be admitted as the most appalling. For the senses are the avenues by which the mind obtains its knowledge of the material world; and it would seem that when one of these is rendered useless, the mind could at most be but imperfectly developed. And yet, if history is to be credited, there have been, in almost every age, blind men, (we mention blind men, because sight is regarded as the most important of the senses,) whose misfortune has only served to stimulate them to greater exertions in the acquisition of knowledge. All that we really know of the greatest poet the world has ever produced, is, that he was a blind man; and the immortal author of the Paradise Lost was subjected to the same calamity. We might multiply instances of these, to an extent which would astonish those who have never given any attention to the subject. We could show that, not only in poetry, but in almost every other department of literature, in the sciences, and in the cultivation of many of the arts, blindness really constitutes no impediment.

We propose, however, in this article, to confine our observations to one who would, probably, have been a remarkable man under any circumstances; whose wonderful powers no misfortune, however great, could entirely prevent from making an impression, in whatever avocation he might have been called to exercise them. No one can read the life of Sanderson without being more deeply impressed with the power of mind to subject matter to its purposes, and without feeling convinced that there is, in the mighty energies of a well-directed intellect, a force which no mere physical misfortune can withstand. It is to be deeply regretted, that a full and adequate biography of Sanderson has not yet been given to the world. A mere sketch of his life was published in the appendix to his work on Fluxions; and a short, but very interesting, account of him, contained in a work published by the Society in England for the Dissemination of Useful Knowledge, is all we know of one of the greatest men of the last century. Lord Brougham, in a labored effort, has attempted to vindicate Voltaire from the obloquy to which his untiring efforts to overthrow Christianity had consigned him: and Carlyle, with, we think, much more commendable zeal, has endeavored to redeem the name of Cromwell from the reproaches heaped upon it by a corrupt aristocracy, and a degraded priesthood. And may we not hope that some one of the great minds of our day will yet do justice to the memory and merits of Sanderson? All that we can do, in this paper, is to give something like a connected statement of the facts of his life, collected from the sources mentioned above; and to make a few observations upon the method by which he was enabled to substitute other senses for the one of which he was deprived. We may, in this way,

testify, in our humble manner, gratitude for his example, and admiration for his success.

Nicholas Sanderson was born at the village of Thurston, in Yorkshire, England, in 1682.* "He was only a year old when he was deprived, by small-pox, not only of sight, but even of his eyes themselves, which were destroyed by abscess." It was fortunate for Sanderson that he lost his sight at this early age; since those persons who become blind in infancy, or who were born blind, always possess advantages over those who have had the use of their eyes until they have arrived at maturity. Sanderson, when very young, displayed a fondness for knowledge, which, instead of being suppressed, as in most blind persons of that day, was encouraged by his parents, who sent him to a free school, at Penniston, in the neighborhood of his native place. It was probably here, where, for the first time, he had to contend with those who possessed the advantages of vision, that the energy and perseverance to which he owed his success in after life first manifested themselves. It is not very difficult to conceive of the method which must have been pursued by his master, in imparting to the mind of his blind pupil the elements of knowledge. He must have had the lesson read to him frequently, until his memory was enabled to retain it. It is possible that he was assisted in the study of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and the higher mathematics, by contrivances similar to those made use of by Abbe Hauy, and which are now employed in the institutions for the education of the blind, in Europe, and in

* It may be interesting to the reader to know, that in just one hundred years from the birth of Sanderson, Abbe Hauy, prompted by Sanderson's example, made the first efforts in Europe to educate the blind.

this country. For the most part, however, his instruction must have been oral. His knowledge of the languages, in which he attained great proficiency, could only have been acquired by the assistance of an amanuensis. We are informed that, at the age of sixteen, Sanderson could read, or understand when read to him, works written in the Greek and Latin languages, with as much ease as those written in his native tongue. There are several Latin compositions of great merit, written by him, still extant. But it was probably in mathematics that he most excelled. His successor in the University of Cambridge asserts that Sanderson surveyed the whole coast of Scotland. Of course, it is meant that he performed the mathematical process, employing another person's eyes in making the necessary observations. The faculties upon which he most depended, in acquiring his education, are those which, in the minds of most blind persons, predominate — memory, and concentration. These faculties are by no means the most important of those with which God has endowed us; but the process best calculated to develop them is that which is best suited to invigorate all the other mental powers. The necessity under which a blind person labors, in acquiring a knowledge of men and things, only renders his memory very retentive; and if he pursues its cultivation through life, it compensates him, in a very great degree, for the want of that sovereign organ upon which others rely, by which they are enabled to recur to books, and take cognizance of facts in the world around them. Abercrombie mentions a blind man, who could repeat, verbatim, any part of the Bible to which his attention was directed; and he also relates many other wonderful facts, showing the extent and capability of this faculty. If we bear in

mind the fact, that it is by sight alone that we obtain our knowledge of all those objects by which we are not immediately surrounded, — that, although the principal use of the eye is to make us acquainted with colors, yet we actually make use of it to obtain a knowledge of motion, form, space, &c., — we shall be able to appreciate more fully the difficulties which must have beset the path of Sanderson. But, unattracted by surrounding objects, he could the better concentrate his naturally energetic mind upon whatever subject he desired to investigate; and this, together with his powerful memory, of which we have already spoken, enabled him not merely to compete with his schoolmates, but actually to surpass them. The father of Sanderson held a place in the excise of his native county; his income was, therefore, not sufficient to enable him to give his son a liberal education, or to provide him with the means of fully gratifying his love of knowledge. When he had reached his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year, he was still without a profession. His own wish was to go to the university; but the limited circumstances of his father rendered it impossible. It was therefore decided that he should go to Cambridge, not as a student, but as a teacher of mathematics and natural philosophy. Accordingly, in the year 1707, under the protection of a friend, one of the fellows of Christ's College, he commenced his career as a lecturer; which introduced him to the men of letters and science, among whom we would mention Sir Isaac Newton, who gave him many substantial proofs of his friendship. We also have to record here, to the credit of the eccentric but unfortunate Whiston, who then held the Lucasian professorship of mathematics in the University, that, on Sanderson opening classes to teach the same branches of science

upon which he had himself been in the daily habit of reading lectures, he extended to him every assistance in his power. Sanderson commenced his prelections upon Newton's Optics.

"The subject itself which Sanderson thus chose, independently of the manner in which he treated it, was well calculated to attract notice,—few things seeming, at first sight, more extraordinary than that a man, who had been blind almost from his birth, should be able to explain the phenomena, and expound the doctrine, of light." Mr. Colson, successor of Sanderson, in his notice of him, describes at great length the method he pursued in explaining the primary laws of light, and the phenomena of colors, as well as the system of tangible signs by which he performed his mathematical calculations. And the only difference between his method and that invented by Abbe Hauy is, that it was much more imperfect. Sanderson's success as a lecturer continued still to increase, so that when Whiston was expelled from his chair, in 1711, he was appointed, through the influence of Sir Isaac Newton, to fill the vacancy. As a necessary preliminary, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him. Sanderson gave his whole attention to his classes; and it is to his constant labors in his profession that we are to attribute the fact, that, with the exception of his work on Fluxions, and a small work on Algebra, he prepared very little for the press. In 1728, on the occasion of a visit of George II., he was created Doctor of Laws; at which time he pronounced a Latin oration remarkable for its eloquence. He was married in 1728, and died in 1737, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

During his life, Sanderson enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of the most distinguished scholars of his

day. To their influence, as well as to his uncommon talents, was he indebted not a little for that proud elevation to which he attained. It is said that, on his going to Cambridge, favors were proffered him purely on account of his misfortune. These he rejected, exclaiming that he was a scholar, and should receive no favors simply because he was a blind man. No man ever labored with more assiduity than he, nor with more success, to overcome the effects of a physical calamity. Indeed, the extent to which he cultivated the senses of hearing and touch seems almost marvellous. He could tell, for instance, on going into his room, by the sound of his cane upon the floor, if any article of furniture had been removed. He could distinguish the finest intonations of the human voice, and was able to determine, with astonishing accuracy, the height and age of a person by the voice alone.* Of course, we do not intend to assert that he could tell to an inch the exact height, nor to a day the exact age, of every one. What we mean to say of Sanderson is, (what we would say of all intelligent blind persons,) that he could judge of these matters by the voice as well as most persons can by the countenance.

Sanderson was no mean performer on the flute; and there can be no doubt that, if his mind had not received a different direction, he might have become a distinguished musician. As to the sense of touch, it may with truth be said, that it was never so fully developed

* Blindness is often but one of the effects of a cause which injures one or more of the other senses. Ophthalmy, a species of inflammation, in many climates, not only produces blindness, but greatly affects the hearing. And besides, so great a deprivation as the loss of sight must always exercise an injurious influence, not only upon the other senses, but upon all the physical functions.

in any other person. He could distinguish inequalities upon surfaces where it was impossible to discern them by the eye. He could detect, in a cabinet of Roman medals, the counterfeit from the true, though the difference was so slight as to deceive the eye of the most experienced connoisseurs. It was at first thought that he might even detect colors by the touch. But he found, after repeated efforts, that it was impossible. I have often been amused to hear persons, who could not be brought to believe that a blind man could feed himself without being helped by another, assert positively, that there were blind persons of their acquaintance who could tell the color of any article of their wearing apparel, by feeling it. This is preposterous.* The slightest reflection, it seems to me, must convince any one of its utter impossibility. Light is not tangible; of course a blue ray, or a red ray, is not distinguishable by this means.

There are several pleasant anecdotes told of Sanderson. We have room for one or two only, which illustrate his readiness at repartee. On one occasion, when lecturing to his class, and while he was attempting a solution of a very intricate problem, one of the persons present, filled with admiration at the astonishing math-

* Dr. Howe, in the report of his journey in Europe, made to the Trustees of the Perkins' Institution for the Blind, says, while in England, "I visited a blind girl, who, I was told, could tell colors by the touch. I found, as I expected, that this was not true. She could, however, tell the color of different pieces of cloth given her, by first laying them in the sun till they had acquired the same apparent temperature; then, by raising them to her lips, she was able to perceive that some of the pieces conducted caloric with a greater degree of facility than others. In this way she could distinguish the blue from the red, and the green from the orange." [We quote this from memory.]

ematical acuteness which he displayed, exclaimed, "Sanderson has but one imperfection; it is in his eyes." "And yours," replied the professor, "is in your tongue." On another occasion, Sanderson was invited to spend an evening at the house of a friend, in company with several distinguished persons of both sexes. Upon one of the ladies leaving the room, he remarked that her teeth must be very white. Being asked by some of the company how he knew this, he replied, "I do not think she is a fool, and she has been laughing a whole hour."

We have already spoken of the astonishing extent to which Sanderson cultivated his other senses. His cotemporaries mentioned many things respecting him, which they seem to have regarded as almost miraculous, but which are exhibited by almost every blind person, and in our day would seem too trite to be named. For instance, the fact that he could, when in the open air, ascertain when a cloud passed over the disk of the sun, is mentioned as something peculiarly wonderful; so also is the fact, that he could tell when he was approaching an object, if the air was particularly clear, by its pulsations upon his face. This, however, is nothing but what every blind person is capable of doing. We have known those who could do more than this. There are blind persons who, when approaching an object, can form some idea of its character; can tell, for instance, whether it is a stone post, a tree, a horse, or a man; and there are those who even claim that they can tell, on entering a room, whether there be other persons in the room,—of course, it is meant without hearing them speak. The principle upon which they do this is, that a living body produces a greater impression, as you approach it, than an inert object. This may, perhaps, cause those to smile who have never

given the subject a thought. But as we do not mean to be considered as asserting that it is a gift peculiar to the blind, but that it is only in consequence of the superior culture of the sense of touch, which is occasioned by blindness, we recommend all sceptical persons to try it. It is a very easy thing; bandage your eyes, then let some person lead you towards different objects, and you will find, after repeating the experiment several times, that each of them produces upon you a different sensation,—faint and almost indistinct at first, but, as you repeat the experiment, becoming more and more vivid. Now, it is these sensations, or rather impressions, which the blind are accustomed to observe and to turn to some account; for the principle to which we have referred enables them, when walking in the streets, (provided they are walking sufficiently slow,) to ascertain if there be any obstruction in their path. There are many other things which would be interesting to the curious, as illustrating the almost illimitable extent to which the sense of touch is capable of being carried, but which we must reserve for another occasion.

Much has been written upon the comparative value of the different senses. I have often been asked by those who have never felt the inconvenience caused by the want of any one of the senses,—which was really the most unfortunate, the blind, or the deaf and dumb? Of course a solution of this question can never be obtained. It is a beautiful arrangement of Providence, and one which we cannot too much admire, that each of these classes considers its own condition preferable. We once listened to a dialogue upon this subject; a portion of which we will give, as the best means of illustrating the views of those who are the most competent judges. The deaf mute communicated to the blind man,

by writing what he had to say, upon a slate; which being read by a third party, the blind replied in the same manner.

D. "It must be a sad life to you, never to see the earth, the sea, and the sky."

B. "But I can converse with those around me, and I am delighted with the voices of those I love."

D. "I, too, can converse, as I now do with you. I can see the 'human face divine,' and these beautiful flowers,"—pointing to a vase by his side.

B. (*Growing more excited,*) "But you cannot study, to the same extent that I can, the abstract sciences,—intellectual and moral philosophy; you cannot while away your hours with music, at the piano-forte."

D. "I can read the book of nature; I can look upon yon smiling landscape."

B. "I can listen to the voice of the birds, and the music of flowing waters, and enjoy with deep delight the perfume of ten thousand flowers."

D. (*Smiling,*) "I, too, can enjoy their fragrance, and admire their hue; and yesterday I beheld the master-piece of Michael Angelo, instinct with life and beauty."

B. "Last night I listened to the music of Beethoven, and the poetry of Goethe."

D. "I can read poetry in the smiling faces around me."

B. "Smiles do not always wreathe the face. You can see the cheek blanched, the sunken eye, and all the marks which time and decay make upon the form, to sadden the heart. I hear only the voices of my friends, whose music can never die; and, as it has been truly said,

'I only know that they grow old,
By counting happy years gone by.'"

The reader may, perhaps, gather from the foregoing observations, some opinion as to which of the misfortunes is really the greatest, as well as our own views upon the subject. But let us return once more to Sanderson. The limits we have prescribed to this article will only allow us briefly to notice one other fact of this great man's life, which, but for the false conclusions deduced from it, we should not have mentioned. We refer to the fact that Sanderson was a sceptic in religion. His infidelity is, without doubt, attributable to the fact that his whole life was devoted to the study of the physical sciences, and that he lived in an age when the philosophy of Locke and Bolingbroke was in the ascendant. Yet there are those who suppose that the blind are more liable to infidelity, because that they cannot appreciate the argument in favor of the Deity, his attributes, &c., drawn from the material universe. We have not time to answer this as we ought; we will, however, observe that there are arguments which demonstrate the existence of God, his moral government, &c., more fully than that deduced from the material world, and which the blind can appreciate as well as other men. Besides, the religious nature is, in most blind men, developed at a much earlier period than in seeing persons. It is generally thought that the emblems of death have a tendency to develop our sympathies; that he who beholds the hearse, the pall, the shroud, feels more keenly than he otherwise would, that he has lost a friend. Yet how transient, how evanescent, is the impression produced by these emblems! The sense of loneliness and wretchedness, which the heart experiences when we are called upon to contemplate the darkest mystery of life, makes a more enduring impression than those external symbols, which are

oftener used to gratify an ill-disguised pride. If Sanderson had devoted as much time to the study of Plato and Seneca as he did to that of Pythagoras and Archimedes; if, in short, he had studied the spiritual instead of the material philosophy, he might have written a poem instead of his work on Fluxions; and a theological essay might have taken the place of his Latin Commentary upon Sir Isaac Newton's Principia. But he flourished at a period when the study of the physical sciences was thought the highest employment for the intellect of man. Believing all knowledge to be the result of sensation and reflection, he devoted his whole life to the task of lessening the disparity which existed between him and his fellows. Nobly did he succeed! And while we regret that want of faith in the supernatural of which some have complained, we still must confess that he was true to the ideas of his day, and the philosophy of the school to which circumstances had attached him. And if it be true that every age has its representative men, well did Sanderson represent the eighteenth century.

GLIMPSES AND REMINISCENCES OF LIFE.

In this grand phantasmagoria wherein destiny has located us, why and for what, we cannot divine, there is a perpetual conflict between spirit and matter; the permanent and the transient, the abstract and the concrete; the ideal and the actual; between the world within and the world without there seems no affinity. The facts of intuition seldom harmonize with the observations of the senses. Hence, the incongruities and inexplicable verities, in the midst of which we wander whither we know not. To the thoughtful mind, the first inquiry, the question of all questions, is, What means it? This laughing, crying, thinking, acting, whence is it? and for what?

To this end do men moralize, poetize, write homilies and histories, and do all manner of things, that they may know their being's end and aim, and seemingly all to no purpose; why is it that the universal solvent, the true elixir of life, has never yet been discovered? Why do men grope about in the dark now, as centuries ago, searching diligently, but never finding the mighty secret?

To the eye of a pure spirit upon some far off star, what a strange spectacle must the denizens of this mundane sphere present, in their ceaseless struggles for the hidden and unknown! Yet all worthy the admiration of angels is man, toiling and striving for the light that shall reveal the purpose of his existence.

To the contemplative mind, there is nothing without a meaning; no life, however humble, but has its significance.

Oh, thou conceited pedant! boast no more of thy wisdom and philosophy! But go thou, and reverently learn of the meanest thing of earth, for may be it shall teach thee what thou art!

In the midst of a sublime universe, surrounded on all sides with objects teeming with life, partaking of earth, yet aspiring to heaven, such is man!

The record of his thoughts, his darings, his aspirations, — what a biography! His deeds are written in terrible distinctness, as if by fate, throughout the earth. From zone to zone, from pole to pole, in tears and in sorrow, he has recorded the experience of the ages. Everywhere around him are the monuments of power and of greatness, which his soul has conceived, and his hand has formed.

Endowed with freedom, and yet mysteriously controlled by destiny, this strange combination of the animal and the angel, the human and divine, this monarch of the world, is yet an ENIGMA TO HIMSELF.

We hear much of sciences and philosophies, in these days, treating of almost every conceivable thing, from the mechanism of an insect, to the corruscation of the stars; but the noblest of them all is that which essays to explain the nature of the philosopher himself. Therefore do we, by the light of our thoughts, commune for a while with the oracle within, that EVER, in silent solemnity, writes its deep mysteries on the dial of the heart.

Now, in pensive strains it waileth,
Now, in radiant smiles it sports,
Now, some noble deed it ha leth,
By the earnest heart put forth.

Then, it waketh from long slumbers
Recollections bright and dear,
Then, in low and plaintive numbers,
Stirs the fount of many a tear.

The shrine of the heart, whose light is goodness, truth and beauty, where we consecrate the bright fancies of our primeval days, that in after years give birth to heroic resolutions,—THAT SHRINE is the dwelling-place of mighty energies, that may slumber in forgetfulness, or wake in glory. Solemn and momentous are the lessons imparted through the eloquent voice of the angel within. Darkness and woe attend him who heeds not her monitions; but blessed is he who understands the interpreter of his bosom.

To each consciousness alone, speaks the divinity of the soul, bringing us into silent sympathy with the past immensity, and revealing to our gaze the future expanse.

Sometimes, though but for a moment, the mystic veil is raised, and we see, feel and hear the absolute and the inconceivable, whose all-pervading presence is with us ever, yet we know it not. There is something which the inhabitants of our world do need, greater far than educations, steam-engines, magnetic telegraphs, and the like. Mighty influences these, no doubt! But wouldst thou know, my brother, the secret of the world's Genesis, and the result thereof,—why thou art here, and for what,—wouldst thou leave thy insanities, that make thee seem so poor, so beclouded and so dark? —then must thy soul be baptized in a pure, celestial faith, and the mouldering fire within be kindled to a flame. Then only canst thou adore the absolute, the all-controllable.

The human soul has a mighty destiny, for weal or woe. Its vast domain is boundless; bright evanescence of the oversoul! its highest aim to give significance to all created things, and comprehend itself! Talk not, oh man! of Alpine or Andes grandeur; no! rather look within thyself,—for there is all reality.

Turn we now to view the image of the soul, reflected in each action that doth mark our daily life. What dire confusion, what deep distress, what mournful wailings, come there from the earth because of man! Oh! who can read, without a tear, a sigh, a groan of agony, the blood-stained pages of the world's sad history? Six thousand years have passed away, big with wretchedness and poor renown. An Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon, each in their turn, "have played fantastic tricks before high heaven;" have shared the glory of a day, and then have died.

Divine and noble men have lived in every age, whose voices, eloquent and beautiful, can NEVER DIE. The glory of Greece has departed, and Rome has fallen, yet preserved for all time are the classic pages of Plato, Cicero and Seneca.

There have been those, in every nation, fired with inspiration deep and pure, who have struggled long and valiantly to awaken in each soul, with art divine, their own lofty ideas of truth, goodness and beauty.

A Michael Angelo, a Titian, a Mozart, and a Shakspeare, these are voices whose eloquence sublime. the world shall ever rank among its choicest blessings: but worthiest of our admiration is he who, in the midst of all vicissitudes, can live a pure and blameless life. There have been many such. These are the world's true heroes, whose battle-field the thoroughfare of life, whose trophies the victories gained over selfishness and sin.

The noblest deeds of men have never been recorded. History is full of their vices and their crimes, but the acts that angels love to view never meet the general eye.

Here and there upon the earth, the apostles of truth,

the philanthropists of the race, in mournful isolation, have toiled unceasingly for the good of all; yet, in this nineteenth century, what can be said of man in the aggregate? Are not the millions as yet without a practical consciousness that they *are*, and shall ever be, linked to eternity? Do the multitude feel that the outward, however grand and imposing, is transient and evanescent; that the only permanent is the undying soul; that the only life is the life within? The melancholy answer to these queries is inscribed upon the statute books, the dungeons and the gibbets, that darken and deform the earth, and tell us that man is yet a savage.

Could we occupy an elevated position that overlooks some densely populated city, and were we for a moment endowed with a piercing vision, that could penetrate the mask with which men veil themselves, what monstrous depravity would meet our gaze! How mournful would be the contrasts that would everywhere present themselves!

Impelled by passion's terrific force, from morn till night, from year to year, hapless mortals plod on their weary way, oppressed and oppressing, degraded and degrading, planning always for themselves, never for each other.

The wealthy few, in the enjoyment of their riches and luxuries, while the many repine in their poverty and degradation; vice and ignorance often honored and applauded, while merit and virtue are despised and forgotten. The glorious sunlight of heaven, that shines so kindly upon all, is the only equality they enjoy.

He who whispers the intimations of nature, that all men are brethren, is the only eccentric; and he who makes duty his highest law, the only martyr. Is not

this human society? Is not such a city a type of the world? Yet for man there is a blessed future, a glorious morrow is coming, when in his daily life he shall make manifest the purpose of his being.

Christianity has a mission not yet fulfilled. The kingdom of heaven will one day be established upon the earth; the discordant voices of men shall at length harmonize with the music of the angels. For this sabbath, this jubilee of the race, who will not pray? Yet very sad at present is the spectacle which our world everywhere presents. The misery endured upon the earth for a single day is enough to chill the warmest heart; and the story which is everywhere told of man's injustice to his brother may indeed cause the philanthropist to despair. But courage! let this be the watchword of the favored few whose clarion voices bewail the mournful depravity of the race. The midnight darkness in which we are shrouded shall be dissipated by the resplendent light of the coming day. There be those that even now discern the dawn. Wouldst thou, my friend, perform thy part to hasten on this glorious consummation, when heaven will no longer be a dream, but a glorious reality? then first of all regenerate thyself! that the casement wherein thou dwellest may become a fit temple for the living God.

When we are thrown back upon ourselves, and feel the awful grandeur of our individuality, an overwhelming sense of the all-pervading sympathy with all that is external is merged in the contemplation of the soul's divinity. Are we not all greater than we think?

The cure for our poor servility, is it not in a deeper reverence for the all-divine? Is it not true that the united influence of our senses, and a wretched, paltry education, are not of themselves able to deprive us of a

consciousness of what we were and what we shall become? Have we not all, in our silent moments, the feeling of relationship,—intimate, divine,—to those blessed beings that we recognize only in our dreams? Whence comes the sense of kindred with all created things? Why do we love to contemplate nature in all her modes? Because our spirit is bound to her by a thousand mystic links.

I go forth in autumn time, that I may hear the flowers chant their requiem and sigh farewell to summer. I see not their varied tints, that so endear them to the eye, but inhale with gratitude their sweet fragrance, borne all lovingly within the soft and balmy zephyr; yet more blessed to hear the music of their last low sigh, breathed only to the ear of him whose responsive heart confesses its deep relationship. To him they say, we have fulfilled our destiny,—so must thou fulfil thine.

How eloquent is nature! Not to me is given the power of seeing aught in earth or sky; yet am I drawn towards her by an influence irresistible and undefinable. From the rustling leaf, the murmuring stream,—from mountain, valley, hill and dell,—there comes a voice of gladness, inviting all to calm repose. O, if we would but heed it, then would there be less of sin, and more of truth and beauty!

The brightest thing of earth is that which awakens the soul's highest capacity and loftiest aspiration. What is there in this discordant world we admire most of all to contemplate? Is it not love? the purest, best of all our impulses, "that which seeketh not her own," but another's joy. Pure, compassionate, all-controlling love! now weeping, now smiling, and ever imparting to those who feel thine influence a high and holy delight.

Light of the inmost soul! source of all true vitality and pleasure! highest, most universal of all the sentiments! there beats not a heart that has not felt thy throbbings! Thou art among men the only true leveller! "Thou only canst lay the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre."

Music, deep, divinest music, is love's only fitting language. The light of the heart gushes forth in the voice, wakening in all things sincere responses to each thrilling pulsation. It is thus with thee, dearest Isadora! The tones of thy sweet voice are all so full of melting tenderness, that every heart accords to thee its willing homage. Thou art in unison with all created things. The very birds might pause in air, and rest upon their wing to hear thee sing;—as the soft tones of the lute, borne upon the wind, fall upon the ear at eventide, such is thy voice, oh Isadora, thou sweet enchantress! The spell that thou dost throw on all around thee, by each dulcet tone that thrills but to delight, shall live when thou no more shalt glad the earth with thy seraphic minstrelsy. With thee is linked many a pleasant reminiscence of other days, which I would fain recall. Dost thou remember, my dearest Isadora, when we did sport in childish glee along the banks of our dear Merrimac? when, in the innocence of childish hearts, we listened to the music of falling waters, and talked of the angels that ever smiled upon us? Hast thou forgotten how thou didst love to cull the flowers, and I to listen to thy silvery laugh, as thou didst gayly trip across the green, or like some fairy queen, did sit within the bower that thou alone could grace? Dear is the memory of those days! They told me thou wert beautiful; thy cheek was with the hue of roses tinted. Well did I know thy lip was wreathed with smiles;

they said thine eyes did sparkle with the heart's deep joy; and many spoke of placid brow and graceful form; but these, alas! to me were all in darkness veiled; yet loved I not thee less, for I could hear the merry laughing tones of thy sweet voice, light of that passion that ever brightly fired thy coy and virgin breast. As time unnoticed winged its rapid flight, we shared each other's joys, nor sorrow knew.

From the uncorrupted fount of thy pure heart gushed ever the radiant light that made existence all so blessed. Full many a change has marked my darkened lot with direful sorrow; but thou art as thou ever wast, all innocent and pure; thy all-enchanting presence shall ever make existence blessed, for "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

There is probably no one but is conscious at times of a desire to free himself from the restraints which custom imposes, and to give himself up unreservedly to the guidance of his spontaneous impulses. The highest boon of life is the enjoyment of free thought and an unfettered intellect. Many, for want of this, are but the repositories of the thoughts and opinions of others. Hence, whosoever speaks for himself, caring not for precedent, if he utters aught that is original, or is not in conformity to prescribed rules, is regarded as a fool or a madman. We would equally deprecate the other extreme, to which so many are liable in our own day. There are those who seem to think that there is no difference between great ideas and unintelligible jargon.

It may be that we have in the preceding remarks rendered ourselves somewhat obnoxious to this charge. The thoughts we have expressed were suggested on reading that unique work, the "Sartor Resartus," to which we are indebted for more valuable suggestions

upon the highest of all subjects of thought,—human life,—than to any other book we have ever read.

Carlyle possesses, in an eminent degree, the power of elucidating and explaining those spiritual phenomena of which all are conscious, but which have hitherto baffled the severest scrutiny of philosophers. We would not subscribe to all the opinions put forth by this great man; yet we must say, for depth of thought, vigor and beauty of style, he is rarely equalled, and seldom, if ever, surpassed.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A BLIND MAN.

Ah, yes! to *me* the world is dark!
No light, no sunshine, greets my sight;
The fair green earth, the bright blue sky,
To me are ever veiled in night.

I ne'er have seen the glorious sun,
Whose light alone hath power to cheer;
Nor gazed at eve upon the moon,
Whose milder beams are yet more dear.

I ne'er have seen the beauteous flowers,
That bloom for brighter eyes than mine,
Nor gazed upon the stars of heaven;
They too for me will never shine.

And I have vainly yearned to see
The form and face of one I love,
Whose low, sweet voice falls on mine ear,
Like angel music from above.

There 's nothing bright, there 's nothing fair,
That unto me hath e'er been given;
I dwell alone in this dark world,
Unblessed by aught save hope of heaven.

The following lines were written by Miss S. C. Edgarton, in reply to the preceding, with which we are happy to adorn our pages.

REPLY TO THE REFLECTIONS OF A BLIND MAN.

Call it not dark! thy mental sense
Sees light and beauty all around;
They come to thee we know not whence,
At every touch and every sound.

Thou hast within thy thoughtful mind
Bright glimpses of all glorious things;
Conceptions pictured and defined,
That come and go on spirit wings.

The stars — those jewels of the sky,
That make the awful night sublime —
Come sweeping o'er thy mental eye,
Like visions from some brighter clime.

And colors, those mysterious charms,
That clothe the leaves and veil the flowers,
Who knows but thy rapt spirit swarms
With dreams of these as bright as ours.

Call it not dark, — this fair, rich world,
Though shrouded from thy mortal gaze,
The flag of beauty is unfurled
Within thy soul's resplendent rays.

The light of truth is in thy heart,
And love glows ever brightly there;
While these are thine, where'er thou art,
This world must still be bright and fair.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE EFFECTS OF BLINDNESS.

It may seem to those who have read our article entitled "Blindness and the Blind," that we had already spoken sufficiently upon the disadvantages attendant on blindness; but the subject is one of such deep interest, as to require at our hands a more thorough and extended notice than it has yet received; for we maintain that those who are subjected to blindness are best able to judge of its effects: and this remark is equally applicable to the deprivation of any of the senses.

In the following remarks it will not be our object to imitate those who have written upon blindness without any knowledge of its practical results, and who seem to have been more anxious to maintain a favorite hypothesis, than to arrive at the truth. The philosophers and metaphysicians who have made the subject now under consideration one of mere speculation, have done the blind, as a class, great injustice, by ascribing to their misfortune results that have only followed in some particular cases. For example: an eminent writer in an English Encyclopædia arrives at the conclusion that the blind are more inclined to be sceptical, especially upon religious subjects, because of their inability to appreciate that common and rather unsatisfactory argument in favor of Deity drawn from the external world. He refers to Sanderson as an illustration; but the infidelity of that great man is to be ascribed to the fact that his whole life was devoted to the investigation of the physical sciences. His want of sight in all probability

had nothing to do with his want of faith. We may here remark that there are many arguments which prove the existence of God, his moral government, and so forth, which are far more convincing than the one to which we have referred, and which the blind can appreciate as well as other men.

A French writer, speaking of blindness and its effects upon the moral development, says that the blind are usually found destitute of the sentiment of gratitude, or possess it in a very limited degree. He says, also, that they are for the most part insensible to the sense of shame. He cites us one instance only, in proof of this. We also often hear it said that the sympathies of the blind are not as strong as in other men, that they are more selfish, and so forth. Now all these charges we deny in toto. We think that we can prove to the satisfaction of every unbiased mind, that, so far as blindness exerts an influence upon the moral constitution, it is beneficent. That the blind have their thoughts more generally concentrated on themselves, we do not mean to deny. That the element of selfishness, that so degrades our common nature, is as active in them as in most other men, is equally true; but it by no means follows as a necessary consequence, what some would have us believe, that the blind are incapable of those elevating and exalting sentiments which, more than any other attributes of our nature, seem to ally us to our Creator. The fact is, that the blind usually exhibit an uncommon degree of tenderness and sympathy for the sufferings of others, demonstrating the truth of that often repeated adage, that "they only can feel for another's sufferings who have themselves suffered." This is often exhibited when any number of them are brought together, as in institutions for education; if one

of them is sick, the others will administer to his wants, and strive by all the means in their power to alleviate his pain and to restore him to health. If a death occur, there is a deeper grief, a more profound sorrow felt, than is usual among the same number of seeing persons.

The blind need not the shroud and the coffin, the pall and the hearse, to remind them that they have lost a friend. The voice that once gladdened their hearts is mute; they hear no more the familiar step, nor feel the grasp of the friendly hand; and if they shed not a tear, it is because tears but poorly express the silent grief of the afflicted heart.

As to the want of gratitude which it is said the blind exhibit, we wish those who make this charge could have had the opportunity of witnessing the almost extravagant thankfulness which the blind manifested, when they for the first time had placed in their hands copies of the New Testament, printed in raised characters, which they could read with their fingers. We wish they could have heard, as we did, the spontaneous and heartfelt expressions of gratitude for this greatest of boons, which had been too long withheld; and I am sure they would not for a moment doubt but that the blind are, to say the least, as deeply sensible of the favors they receive, as any other class of mankind.

It may sometimes happen that a slight benefit is conferred upon a blind person, which does not excite that deep sense of obligation which was anticipated by the donor. It may be that, in individual cases, the blind have sometimes exhibited the want of a proper degree of sensibility which the beneficence of others ought always to awaken; but it does not therefore follow that the blind as a class are destitute of the noble sentiment of gratitude, any more than the fact that a blind man

is sometimes known to be guilty of a crime, proves that, as a class, they are predisposed to vice. The charge which we are considering, argues great ignorance in those by whom it is made. They select an isolated case, and, without taking into consideration any modifying circumstances, form their conclusions of the character of the whole class to which he belongs; thus because Sanderson was an infidel, it is inferred that the blind are all inclined to scepticism; by the same method of reasoning it might be proved that they are all mathematicians. We hazard nothing in saying that in a majority of the blind the sentiments of benevolence, veneration, hope, conscientiousness, &c., are much more strongly developed than in the average of mankind, and that what are usually called the social feelings are in them much more active, we think will not be denied.

The religious sentiment, as it is denominated, is in most men the last in the order of development. In blind persons, the rule is not unfrequently reversed. It is true, to the blind man the material world furnishes but little which is calculated to impress him with the power and the goodness of the great Architect. He sees not the trees, the shrubs and the flowers, with which the earth is adorned; he cannot behold the effects of the ever-varying seasons; and it is not therefore strange that he does not so fully appreciate the great lessons they teach. But there is a world within, transcending in beauty, sublimity and magnificence the world without. The blind man turns inward his gaze, and there reads the instructive and solemn lessons which the awful monitor of God is perpetually inculcating. There is, in the ever-growing intellect, in the ever-expanding affections of the heart, and in those

minute, delicate, and ever-varying shades of thought to which they give rise, far more to impress the contemplative mind with the wisdom, goodness, and glory of God, than the material world with its multiplied objects of beauty can ever afford. There is, besides, in the very circumstances in which the blind man is placed, in that very dependence incidental to one in his situation, that which is calculated to awaken faith and to inspire confidence in the Supreme Being. What is it that enables him to thread the streets of our largest cities, or to traverse at will a whole extent of country, unaided and alone? You answer, perhaps, that he relies upon the aid which his other senses afford him; and this, to a certain extent, is true; but there is an influence greater than that which the senses confer; it is a belief in that unseen hand that ever guides and protects him. It is the consciousness of the perpetual presence of one that, "like a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night," guides him along his darkened pathway.

From the preceding remarks it will be seen that we are far from agreeing with those who suppose that the deprivation of any of the organs of the senses must of necessity exert an unfavorable influence upon the development of the moral and religious sentiments. We are, on the contrary, of the opinion that, so far as blindness is concerned, the revèrse is more frequently true. We think it would not be difficult to show that the material world exerts a positively pernicious influence upon the intellectual and moral development of the majority of mankind. Sight is indeed necessary for nearly all the practical purposes of life; but that the blind enjoy greater opportunities for the cultivation of their SPIRITUAL NATURE, in consequence of their exemption from the

contaminating influence of the material objects by which they are surrounded, cannot, I think, be denied. It must be borne in mind, that our observations on the effects of blindness are only applicable to the blind generally; that there are many exceptions, we do not deny.

It is, I think, apparent, that when any one of the organs of the senses is diseased or destroyed, its effects must be much more considerable and deleterious upon the INTELLECTUAL than the moral nature, and for the simple reason that the former is much more dependent on the senses for its development than the latter.

The influence which blindness exerts in modifying and retarding the development of the intellect is, without doubt, considerable, though by no means as great as is sometimes represented. The perceptive powers, as they are denominated by the phrenologist, are those which, in the mind of the blind man, are least active. Individuality, for instance, or the power by which we are able to distinguish different objects around us, is almost entirely dependent on the eye for its cultivation. The same is also true, though not to so great an extent, of form, size, &c. The reflective faculties are less dependent on sight, and accordingly we find them the most active in blind persons. Nicholas Sanderson and Dr. Henry Moyes, distinguished blind men of the last century, whose attainments in the abstract sciences, and in the Newtonian philosophy, astonished the world, must have had causality, comparison, eventuality, &c., largely developed.

The surprising extent to which some blind persons have cultivated memory is a matter of notoriety. This power is by no means the most important with which we are endowed, but that course of training best fitted

to call it forth, is that which is most eminently calculated to promote the exercise of most of the higher faculties. Unattracted by surrounding objects, the blind man early cultivates the power of concentration, by which he is enabled to fix his mind at once upon any given subject, or to marshal all his powers for the solution of an intricate problem. It is this, together with his astonishing memory, that enables him to overcome, in the pursuit of knowledge, those mighty disadvantages to which the want of sight subjects him, so as to compete with, and sometimes even to surpass, his more fortunate fellows.* In concluding this part of our subject, we would merely observe, that, for the most part, the unfavorable effect which blindness exerts upon the development of the mental powers, can in a great measure be overcome by energy and perseverance.

Deprivation of sight is a PHYSICAL calamity, and its most appalling effects are, after all, essentially physical in their nature. It is not in the hours of study and contemplation that the blind man feels most keenly a sense of his misfortune, but it is when he goes forth into the world, and attempts to perform his part in the every-day duties of life, that he is made sensible of the great disparity that must ever exist between him and the rest of mankind. In the performance of almost all the duties growing out of the relation he sustains to those around him, the blind man is compelled to contend with obstacles, many of which he can never hope to overcome. Doomed to feel his way at every step, exposed to dangers he has no means of avoiding, liable almost every moment of his

* A graduate of the Parisian Institution for the Education of the Blind, came forward in a public controversy for the mathematical prizes at Paris, and, after carrying them all off, was named for the Professor of Mathematics in the University of Angiers.

existence to accidents which may render him even more dependent, his situation is truly pitiable. Shrouded, from the cradle to the grave, in midnight darkness; unconscious of the existence of aught in the material world but that with which he is brought in immediate contact, and which is within the limited range of his other senses; never participating in the deep delight imparted by the contemplation of all animated nature; and, for the most part, consigned to ignorance and degradation,—to poverty, with its thousand woes;—such has been, and such is still, to a very great extent, the fate of the blind man. In all the avocations of life, he finds himself unable to compete with his more favored fellow-men. In human society, where sight seems requisite to supply every want, he is an anomaly; and then, think too of that crushing sense of dependence to which he is subjected,—that utter incapacity to supply his physical wants,—and then say, if you can, if there be in the wide world one who needs more the protection of Heaven, and the sympathy of his race, than the ill-fated blind man. The fact that he is able to study mathematics and the physical sciences, intellectual and moral philosophy, &c., affords, without doubt, great alleviation to a condition which would otherwise be insupportable. There would be but little to lament in the life of a blind man, if there were no other effects of his misfortune than those exhibited in the comparatively trifling influence it exerts in modifying the development of his intellectual faculties and moral sentiments; for the effect produced upon the mind by the deprivation of any of the senses is at most but partial, controlling only some one of its functions, often stimulating the higher faculties to greater exertions, and thus, as it were, correcting the evil it creates.

The evil attendant on blindness is objective, if we may be allowed the expression. It comes from the peculiar constitution of the world without. It is the darkness in which he is shrouded;—it is the want of that sunlight which can alone reveal to him the dangers by which he is surrounded;—it is the destitution of a requisite power to contend successfully against the obstacles which everywhere present themselves in this world of change and selfishness, that constitutes the misery of the blind man's existence.

To remove these obstacles as much as possible,—to afford him a more equal chance in the great struggle of life, should be the aim, as it is, without doubt, the interest, of society. Much has already been accomplished. The blessings of a good education have been extended to those who, a few years ago, were thought to be placed, by their misfortune, beyond its reach. The light of knowledge has at length illumined the home of the blind man. The most appalling calamity to which a human being can ever be subjected has yielded to the untiring and indefatigable efforts of the humane and benevolent. May we not indulge the hope that yet more will be accomplished?

True philanthropy never tires. The ingenuity which has devised methods of teaching the blind man to read, will yet succeed, we trust, in discovering some way by which, with his own exertions, and without the aid of others, he will be able to place himself on an equality with those around him, and contribute his share to the various and ever-changing wants of society. Then indeed will be realized that beautiful prophecy of sacred writ: "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and

crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

We trust that in the few necessarily brief remarks we have made upon the effects of blindness, we shall not be misunderstood. We have spoken of those only that have attracted the most general attention, and that seem to us legitimate and unavoidable. We are aware that there are others that have been made the subject of animadversion by those who have investigated this subject. The peevishness, irritability, and fretfulness of some blind persons, is supposed to be the natural and unavoidable results of their misfortune. We apprehend, however, that more mature reflection will be sufficient to satisfy the most prejudiced that these unamiable traits are but the effects of that misplaced and excessive indulgence which it is so common to bestow on the blind, especially in early life. The same inevitable results will follow when seeing persons are subjected to the like treatment. The morbid sensibility to the opinions of others, which the blind so often evince, is by no means the natural consequence of their peculiar misfortune. It is one of the characteristics of all those who, like the blind, are doomed from early infancy to a system calculated to impress them with a sense of their inferiority and dependence on those around them. In short, all those peculiarities commonly regarded as the effects of blindness upon the moral constitution, are mainly chargeable to a defective, or rather a total want of a proper education, at that period of existence when the mind is most susceptible to impressions from without.

There is a common, and what we cannot help regarding an erroneous, idea entertained respecting the blind, about which we would offer a remark or two.

We sometimes hear it said, that he who has never seen cannot possibly appreciate the loss he has sustained. If this assertion be true, then he has sustained no loss whatever. We cannot but think this a cunning contrivance of those who do not wish to be considered as wanting in sympathy for the sufferings of others. We would do no one injustice; we have often heard this opinion advanced by those whose kindness of heart could not be questioned; but, at the same time, it cannot be denied that there are those who make use of it to cover an ill-disguised heartlessness. There is scarcely a moment in a blind man's existence, in which he is not reminded of the advantages which sight confers. In the very act of moving from one place to another, and in the labor required in the most common avocations of life, he is made to feel, and sometimes keenly too, the nature of the calamity to which he is subjected; but it will be said, admitting that he can fully estimate the disadvantages with which he has to contend in performing all the ordinary duties of life, he is still unable to appreciate the many pleasures derived from nature, and which those who have sight can alone enjoy. As we have never known those pleasures, we may be thought poorly calculated to decide the question. We would, however, suggest the possibility that the blind man may, by the aid of his imagination in endeavoring to conceive of the advantages of vision, sometimes overrate them.

He often hears those around him speak of the effect of a sunset, of the appearance of a rainbow, or of the beauty of a landscape. The ideas which he obtains may not be the same as those imparted to the mind through the medium of the eye; they probably are not; still, we are inclined to believe, that if we had any means by

which we could compare his conceptions of external nature and its varied phenomena, that they might equal, and sometimes surpass, in vividness and grandeur, those received through the medium of sight. There is a very intimate and inexplicable connection between our thoughts and the objects in the external world by which they are excited, and which impart either pleasurable or painful emotions. Now, may it not be (we mention it merely as a suggestion) that the blind man, by means of an association of ideas, the result of some laws of mind or processes of thought not yet fully understood, may succeed in obtaining, to say the least, some conception of form, color, beauty, and the other attributes of matter? We know that there is an analogy between the impressions made upon the mind through the different senses.

The effect of light upon the optic nerve is probably the same as that produced by sound upon the auditory nerve. If this be true, then is the question, Has the blind man an idea of colors? no longer problematical.

These remarks may seem crude and imperfect, but the subject is, after all, one of mere speculation. We have been anxious, however, to express our views, and we have done so. If what we have written has thrown any light upon the effects of a deprivation to which so many of our race are subjected, our purpose is accomplished.

HENRY MORTON:

OR, THE LIFE OF A BLIND MAN.

CHAPTER I.

Oh! world, how strange thy lots are given,
Life's aim how rarely understood!

THERE is something altogether unaccountable in almost every circumstance of our lives. The events which transpire from day to day, are, to the limited comprehension of man, but a succession of mysteries. So that life, no matter how active, seems but a mere dream. How altogether unaccountable are the changes and vicissitudes to which we are subjected, as we move on in our prescribed paths, from the cradle to the grave;—and how constantly we are guided by that Unseen Hand which shapes all our destinies, "rough-hew them as we may."

It has in all ages been the aim of the highest and noblest philosophy, to explain the nature of man, his complicated relations to his kind, and to his Creator, and to solve the great problem of life; but thus far it has only succeeded in rendering more profound the dark labyrinths in which we are shrouded. So that the wisest of us can only say, *we know that we don't know.*

We need but behold the imposing grandeur that everywhere presents itself in the material universe, to be overwhelmed with the vastness and incomprehensibleness of that stupendous design, of which we are but a part. The great lesson of life, however, can

never be *thoroughly* learned, until we are able to see the significance of every event, however trivial in itself.

It would naturally be supposed that there could not be much in the life of a blind man to give interest to a story, or to point a moral, and this would be true, if our life was all *outward* in its manifestations; but as it happens that in the present state of existence what we *do* is but an *imperfect* expression of what we *think* and *feel*, and that our *actions* (no matter how broad the theatre in which they display themselves) *can, at best*, but very imperfectly express the *thoughts* that originated them; therefore, if we *would learn* the great idea which every one is commissioned to express, — if we would read the great message written by the finger of God in the pulsations of every human heart, we must cast *inwardly* our gaze, and forgetting all *else*, devote our energies to the deciphering of those mystic hieroglyphics, which can alone reveal the purpose of our being.

It was my good fortune, many years ago, to become acquainted with one who, like myself, had from early infancy been deprived of the inestimable blessing of sight. As there was but little in the *outward* world which could interest us, the time we spent in each other's society was occupied in a mutual interchange of thought and feeling; — in communicating to each other our experience, and in the enjoyment of those higher pleasures that flow from the exercise of the intellect and the moral sentiments. We unbosomed ourselves to each other without that reserve which too often marks the intercourse of those who are bound together only by the common ties of sympathy and interest.

Now that the grave has closed over my friend, and his

pure spirit has gone to that world of which when here he could only dream, I may be permitted to relate some of the incidents of his earthly pilgrimage, and express as best I may, through the imperfect medium of language, the experience of a noble mind trained in the severe school of adversity.

CHAPTER II.

Light to thy path, bright creature! I would charm
Thy being, if I could, that it should be
Even as now thou dreamest, and flow on,
Thus innocent and beautiful, to heaven.

WILLIS.

IT was midnight, but in one of the apartments of the mansion of Mrs. Morton a light was still burning, and one of earth's fairest angels, prompted by affection that never slumbers, was watching with deep solicitude an infant boy. To have seen that mother's face, naturally beautiful when adorned in its accustomed smiles, but now made more deeply interesting by the expression of intense anxiety it wore, it would not have been difficult to divine the sorrow that like a dark cloud lay heavily upon her heart. A few hours before it had been communicated to her that, after careful examination by an eminent oculist, it was decided that her child would never more return her fond glance, or look as he was wont upon his mother's face. In short, that the disease with which he had been afflicted had deprived him forever of the use of his eyes, and that though he might again recover his health, it would be only to grope his way through the world in darkness. There, in silent agony, stood the mother by the bedside of her child, with her arms folded upon her bosom, her eyes bathed

in tears, and fixed, with an intensity of grief that words can but poorly express, upon the lovely form of her infant boy, as he lay wrapped in sleep, all unconscious of the misfortune which had determined his destiny, and which had shrouded with sorrow the heart of his fond mother. Long and earnestly did that afflicted mother pray to God that the spirit of her child might be taken back to heaven ere it should be corrupted by the noxious atmosphere of earth, or compelled to feel the evils incidental to a calamity that no love, however devoted, could alleviate. Possessing that far-reaching sight which is the peculiar gift of pure hearts, she had surveyed the dark and troubled pathway which her child must traverse, if he should be permitted to live; and she could but pray that the angels who guarded his pillow might bear his spirit to the bosom of his Father in heaven. But his destiny upon earth was appointed. There was in the distant future an experience which he alone could meet; for the rich pearls that lie concealed in his heart must needs be burnished and brightened by sorrow.

Morning came! but to the mansion of Mr. Morton it brought no joy. The rays of the sunlight but made more visible to its hapless inmates the terrible visitation which to them seemed worse than death; but the human heart soon familiarizes itself with sorrow, and when sanctified by religion, it can look beyond the dark cloud, to the serene and beautiful sky beyond.

Day after day Mrs. Morton looked upon her boy, and observed the healthful glow returning to his cheek; she was delighted to find that he had lost none of that sprightliness and vivacity peculiar to his age, and with that fond affection which a mother alone can feel, she strove by all the means in her power to prevent him

from becoming saddened by a consciousness of the deprivation to which he was subjected.

A few words seem necessary, to make the reader better acquainted with those of whom we shall speak, and with whom the history of our hero is identified. Mr. Morton, at the time our story commences, was a distinguished lawyer; he had for several years been settled in the large town of P——, where he had acquired an extensive practice. Three years previously, he had connected himself in marriage to a wealthy and influential family, and, in the language of the world, bid fair to do well. The only event which occurred to mar his happiness for the first five years of his married life, was that to which we have already referred. Mr. Morton was what is usually denominated a matter-of-fact man. He looked upon every event of life with the eye of a philosopher. When, therefore, his only child, not yet two years old, was attacked with an inveterate and a malignant disease that deprived him of sight, he regarded it as one of those unavoidable occurrences for which there was no remedy but submission. Still, it was a great disappointment to the *father*, for he saw, as he thought, his son thus cut off forever from the sphere of activity and usefulness, and consigned to a life of ignorance and of wretchedness; but accustomed as he was to contemplate misery as it presents itself in all its thousand forms in the world at large, and with which the duties of his profession brought him into daily contact, it did not make so deep an impression upon him, as on the more tender and susceptible mind of Mrs. Morton.

There is something in the quiet beauty of a child's face that is irresistibly attractive, for it reveals to the eye the workings of an uncorrupted soul. It has often

seemed to me that if I could be permitted to look for a moment into the face of my own sweet child, and see the beauty that beams from those innocent eyes, and the smile that plays upon her tremulous lips, — tremulous with the heart's deep joy, — I could consent, without a murmur, to have the world, if it were possible, veiled in double darkness for the rest of my existence. It is, I suppose, a fact, that the countenance owes much of its beauty to the expression of the eyes; but when they have become darkened by misfortune, affection can still read in the lineaments of the face, and in the brow's expansion, the workings of a soul struggling to manifest itself.

Thus did Mrs. Morton contemplate the features of her child, to read there the manifestations of his growing mind. And if she involuntarily sighed as she looked on "those orbs by dim suffusion veiled," she was rejoiced to find, both by his looks and his actions, that he might be enabled in after life to rise superior to the difficulties with which the path of the blind is beset.

CHAPTER III.

"The day was bright and beautiful,
The boys to play were gone,
Save one, who sat beside the door
Dejected and alone.

"And as the tone of merry sport
Came faintly to his ear,
He sighed! and from his swollen lids,
He brushed the falling tear."

We pass over the early childhood of Henry Morton, with the remark that for the first eight years of his life he basked in the sunshine of parental affection. All

that a parent's love, heightened by his misfortune, could do, was done to promote his happiness. The intuitive love of knowledge which he early manifested was carefully fostered. Much pains were taken to gratify his curiosity, and to explain to him the nature of those things with which he was brought into daily contact by means of his other senses.

When only eight years of age, Henry lost his father, who died in consequence of a severe attack of typhus fever. After this event, Mrs. Morton, compelled by her limited resources, went with her only son to reside with her brother, and she determined to devote herself to the education of her boy.

This excellent woman possessed not only the deep affection which characterizes her sex, but a vigorous intellect, and a sound judgment. She saw that there was a peculiar necessity that her son should receive a thorough education to fit him for usefulness to himself and others. No one was better qualified to discharge this duty than his mother.

The vicissitudes of human life baffle all calculation; we plan, only to see our plans thwarted;—the reality of manhood never equals the dream of youth, and it may be safely said that no one ever realizes *all* that he hopes for. How different is to-day from yesterday! How different will to-morrow be from to-day! What eloquent sermons the accidents of life are perpetually preaching, as we are borne on in the irresistible current from the cradle to the grave! How poor and puny seem our greatest efforts, how utterly inadequate our loftiest aspirations! *All* men leave the world before their work is finished, yet 'tis beautiful to live! and to experience in embryo what we shall one day enjoy in complete fruition.

There is a sweet fragrance in a well-spent day, that blesses whole generations; thrice happy he who can live and die like the flowers! and carry with him to heaven a consciousness that he has loved, and has been beloved. So lived, so died Mrs. Morton. For about three years after her husband's death, she devoted herself with assiduity to the object which lay nearest her heart, the education of Henry; and the progress he made was, considering his circumstances, truly remarkable; but the great lesson which she taught him, as he afterwards remarked to me, was to live a pure life,—to love everything, and despise nothing which God had made. Oh how blessed is that mother who can imprint such a beautiful truth on the heart of her son, and leave behind her such an inestimable legacy!

Poor Henry! he did not long enjoy the kindly instructions of his mother. It was on the anniversary of his eleventh birthday that she called him to her bedside and told him she must soon die. A few days previous, the carriage which was conveying her to the house of a friend was thrown over, and she so severely injured that recovery was impossible. She lingered a few days, and piously devoted that time to preparing the mind of her son for the great loss he was about to sustain. It was evening. The physician had declared it utterly impossible for her to survive until morning. Henry sat at her bedside, pressing her hand in his, and listening intently to the few words she was able to utter. The injury which she had received by the accident referred to was mostly internal, and it was, therefore, with great difficulty that she was able to speak. What she did utter was of heaven, and the angels, and of the time when she should again be united to her husband and her child, never more to be parted. At

length the awful moment came when this pure and gifted being was to take her flight to her home in the skies; and while giving utterance to a brief prayer, in which she invoked the blessing of God on her child, she expired. The angels rejoice when such a spirit returns to heaven, but human hearts weep, for great is the loss.

There were none in the wide world that felt this loss so deeply as did the poor blind orphan boy, as he stood by the open coffin with his hand upon that brow which he had so often kissed, but which was now as cold as marble, conveying to his young heart the first chilling sensation which that darkest mystery of life always produces when first contemplated. When his father died, he felt that there was still one who could assuage his grief, and who would still guide his footsteps by the light of her love; but now *she* too was taken from him, and there were none left to guide him in his darkness; *he* needed not to behold the shroud, the pall, and the hearse, to remind him of the loss he had sustained. The voice which had been to him as the sunlight of existence was silent forever;—its sweet pensive tones would now only gladden his dreams.

The funeral solemnities were over. The last sad rites had been performed, and Henry Morton was alone in his wretchedness. There was nothing to assuage the grief of his heart, but *the deep eloquence of silence.* For weeks after the death of his mother, he might be seen walking alone almost constantly at the place where was entombed the object of his heart's best affections. He brought no flowers, but he watered her grave with the tears that flowed from eyes that seemed given only to weep.

Months passed away, and the heart of Henry Morton

gradually recovered its wonted cheerfulness. Suffering had rendered his temper more serene, and imparted a deeper beauty to his daily life. To those who beheld him, as he sat for hours together pensively musing upon the vicissitudes of life, he appeared to be in a perpetual dream; for though very young, yet he had been accustomed to employ those hours which had been given by others to the sports of childhood, in analyzing his own thoughts. It was to this habit that he attributed his fondness, in after life, for speculative philosophy. His mother, at her death, consigned him to the care of his uncle, with whom they resided. Mr. William Marshall was a merchant, who, having acquired a fair fortune, had retired from business. He had purchased an elegant residence in the vicinity of P——. It was situated on an eminence that overlooked the town, affording a fine view of the Hudson, stretching far in the distance, and bearing, on its quiet bosom, its many floating palaces. Here Mr. Marshall hoped to pass the remaining years of his life in the enjoyment of that elegant leisure which his wealth enabled him to sustain. He was a man of respectable literary talents and some taste. He had purchased a large library, and devoted his hours of retirement to those intellectual pursuits which his devotion to business in the former part of his life had compelled him to neglect.

When his sister became a widow, he invited her to make his house her future home. And at her death he promised to provide for her unfortunate son; how far he was enabled to fulfil this promise, the sequel will show. Deprived of the companionship of the only being who could know his wants, and whose sympathies were alone adequate to supply them, Henry Morton spent nearly two years after his mother's death, in a state of

comparative inactivity. Occasionally he found a friend who would read to him a pleasant story, or the biography of some great man; but for the most part his time was spent sitting by the door-side, or beneath some shady tree that protected him from the heat of that sun whose light he could not see, wondering at the strange fatality which prevented him from sharing the plays and sports which rendered other children of his age so happy and joyous. As he thus mused alone, he wept. At length there came glad news to cheer the heart of our hero. What that news was, we will relate in another chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

"We have a lamp within,
That knowledge fain would light,
And pure religion's hand would touch
With beams forever bright.

"Say, shall it rise and share
Such radiance full and free?
And will ye keep the Saviour's charge,
And cause the blind to see?"

About the year 1832, there were institutions established for the education of the blind in Boston, New York, and soon after in Philadelphia.

Mr. Marshall had a friend who had formerly been a partner with him in business, who was then residing in the latter city. Through his influence, Henry Morton was received as a pupil in the institution that had been established there. It was arranged by Mr. Marshall that Henry should board in the family with his friend, and should attend at the institution daily to receive instruction. He possessed an ardent love of knowledge, which, coupled with great energy of character, soon ob-

tained for him high consideration among his fellow-pupils, and his amiable disposition won for him their esteem and love. He studied with diligence and assiduity; and during the three years he remained at the institution, he enjoyed the esteem and friendship of its illustrious benefactor, Professor Freelander. And upon his leaving that establishment, he received a marked proof of that gentleman's regard.

It was the intention of young Morton to enter college, and for this purpose he again returned to his native town; but, to his great disappointment, he found that his uncle, on whose assistance he depended, had lost nearly all his property. Mr. Marshall, like many other wealthy gentlemen of that day, became deeply involved in the land speculations, which, together with the failure of a bank in which he was extensively concerned, deprived him of nearly all his hard-earned wealth, and compelled him to dispose of his elegant mansion to meet his liabilities, and to establish his family in a situation which would enable him to live within his limited resources. He therefore informed his nephew that he must henceforth be the arbiter of his own fortune. Thus unexpectedly was Henry, at the age of sixteen, with nothing to depend on but a clear head and a sound heart, thrown upon a world where the chances were nearly all against him. Determined not to relinquish the idea of obtaining a liberal education, he wrote to several wealthy persons whose acquaintance he had made during a residence in Philadelphia; but they declined, delicately, of course, to afford him any assistance. Professor Freelander, though confined by a fit of sickness, from which he never recovered, wrote to him an encouraging letter, advising him to collect together the different articles he had written while at school, and publish them in book

form, the avails of which would enable him to prosecute his plans. Availing himself of this suggestion, he at once proceeded to Philadelphia to carry it into effect. He possessed a lively imagination, and if he could have seen, he would have excelled as a descriptive poet. As it was, he wrote several fine pieces, which, if the descriptions of external imagery were not always perfect, certainly proved that even in the mind of the blind man there was a keen perception of the beautiful, which only needed forms in which it might express itself. His prose composition was characterized with a simplicity and elegance truly astonishing to those not accustomed to consider the rapidity with which a blind man may acquire knowledge on all those subjects of thought that do not require to be illustrated by images drawn from the external world. After considerable difficulty, young Morton succeeded in preparing his manuscript for the press. He found he had materials enough for a small volume of about two hundred and fifty pages, which he entitled "Flowers and Tears."

He presented his manuscript successively to six different publishing-houses before he could find one who would undertake its publication. At length, however, he succeeded in finding a publisher, who agreed to issue the work at his own risk, provided he should be allowed half the receipts for the first edition, and a third part of the profits for every other edition. And this, he assured the author, was extremely liberal. But he consented to it in consideration of his blindness. To support himself until he should realize something from his books, our hero endeavored to obtain a situation as organist in one of the churches.

While at the institution he had made great attainments as a musician, and was a good performer on the

organ and pianoforte. It was his intention, after he should have finished his collegiate course, to devote himself entirely to the cultivation of music. It would, however, be a long time before he could realize enough from his book to pay his expenses, and he thought if he could obtain a situation as organist, he could in this way gain a livelihood. Accordingly, he applied to several of the churches where he thought his services might be needed, but in every instance he was disappointed. From one he received a reply, that they could not understand how a blind man could possibly perform on the organ; from another, that he was too young; and from a third, that he was not a member of that church; and from all, the emphatic No! He next endeavored to obtain pupils to instruct on the pianoforte, and for this purpose inserted in the papers his advertisement, which, as it did not state the fact that he was blind, obtained for him several applications. To secure some of them, who found it difficult to conceive how he could instruct them to finger the instrument, he found it necessary to reduce the price of tuition about one half of the sum usually paid to others, whose only advantage was that *they* had eyes. Let no one assert that we exaggerate; we are only endeavoring to portray the vicissitudes to which many a blind man is daily subjected.

CHAPTER V.

"The man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his principles and trust,
Nor hopes nor fears can bind."

Of the success of Henry Morton as a music teacher, we will only say, that he was scarcely able to defray his expenses. There were those who, without possess-

ing half his ability, succeeded in their ***ad captandum*** appeals to the prejudices of the people, to persuade them that it was utterly impossible for a ***blind man to teach***. The day at length arrived when the book was ready for distribution, and the heart of the poor blind author, too keenly sensitive to the opinions of others, trembled as he thought of the reception it would be likely to meet with from those literary cut-throats called *critics*.

To the great joy of our author, his little volume was favorably received by nearly all the reviewers. They spoke of it as highly commendable as the first effort of a young author, and commended it to all those who would patronize unpretending merit and true genius. Unfortunately, the work made its appearance in January, 1836. At that time, any political treatise, or a Life of General Jackson, was much more likely to find purchasers, as the whole country was agitated by the pending national election. The consequence was that there were but few who cared to read a work so unpretending as "Flowers and Tears." It, therefore, remained for months on the shelf of the bookseller unsold. Disappointed and despairing of ever being able to accomplish his object of obtaining a collegiate education, Morton, had he possessed a less ardent mind, would have sunk under the difficulties with which, at this time, he had to contend; but being fortunately endowed with a large share of that faculty which phrenologists denominate *firmness*, he was determined that if he could not obtain a finished education, he would at least support himself by his own exertions; he accordingly resolved that he would travel through the United States, and endeavor to dispose of his book. A few weeks only were spent in the city of Philadelphia in going from house to house,

and in offering with diffidence his book to all those to whom he could obtain access.

There were few who looked on his sunken eyes, that did not purchase, and he soon had the satisfaction of disposing of between two and three hundred copies. He next visited the great metropolis of the western world, New York city. And there, day after day, he might be seen, with a boy to guide him, going from house to house, now disposing of a book, and now receiving a cold denial. Sometimes, a purchaser, turning over the leaves, would remark that this or that piece was beautiful, and then the countenance of the blind author would beam with satisfaction. Others there were who had the heartlessness to remark, that, though they purchased the book, they decidedly disapproved of the method he had chosen to gain a livelihood, and hinted that there had been places established for such persons, at the expense of the state.

These, it is true, were exceptions. The instinctive sympathy of the human heart, which the misery everywhere to be seen in a large city cannot entirely blunt, usually obtained for Henry a favorable reception wherever he presented himself. Sometimes he was politely invited to enter the house and rest, and then the gentle voices of those who were prepossessed in his favor by his unpretending manners, as well as by the sympathy awakened by his misfortunes, would speak encouraging words. None but those who have been placed in his situation, can form any adequate conception of the effect which a kind word often has upon the heart of the unfortunate. It was in this way that he contrived to dispose, in a few months, of the greater portion of the first edition of his work, the profits of

which were nearly all engrossed by the liberal publisher.

Another edition was soon issued from the press, on more advantageous terms than was at first proposed. He disposed of this in the same manner. In this way, he contrived, not only to maintain himself, but to obtain means to employ an amanuensis both to read and to write for him; and he actually contrived, while travelling in different parts of the country, to attend to his intellectual pursuits, as well as to note in his journal the varied incidents of his precarious life. And it would be interesting, were we permitted to give his observations upon men and things, to mark with what nice discrimination he was enabled to distinguish the characters of men by their address and by the tones of their voices. And it is probable that his conceptions were usually as correct as if he had been permitted to behold the human countenance.

It was his custom, on visiting a new place, to examine all the objects of general interest. He could form, for instance, a pretty fair idea of the architecture of a building, by an examination of its different parts with his hands; and when this was impossible, by availing himself of the description of others. Thus he was enabled to obtain quite as correct an idea of different objects in the material world, as many a seeing person who is satisfied with stupidly gazing upon them. In this way did our hero spend his life, until he had reached his twentieth year. He was in the habit of making an annual visit to his native town; for in all the vicissitudes to which he had been subjected, he still retained in his heart the memory of those early days, when, blessed by a mother's love, he dreamed of naught but sunshine and gladness.

CHAPTER VI.

Hast thou one heart that loves thee
In this dark world of care,
Whose gentle smiles approve thee? —
Yield not to dark despair.

HAVING spoken in the preceding chapters of some of the external circumstances in the life of Henry Morton, it is now necessary to consider their effect in modifying and changing the views and impressions of childhood.

It is a sufficient proof that the state of society in which we live is lamentably imperfect, and the education we receive is altogether inadequate to accomplish its high purpose, that the pure faith of our childhood, which seems to connect us with nature and with God, is clouded and dissipated at the very moment when we most need its influence. We hear much of the power of experience in developing the mighty energies of the human soul. We are told that man must pass through the fiery ordeal of life, to fit him for heaven. Much is said of manly heroic virtue, brought into exercise by terrible temptations; but for our own part, we had much rather have retained the innocence of our childhood through life, than to be marred and scarred with the withering, blighting influence of sin. And may we not indulge the hope, that the day will come, when he who shall carry the simple trust and beautiful confidence of an innocent heart with him into the busy world, shall not be regarded with derision and contempt? We are too apt to regard life *only* in its *external* aspect, to consider the actions, rather than the thoughts, as constituting by far the most important part of a man's history; yet many a one, whose simple story would not be thought sufficiently interesting to be

written by the veriest scribbler, and whose entire earthly existence has been passed in the limited circle of a small town, may yet be conscious of an inward life, far more rich and varied with thought, than he whose range of observation may have encompassed the entire globe. He whom we look upon in the street with an averted eye, whom the rich and proud despise, and no one cares for, — the poor mendicant, — may yet cherish within the hidden recesses of his soul the germs of a purer love and a higher faith, than he who, with all those advantages which wealth and education confer, lives but the votary of pleasure and the victim of passion.

The only *real*, the only *actual*, the only permanent, is the immaterial, the ideal. Matter is continually changing; but a great thought once uttered, can never die. The objective is only worthy of our attention in so far as it is a manifestation of the subjective.

It is now time to return to the blind adventurer. We have frequently spoken of him as a hero, but not in the sense in which that term is usually employed; but because he carried with him for a period of twenty years the blessed consciousness of the divine within; because on entering manhood his heart still retained in all its primitive loveliness that purity and innocence which had been so carefully fostered at the dawn of his being. Perhaps he was indebted to his greatest apparent misfortune for that remarkable preservation from the contaminating influence of the world.

He felt, at this period of his existence, a yearning for the sympathy of a kindred soul, for one whose aspirations, mingling with his, should ascend together to the Infinite. It was the pleadings of the gentle angel within him, and her pleadings could not be resisted. Long and patiently had she struggled, and now, if her

pleadings were resisted, the darkness within would be even more profound than the darkness without. A mysterious hand, though ever unseen, marks with unerring certainty the destiny of men. Blessed is he who, conscious of this truth, yields at once to its guidance.

It often happens that much of what is called good luck in life, is but the result of an apparently trivial event; at least so thought Henry Morton, as he sat one evening in his room alone, reflecting on the events of the day. That day had been to him the most important of all the days of his life. It is quite certain he must have had some presentiment of it, judging from the manner in which he soliloquized: "Can it be that the souls of the good, after returning to heaven, again reäppear on the earth, to inhabit another body, and to live over another existence? She seemed so like my mother! The same rich, sweet tones that lulled me to sleep in my infancy. Oh! how I wish I could see her face; then could I in truth say, my happiness is complete. What could have made her so kind to me? There was such a deep tenderness in her voice as she read; it seemed like the warbling of the birds, or the soft melodious strains of an Æolian harp. Could it have been mere sympathy that prompted these acts of kindness? Was it the wondrous pity of woman's heart, called forth by my misfortunes?"

As he spoke these last words, his countenance assumed an expression of deep sadness, for a dark cloud passed over the disc of his soul; but it was momentary. The sunlight within soon dissipated the gloom, and made his countenance yet more radiant with joy, and he repeated with emphasis, "*No! no!* It is love!"

During the time in which our hero was occupied in

disposing of his books, in different parts of the country, he had formed an acquaintance with many persons, who, attracted by his peculiar condition, had manifested for him some degree of interest. Such acquaintances were of course transient. In his deep and permanent friendship, there were few that shared. Though possessing remarkable conversational powers, and endowed with the rare gift of expressing his thoughts with ease and elegance, yet he was usually retiring in his habits of life, preferring the communion of his own thoughts to that vague and unsatisfactory social intercourse, that one of our poets has described as "a babbling summer stream."

It was to one of those common occurrences of life, that he was indebted for the acquaintance and for the ultimately lasting regard of one of those few men, whom once to know is never to forget. We say *common* occurrences of life; but to the clear eye of an unclouded mind, there is nothing common, nothing but that has a deep significance.

Late one day, as Henry Morton was returning from the public library, he was accosted by a poor beggar, who solicited alms, and related the usual story of misery and want. In the effort to take from his pocket some loose change, he dropped one of his books. A gentleman who happened to be passing, took the book from the ground and placed it in the hand of the owner. In the act of doing so, he perceived that he was blind. Prompted by mingled feelings of pity and curiosity, he addressed him. As they were both going in the same direction, a very pleasant conversation ensued, which resulted in a promise, on the part of our adventurer, that he would call the next day at the house of the gentleman.

The next day, agreeably to promise, he called on his new acquaintance, and was introduced to his family.

CHAPTER VII.

"Hail, holy love! fullest when
Most thou givest."

Col. Williams, for this was the name of the gentleman spoken of in the preceding chapter, was a kind-hearted, generous man, who was actively engaged in all the philanthropic movements of the day, and he had been particularly interested in the efforts which had been made to establish an institution for the education of the blind in his native city. He possessed a large fortune, which he inherited from his father, and deservedly enjoying the confidence of his fellow-citizens, he had received from them marked proofs of their regard. And at the time he was introduced to the reader, he represented them in the Congress of the United States. In Henry Morton he at once took a deep and lively interest.

After listening to his simple story, discovering his many rare talents, and commiserating his lonely situation, he determined to render him some assistance. He introduced him to his large circle of friends, and employed him to instruct his only daughter in music.

It may well be supposed that, beginning for the first time to occupy something like a social position in the world, the views and feelings of Henry Morton must undergo a considerable modification, and to some extent they certainly did. But he preserved to the last an uncontaminated heart. He adhered with fidelity and truthfulness to "the dream of his youth;" and never,

amid the new relations of life to which he had been introduced by Col. Williams, did he for a moment forget the beautiful lesson which had been taught him by his mother, — "Love everything, and despise nothing which God hath made." He became a constant visitor at the house of his generous friend, and in the society of Mrs. Williams and his fair pupil many a blithesome hour sped all unconsciously away.

Clara Williams was perhaps the only being on earth fully capable of appreciating our hero; possessing a delicate and sensitive nature, she could admire those peculiarities in him, which others regarded as childish and weak; his unembarrassed manner, his freedom from all affectation, his playfulness and good-humor, could alone be fully understood by one who, like himself, had preserved in her bosom a love for the simple and the truthful. By the light of their intuitions, they perceived that their idiosyncrasy was the same; as they became acquainted with each other, their spirits seemed to blend, until it might be almost said that they were one being, possessing one consciousness.

The power of perceiving spiritual affinities is a gift which Heaven has conferred upon pure hearts alone. The fire of passion, it is true, is often mistaken for the light of the spirit, and the demon that curses, for the angel that blesses; but never until the heaven within has become darkened and clouded by sin. As Henry returned home from his frequent visits at the house of Col. Williams, he often gave utterance to his feelings in soliloquies, to one of which we have already listened; for he had found there the only being that could reflect his soul, and read his every thought. Music was the only language that could adequately express their bliss. Unmingled was their enjoyment with aught of sensu-

ality. They loved, but it was not with that consuming passion enkindled by the high-wrought pages of romance. It was the pure sentiment that inspired them at their birth, and which they had preserved to adorn their life. Yes, they loved! As angels love, they sought no secluded bower where they might reveal it to each other. It shone forth in their daily life, filling their homes with peace.

At length it began to be whispered about in the circle of Col. Williams' acquaintance that his daughter was about to become the bride of his blind protege. It produced for a time what is called a sensation. Many wondered that the colonel should give his daughter to one who could never behold her beauty. But the day came, the rite was solemnized, and those that Heaven had united from the beginning, were man and wife. Over such a union the angels held jubilee in heaven.

Cheered by each other's voices, and blessed by each other's love, the hours of their existence glided away calm and peaceful as the birds. The colonel and his lady were the delighted spectators of their innocent lives. They participated with them in all their recreations. Part of the day was usually spent in reading the works of Plato, for they delighted to converse on the topics suggested by that work, in which Plato describes the last hours of his illustrious master, and the conversation which he held with his afflicted disciples.

Henry would frequently repeat passages from Jean Paul, and tell Clara how often his loneliness had been cheered by the beautiful thoughts they suggested. She, on her part, would read to him portions from the Gospel of St. John, whose blessed words first awakened in her soul the consciousness of a higher life. Thus would they converse of philosophy and religion, lifting their

souls from earth to heaven, for the circle of their existence here would soon be completed, was whispered to them by the angels in their dreams.

CHAPTER VIII.

And then I think of those who in their youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid them when the forest cast their leaf,
And we wept that those so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that they, like those young friends of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

BRYANT.

To most persons the idea of death seems to shroud the soul in gloom, and hence the grief that is often experienced when those we have loved are taken from our midst. But if we regarded death as we should,—as in fact but the beginning of a higher life,—we should rejoice when any of our friends enter upon it, and garlands of flowers would take the place of the shroud and the pall. This is the view inculcated by our holy religion, that the portal of the grave is the entrance to the spirit world. The tears we shed over the death-bed of the loved ones should testify our joy that their work is done,—that their earthly mission is completed, and that they are now to return to the bosom of their Father in heaven. Two years of happiness, such as seldom falls to the lot of mortals, had passed away, when a change came; not to mar, but to render more complete, the union that existed between Henry and Clara. It is possible that the wildest fancy may become a living reality. There is nothing that we can really conceive of but is susceptible of actualization. The reason why the average of mankind are unable to discern the future, is because their imagination becomes corrupted by their gross con-

ceptions of material things. To the pure spirits of the gifted beings whose life we are now contemplating, the veil that hides the future from common eyes seemed at times to be removed. There were moments when they were permitted to gaze on the splendor of the celestial world, and to read the bright scroll, whereon is written, with seraph fingers, the destiny of the race.

They now began to feel conscious that their part of the great problem of earthly existence was well nigh solved, and that the time was fast approaching when the messengers of God would conduct them to their home beyond the stars. One day, as Clara sat reading to Henry in Milton's "Paradise Lost," two beautiful doves flew in at the open window near to where they were sitting, and after remaining there a moment, they flew out again, and disappeared. "Oh! Henry," said Clara, "how forcibly do these beautiful doves remind me of my dream!" Henry requested her to relate it, and she commenced as follows:

"Yesterday, when father was reading to you and mother, I went into the library, that I might examine more attentively than I had been able to do before, the beautiful painting which has been presented to father. It is the representation of a mother and her two children. The one is a boy, and the other a girl; the former has a sword by his side, and the latter a bunch of flowers in her hand. The face of the mother beams with pride and satisfaction as she looks upon them; altogether, it is one of the finest specimens of art I have ever seen. I seated myself on the sofa before it, and examined each figure attentively, for some minutes, when, being fatigued with my morning walk, I fell into a profound sleep. Music, such as I had never heard before, broke on my ear. It seemed as if the an-

gels were celebrating the return of one of earth's prodigals; when suddenly there appeared before me two beings of angelic mien; one of them, a little in advance of the other, held in her hand two beautiful doves, which she placed in my lap, saying, 'The circle of thy existence is well nigh completed.' And then the other angel repeated these words of Christ: 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' Then as suddenly they disappeared, taking with them the doves. The music ceased, and I awoke."

In one short week from the time when Clara Williams related this dream, her friends were assembled around her bed, for she was about to die. There beamed from her countenance an unearthly glory, as she said, addressing Henry, "I know that thou wilt soon follow me." Then looking tenderly upon all, she said, "The messenger will soon be here, and I must go." At this instant, through the open window, which had been raised to admit the balmy air, laden with the perfume of the flowers, two beautiful doves flew in upon the casement, cooed once, and then flew away. A visible change came over the face of Clara; a faint farewell trembled on her lips, and then her spirit took its flight to its home on high. They laid her in the grave, and placed upon her bosom an undeveloped flower, whose spirit had gone with the young mother to the paradise of God.

For a short time after the event which we have just described, Henry moved around amid the scenes which had been consecrated by the presence of his Clara. He became day after day more abstracted. At length he complained of illness; no physician knew the nature of his disease, no medicine could restore him to health. He laid down as if to sleep. It was the sleep of death.

On the side of a gently-sloping hill, beneath the shade of an overhanging willow, are two graves, marked by a white stone, with two beautiful doves exquisitely chiselled on its face, beneath which are the names of Henry and Clara.

A NIGHT IN THE RAILROAD CARS.

I FOUND myself, at the close of one fine summer day, comfortably seated in the cars which were to take sundry other persons with myself, from Albany to Rochester.

I have said the day was fine, and so remarked nearly all my fellow-travellers, as they seated themselves and opened the windows to enjoy the fresh breeze that blew from the river.

I always endeavor to take my place in the car, if I can, before the other passengers, that I may amuse myself by making observations, not with my eyes, but with my ears; for it is in those hurried moments that always occur when the cars are about to leave, that many persons *think* themselves unobserved, and are, therefore, likely to say and do things which in a measure reveal their true character. Thus, as I sat, I could hear in one direction a gentle voice bidding farewell to kind friends, and in another the stentorian tones of a rough adventurer, giving directions concerning his baggage.

Now a fashionable young gentleman stepped gracefully in, taking his seat with as much studied politeness as if he was in a drawing-room; he was soon followed by a timorous old lady, leading two children by the hand, and inquiring of every one, when the cars would go. It was amusing to see the efforts that each passenger made to become acquainted with his neighbor, without transgressing the rules of propriety. "Can you tell what time we shall reach Utica?" said one. "Do

you know the time of day?" asked another. "Will you have this seat by the window?" said a third, addressing a lady.

A gentleman seated immediately in front of me happened to turn round, and perceiving that I was blind, addressed me: "Can you not see at all, sir?" On receiving my reply, he sighed, and said, "It is a great misfortune." By this time, the old lady, who happened to be sitting near us, reached her head over very nearly in the gentleman's face, and in a voice that reminded me very much of a gristmill, exclaimed, "You don't say he is blind?" "He says so, marm," was the cool reply. "Will you be kind enough to ask him if his name is Goodwin?" On being informed that it was not, she said I looked very much like a blind man in her neighborhood, and commenced to give us some account of his history, but was interrupted by the voice of the conductor,—"All aboard! all aboard!" The paper boys ran in all directions, the bell rung, and we were off.

Seated immediately behind me, were two men who seemed to be very well acquainted with each other, engaged in conversation on bank stock, the currency, and kindred subjects; they were evidently very well satisfied with each other, and as I did not care to hear their conversation, I took my seat beside the gentleman in front of me; with him upon one side, and the old lady on the other, I supposed I should be able to while away the evening in a pleasant tête-à-tête. I was first, however, compelled to answer sundry interrogatories, which, if they had all been answered in the spirit in which they were asked, would have made my companions pretty well acquainted with my personal history; but by evasion and indirect answers, I succeeded in sat-

isfying them. Turning to the gentleman, I attempted to engage him in general conversation. We had made a few general remarks upon the western country and its prospects, when I felt the old lady's hand upon my shoulder, and her terrible voice in my ear. "Did you say, sir, that you was a married man?" On being answered affirmatively, she actually arose from her seat in surprise, exclaiming, loud enough to be heard all over the car, "Well, I declare!" Then putting her lips as close to my ear as possible, she said in as soft tones as she was capable of using, "Have you any babies?" On replying "I have one child," she seemed to be entirely overcome with astonishment. "Dear me! well, we really learn something every day! Is it a boy or a girl?"

By this time she had succeeded in drawing the attention of two men who were seated some distance from her, who, prompted by curiosity, came toward her. Fearing that I was getting too great a notoriety, I persuaded the gentleman by my side to take a seat with me in another part of the car; and there we could distinctly hear the old lady relating to those around her every particular which she had succeeded in extracting from me. She had not a single tooth in her head, which made her voice sound very singularly; beside this, her forms of expression were certainly very peculiar; so that, in relating the few facts which she had been able to gather, she made them appear ridiculous in the extreme. At length some other person engaged in conversation with her, and I soon found she was as willing to relate her own history as she was anxious to inquire into the history of others; but as I did not feel particularly interested, I resumed the conversation with my companion on the western country.

He was a very intelligent màn; he gave me many important statistics illustrating the growth of the western country, and related many amusing anecdotes of western men and manners. At length, for a few minutes, conversation seemed by common consent to cease. Just at that moment the cars stopped, and in an instant the old lady was on her feet, exclaiming, at the very top of her voice, "Are we off of the track? are we off of the track?" The conductor opened the door, and called for the passengers for Fort Plain. The old lady awoke her two children, and moved rapidly towards the door. As the conductor was handing her from the cars, I heard her say, "I really wish I knew more about that blind man."

In a few moments we resumed our journey. We had taken on board several passengers, so that every seat in the car was now occupied. Some of the new comers were a turbulent set of fellows, who amused themselves in singing songs and in talking upon political affairs. Believing it to be utterly impossible to be able to get any sleep, my western friend and myself listened for some time to the amusing conversation of those around us. The necessity which every one was under for speaking aloud, enabled us to gratify our curiosity.

The human heart always yearns for sympathy, and men will frequently unbosom themselves to each other, without the slightest reserve, to enjoy only the momentary satisfaction of a friendly interchange of thought and feeling. There are, we know, a few who seem to be wrapped up in themselves. They always travel incognito: but they lose much, very much, by this exclusive selfishness. But our companions happened to be for the most part open-hearted, and rather loquacious. They related to each other incidents of their lives which

were calculated to make the time pass away pleasantly. My companion remarked to me that there was a man seated not far from us who had a very striking countenance. "Suppose" said I, "we cultivate his acquaintance." "Agreed!" he replied, and we moved towards him, when the following dialogue ensued: "I think, sir, I must have seen you before," said my western friend. "It is quite possible you have," was the cool reply of the stranger; "but I am sure this gentleman never did," turning towards me. "Perhaps," said I, (not liking this allusion very well,) "if I could, I should not wish to." A few good-natured remarks on both sides soon set us all right, and we entered upon a very pleasant conversation.

The stranger informed us that *his* name was Tolman, and wished to know ours. I then, for the first time, learned the name of my western friend; it was a familiar one, — Mr. P., a member of Congress from one of the Western States.

Mr. Tolman related to us, in the most familiar manner, and without the slightest hesitation, the most prominent events of his life. "I was," said he, "born in the city of New York. My parents were poor; I maintained myself, however, when very young, by acting in the capacity of newsboy. I had but little education; I learned to read and write at the common schools, which are," said he with emphasis, "an ornament to our country. When I grew up to manhood, I was employed to collect news for the daily papers. At length," said he, with an expression of proud satisfaction altogether indescribable, and in a tone of voice which indicated that he was not deficient in self-esteem, "I received a substantial proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, by the appointment of constable, which

office I have held for the last nine years." "I suppose," said I, "you are now in pursuit of some refugee from justice." "Yes," said he, "I have a little official business in this direction." The conductor now came along for our tickets; he remarked to the constable that he managed that affair finely. "Yes," said he; "but the old woman has given us a great deal of trouble." "What," said I, "can it be that you have arrested that old lady who was with us in the cars a short time ago?" "Yes!" said he, "yes!" but I could get nothing more from him on the subject.

The cars again stopped, and I was compelled reluctantly to part with my western friend. The rest of my journey passed with but little conversation. About twelve o'clock the next day, we reached Rochester. A friend read to me the following, from the evening papers, a few hours after my arrival:

"Constable Tolman, of New York city, succeeded in arresting Mrs. Loring, who was concerned in the great forgery case. She will be tried at the next session of the court, which will be holden in the city of New York, in October next. When arrested, she had with her her two grandchildren, and was on a visit to her friends at Fort Plain."

The reading of this only excited a passing observation at the time; but when, after a lapse of a short period, I returned to New York city, being invited by a friend to go with him to the court-house, to hear an unusually interesting trial, which was then going on, I found, to my surprise, that the person to be tried was the old lady whom I had met in the cars. When we entered, the indictment had just been read, and the

clerk was putting his usual question to the prisoner, "Guilty, or not guilty?" Again that horrible voice sounded in my ears.

I heard it but once more. *It was on visiting the prison at Sing-Sing.*

LINES

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM, REFERRING TO THE RECENT DEATH OF HER SISTER.

Oh! they that ne'er have seen can weep
When the young and beautiful depart;
The tears they shed may give relief,
And soothe awhile the aching heart.

For oh! to sympathy 't is given
To cheer our sad and dreary life,
And make this dark world fair as heaven,
Where all is beautiful and bright.

I shed, fair girl, a tear for thee,—
The bitter tear of deep regret;
For he who ne'er may hope to see
Has oft o'er suffering beauty wept.

I weep for thee, for they are gone,
Who once made glad thy happy home,
To join the bright celestial throng
Of those that dwell around the throne.

But oft in dreams they 'll come to bless,
And minister, dear girl, to thee,
When thou in sleep shalt calmly rest,
Or bend, in holy prayer, the knee.

And soon thou too with them shalt dwell
In the bright and better land afar,
Whose beauty tongue can never tell,—
Whose joy no grief can ever mar.

OUR GOVERNMENT.

There has recently been manifested in certain quarters a kind of dislike to the name by which our country is distinguished. It is said that the United States of America is not sufficiently expressive, and that there are besides other portions of the American continent bound together in a confederation similar to our own; and it has therefore been thought that some name was required which should at once distinguish our country from all others. Distinguished statesmen have been written to on the subject, and learned societies have given their opinion; some have recommended the name of Washington as the most appropriate; others have proposed Hesperian, Alleghany, &c.; but the people, who decide everything in this country, have refused to re-baptize their native land, and she will probably always be distinguished by the time-honored name of United States of North America.

There are, it seems to us, questions vastly more important than that to which we have referred, and about which so much has been said and written, and to so little purpose. There will never probably be any serious difficulty in understanding what portion of the world is meant to be designated by the name that has always distinguished our country; but the questions transcending in importance all others are, Will she accomplish all those great objects to which she has pledged herself? Will the experiment, on which she has entered under such favorable auspices, be successful, or a miserable failure? Will she realize the fond-

est hopes of the patriot and philanthropist, or disappoint them forever? In fine, will she have a glorious or an ignoble destiny? These are solemn and momentous questions, upon which we purpose to make a few remarks.

Beyond all doubt, one of the most brilliant events of the eighteenth century was the American revolution. That a few isolated colonies, without possessing any adequate resources, should commence and carry on a war with the most powerful country of the civilized world, relying only on the valor of its citizens, and the justice of its cause; and that they should finally succeed in achieving their independence, was certainly well calculated to astonish mankind. For centuries previously, the divine right of kings had been everywhere acknowledged; and it was supposed that democratic ideas, which at different times had proved themselves so troublesome to the despots of Europe, were effectually crushed. The breaking out of the American revolution, and the startling principles put forth in the Declaration of Independence, were regarded by the tyrants of the old world with astonishment and consternation; while, on the other hand, it tended to revive and animate the friends of liberty, who previously had so bravely but unsuccessfully struggled to maintain their rights against the encroachments of tyranny and usurpation in the old world.

Viewed simply in relation to its causes and effects, its means and results, the war which obtained for us a separate existence among the nations of the earth forms one of the most important events, and is, without doubt, the most remarkable achievement, of modern times.

The progress of nations in civilization, and the development of principles on which it depends, is usually

extremely slow; often liable to be retarded by retrograde movements, the result of causes which no wisdom can foresee, and no sagacity can prevent. This is the more striking in nations at the commencement of their existence, though it is more or less apparent at every stage of their advancement. This was the case with Egypt, and most of the eastern nations; and the remark holds good when applied to most of the countries of modern Europe. There have, however, been some very remarkable exceptions.

The progress of ancient Greece in civilization was wonderfully rapid, though subjected to great vicissitudes; such, for example, as the invasion of the Persians, intestine wars, &c.; but her decline in civilization was almost as rapid as her advancement.

Rome, too, made rapid strides from the time it was settled to the second Punic war; it had a glorious career from that period to the reign of Augustus, when it began to decline. But most other nations have had a slower development. They have been longer in attaining that degree of civilization of which they were capable; and they have generally succeeded in maintaining it for a greater length of time than did Greece or Rome. Our own country, however, furnishes the only instance of modern times, whose brilliant, rapid, and successful career even transcends that of Greece. It must not, however, be forgotten, that precocity in nations is equally as injurious in its tendency as in individuals. The different elements of the body politic require to be gradually developed and invigorated, as the nation passes from infancy to maturity, something in the same manner as the different parts of our corporeal organization are invigorated and strengthened in passing from childhood to manhood. It is very common for us to

boast of our attainments in civilization and refinement, and there is certainly much in the brilliant career of our country thus far to make us proud. It may be safely said, that no nation ever did so much, in so short a period, to develop its resources, and to promote the happiness and welfare of its citizens; still, it must be acknowledged that there is much in our boasted progress that is superficial.

An eminent French writer has justly remarked, that there are two ways by which we must measure the civilization to which a nation has attained. First, by its effects upon the intellectual and moral development of the individual man; and, secondly, by the influence it has exerted upon the social condition of all its members.

Now, if we apply these principles to the subject under consideration,—if we ask ourselves what has the United States done for man in his individual capacity, and for the social advancement of the race? we shall not have quite so much reason for self-gratulation as some superficial observers would be inclined to suppose.

The effect of the revolution on the American mind tended, undoubtedly, at first, greatly to increase its activity, and to inspire the individual with exalted and even extravagant ideas of personal liberty. It was well for us and the world that those who were engaged in that ever-memorable struggle, and who, to some extent, controlled the destinies of the nation for some years after it had ceased, were, for the most part, men of pure and lofty principles, actuated not so much by the low ambition of filling a conspicuous station, as by the truly noble desire of promoting the welfare of their country, and the happiness of their race.

We owe to the patriotism, moderation, and far-reaching sagacity of Washington, and his compeers, a

debt of gratitude which we can never repay; for at the most critical hour of our national existence, at a time when it was doubtful whether we had not freed ourselves from the despotism of England only to be subjected to the more revolting despotism of anarchy, or again to become the subjects of some foreign tyrant; at that darkest, that most critical hour, when all that had been achieved was likely to be lost, they, the illustrious fathers of the republic, stood firm and unmoved; and all that we now possess, all the social and political blessings we enjoy, we owe to their valor, their wisdom, and their unyielding integrity.

In considering, as we propose to do, some of the institutions which were the result of the American Revolution, affecting the social and political condition and destiny of our country, we shall endeavor to keep constantly before us the fact to which we have referred; namely, that all the social privileges we enjoy, that flow from a well ordered government, that the political institutions which preëminently distinguish our country from all others, were secured by the untiring and indefatigable labors of those great and good men by whom they were formed and set in successful operation, and who stamped upon the works of their genius, to some extent at least, their own transcendent characters.

The government of the United States, in many of its essential features, is original; and at its commencement it was regarded as an anomaly. Its founders, paying a decent respect to the opinions and usages of former times, still felt called upon, by the peculiarities of the country and the wants of the people, to depart from some of the established maxims of legislation, and to form institutions which should secure the blessings, while at the same time they avoided the evils, to which

almost every other system of government had been subjected; and it may be safely said, that never were fallible men more successful. It has now been in operation more than half a century, subjected to vicissitudes which could not have been foreseen, and has always proved itself adequate to all the purposes for which it was designed. There are those, however, who think that they can see principles at work in our glorious institutions, which will eventually prove their destruction. That, like everything formed by man, they are destined to undergo great changes, there cannot be a doubt; and that they contain elements that in some degree impair their beauty, and retard their healthy and beneficent action, may also be admitted; but it is not, we think, too much to say, that thus far, notwithstanding the unexampled growth and expansion of the resources of the country, and the unparalleled increase of population, no country has ever been more wisely governed, and no people ever enjoyed for the same length of time so large an amount of national liberty, as the inhabitants of these United States.

The principles of our government are so generally understood as to render it unnecessary to go into minute details. We may sometimes have occasion to refer to the operation of its different parts, and we shall act on the supposition that their nature is well understood.

The world has never had an opportunity, before the existence of our government, of observing the workings of free institutions, nor of testing to so full an extent the efficacy of democratic principles; for in Greece, Rome, and in the republics and free states which have existed at different periods, the democratic principle had always to contend, to a greater or less extent, with aristocracy, monarchy, theocracy, &c.; and it is worthy of remark,

that the democratic element has almost always been obliged to yield to one or the other of its antagonists, or to their combined influence. And not the least interesting portion of history, is that which records the earnest but too often ineffectual struggles of free principles for ascendancy.

At the formation of the American constitution, there were no other opposing ideas of government with which it had to contend. The long and sanguinary war which preceded that event had completely annihilated all attachment to monarchy in the minds of the American people. The only difficulty which was experienced was of quite an opposite nature. They had become so thoroughly imbued with the most extravagant notions of liberty, that it was for a long time doubtful whether they would consent to that confederation which the constitution proposed, and which seemed so necessary to secure to ALL the permanent enjoyment of their rights.

If we would seek for the fact which more than any other explains the astonishing progress we have made in the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and above all in education, and in ameliorating the condition of the masses, we shall, I think, find that it consists in the vast superiority of a federal representative government over every other form that has ever existed. Its influence upon society is much more striking than upon the individual man. It can, I think, be safely assumed that the masses in this country are better provided for, that is to say, the millions are better fed and clad, than the inhabitants of any other country in the civilized world. The government, without crippling the energies of the people by exorbitant taxation, possesses abundant resources to render itself effective at home, and respected

abroad; and by pursuing a wise policy, — by protecting alike agriculture, manufactures and commerce, — by extending to each department of industry its fostering care, without crippling any with burdensome enactments, — it has succeeded in securing to all an unexampled degree of prosperity. All that government can effect for the social well-being of the people is well nigh accomplished. It is, without doubt, able to effect more, by refraining to interfere with the various departments of industry, by allowing the people full scope to develop their energies, than it could in any other way. The great difficulty with France, England, and the other European countries, is, that they are too much governed.

There are many who are disappointed with the operations of our institutions. It is complained that they have not accomplished the complete social regeneration of the people. It is, perhaps, enough to say that the American government has done more to promote the welfare and prosperity of the millions that enjoy its protection than any other government could have done. It must ever be remembered that there are evils in society that no legislation can remove, — that can only be thoroughly eradicated by the education of each individual member. Nine tenths of the degradation that exists in this world is the result of ignorance; till this be removed, it is vain to talk of any other means of social regeneration.

In this country, the education of the people is left almost exclusively to the different states, and hence the striking difference that exists, and upon which foreigners have so often remarked, between the Eastern and the Middle, the Southern and the Western States. Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, have done more

for the cause of education than any of the other states of the Union. There is now, however, beginning to be manifested in every part of the United States a deep interest in this important subject. The free school system of New England is beginning to be copied by many of the Western and Southern States. We hope vastly more from the free school system than from any other scheme for the improvement and advancement of society.

There is one peculiarity of our institutions which seems well calculated to exert a beneficent influence. We refer to the fact that every citizen is eligible to any office in the national or state government. It cannot be denied but that this is a powerful stimulant, and greatly tends to encourage the pursuit of knowledge among the mass of the people. It has been objected to free governments, (and it is said that the objection is peculiarly applicable to ours,) that, although they exert a favorable influence upon the multitude, they do not favor intellectual and moral cultivation in the individual. It is affirmed that instances of great intellectual attainments and rare moral worth are less frequent under democratic governments than under monarchical forms. Comparisons are instituted which are thought to be in favor of the latter. That our distinguished public men for the last half century will compare well with those of England and France for the same period, will not, I think, be denied; and that we have done our part in the investigation of the physical sciences and their application to the mechanic arts, must also be conceded.

In literature, we have as yet done but little; in fact, we may be said to have no national literature. The American mind, however, has not shown any want of

depth and activity, and it is beginning to exhibit signs of originality. We have those among us who are beginning to lay the foundations of an American literature that will one day be as rich and varied as that of any other country.

Our distinguished men early enter public life; politics is more inviting than Parnassus. One of our greatest poets is the editor of a political newspaper.

We have our universities and other institutions of learning, which abundantly prove that there is nothing in the nature of a republican government inimical to the pursuit of letters. It must also be remembered that we, as a nation, are yet in our infancy. Who can tell what we shall be when all our resources shall be fairly developed? Who knows but in literature and the fine arts we shall yet surpass the ancient Greeks, as we have most modern nations, in conferring great social blessings and political privileges upon all?

We have thus briefly and imperfectly spoken of some of the effects of our government upon the social condition of the people, and the intellectual and moral development of the individual. Much more might indeed be said, but we have already devoted more space to this part of our subject than we at first intended.

To every American, the question must sometimes present itself, What is to be the fate of our institutions? Are they to exist for centuries, conferring incalculable blessings upon millions yet to come, or is our country to share the fate of all previous republics? Is rational liberty to be superseded by anarchy, and that in turn by despotism? Certainly strange symptoms have manifested themselves for the last few years in the body politic. The enthusiasm enkindled by the fathers of the republic seems to have died away, and men now specu-

late upon the bond that connects these states together in one common sisterhood as they do upon the ordinary events of every-day life. The constitution has been frequently violated, and yet it produces little or no impression upon the public mind, or, at most, excites but a feeble remonstrance.

We have inherited from our fathers the great boon of civil and religious liberty, and we are bound to transmit it unimpaired to posterity. It would be well for the revolutionists of our day to remember, that it is much easier to destroy a government already existing than it is to form a new one. That there are evils which have developed themselves in our institutions, no one can deny; but the POOREST expedient we have ever yet seen for eradicating them, is that of destroying the institutions themselves.

He who burnt the temple of Diana at Ephesus, that he might have his name transmitted to posterity, has acquired at most but an unenviable notoriety; and, in like manner, that man, or party, who labor unceasingly to weaken the attachment of the American people to the union of the states, which is their sole political salvation, will merit the contempt of all coming time, although it is professed to be done in the sacred name of philanthropy. By the way, we like to see, in the "overflowing cup of philanthropy, a drop or two of patriotism."

There are those of the present day, who, in quite a different way from that to which we have referred, are laboring to accomplish the same result, though perhaps they deceive themselves with the belief that they are not. It is quite common now to talk of our destiny as a nation; of the obligations we are under to extend our institutions over the whole continent, regardless of ter-

ritorial boundaries and the rights of nations. The infamous war in which we are now engaged is the practical carrying out of this atrocious principle; what the English have done in India, and the French in Algiers, we are doing in Mexico. We hope that the people of these United States will soon recover their wonted good sense, and correct the abuses of government that have for the last few years disgraced the republic. We ought indeed to extend our free institutions, but not by despoiling weaker nations of their territory, and thus imitating the example of the worst of tyrants. No! we ought rather to pursue the humane and magnanimous policy that characterized the administrations of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. It ought to be our aim to exhibit to the world a model republic, whose government seeks for nothing so much as the happiness and welfare of its citizens, and to live in peace with all the world. Then would other nations imitate our example, and copy our institutions. As for territory, we have enough of it already. The public lands have always been a bone of contention between the states. The disposition which a portion of the people of this country have recently manifested to annex foreign territory to this Union, under the pretence of enlarging the area of freedom, proceeds from that insane ambition which has proved so fatal to other republics. It was this that destroyed Rome. That republic, in extending its dominion, weakened itself by every new acquisition, until at length the northern barbarians trampled its eagles in the dust. It we pursue the same course, the same inevitable result will follow. We may extend our territory to the Isthmus of Darien, but then the republic must die; then we shall have a Cæsar to lead our armies, and even a Brutus cannot save the country.

However, we are far from anticipating such a result. The American people are too intelligent not to heed the lessons of experience. They may sometimes be guilty of excesses, or rather those may to whom they delegate their power for a season; but the time will come when they will administer the corrective to the abuses of which we have been speaking.

We are her natural friends, and ought not therefore to assume a hostile attitude towards Mexico; for, in the language of one of our most eminent statesmen, "Our fate is strangely linked with hers."

There are many other thoughts which suggest themselves, but we must draw this article to a close. We like not to dwell upon the evils that beset our free institutions, much less to contemplate the calamity that threatens their overthrow. America has a glorious mission to fulfil,—not by arms, not by conquest,—but by furnishing to the world, for centuries to come, the spectacle of a great republic, whose citizens live in the peaceful enjoyment of their natural and inalienable rights, and whose first law is ETERNAL JUSTICE.

CHARITY.

"Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

Of all the virtues that adorn the character, none is more needed among men than the one inculcated in these divine words of St. Paul.

If we look around us, we shall find, in the condition of our fellow-men, and in the relations which we sustain to each other, circumstances that constantly call for the exercise of charity. Suffering, that forms so large a part of our present existence, to which so many are subjected, and from which none are entirely exempt, requires the constant exercise of good-will and charity among men.

The great truth of the universal brotherhood of the race, announced by the Saviour of the world, is not yet fully appreciated; it is not, therefore, strange, that the great duty it enforces should not yet be sufficiently understood. It was charity which imparted so deep a beauty, such a bright refulgence, to his life, whom we all reverence as the perfect pattern of humanity, and it is this which has shone forth most conspicuously in the lives of all good men. We reverence its manifestations in Fenelon, Howard, Wilberforce, and Channing. We have somewhere read that when Shelley listened to the great cathedral organ in Holland, he sighed, because FAITH, and NOT CHARITY, was made the substance of universal religion.

Nothing tends so much as charity to expand the heart, and free it from those narrow prejudices which

are always its opposite. The darkest page of history is that on which is recorded the mournful effects of bigotry and intolerance.

Physical destitution and suffering, though existing to an appalling extent in the world, is not so much to be lamented as the want of that charity, the exercise of which would tend to annihilate it. Even in its most common forms, charity is as yet but imperfectly understood and poorly practised. Nothing is more likely to be counterfeited among men than this virtue; but the frequency of the counterfeit only serves to prove the excellency of the reality. What is it that imparts to humble life its dearest attractions? Is it not its sweet, unostentatious charities, made more admirable because they seek not the world's applause? How many darkened minds have been sustained by its blessed light! How many desponding souls have been revived and nerved to renewed exertions by its life-giving power! How many wretched, degraded human beings have been reclaimed by its persuasive eloquence!

It is not the great events of life that are most worthy of our admiration; it is those daily nameless acts, that flow from the deep compassion of the heart, and form the silken cord that binds us to each other.

The most grateful incense that earth can offer heaven is the benefactions of the humble, that gush forth from a heart distilling joy and gladness along the pathway of the friendless and the needy, as the murmuring rill on the hill-side refreshes the weary traveller. He is most favored who knows, by sweet experience, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

There are some duties which, from their very nature, are limited, being obligatory only on individuals, or particular classes; but the requirements of benevolence are

universal. Everywhere is man, to some extent, dependent on his fellow-man. No one, however favored, can free himself entirely from those complicated ties that bind him to society and to his kind. Nor can he rightfully refrain from the observance of those duties which are their legitimate results, and follow each other as certainly as effects follow causes. It is common to say that the rich should be benevolent to the poor; that "he who hath should give to him who hath not;" but there is a sense in which *all* may be said to be poor. The Creator, for the wisest purposes, has subjected all his creatures to a state of mutual dependence. There is no arrangement of life that so strikingly manifests his wisdom and goodness.

The uncertainty in which the future is enshrouded, the utter impossibility of any man's seeing what are the vicissitudes to which he may be subjected, is eminently calculated to impress upon the mind a deep sense of dependence and relationship. It is upon this fact of our constitution that society is mainly based.

There is, in the breast of man, a consciousness of sympathetic affinity, or an attraction of aggregation, which prompts him to seek for happiness in the society of his fellow-men. It is this which prevents him from becoming a purely selfish being. There is an intimate and beautiful connection between our social and our moral and religious nature; to some extent, at least, the development of the latter is dependent on the cultivation of the former. Nothing is so unfavorable to virtue and piety as stoicism and asceticism. Those who have manifested most conspicuously in their lives love to God and all mankind, who have earned the appellation of philanthropist, and gained for themselves immortal renown, have not been recluses, but, on the contrary,

have mingled much in society; the busy world, with its turmoil and strife, was the chosen theatre of their labors. Say what you will of the selfishness of mankind, there is nothing which so readily wins their applause as disinterested benevolence. No one is held by the multitude in such high veneration as he who, by his disinterested devotion, has proved himself the friend and benefactor of his race.

There is nothing so irresistibly attractive, nothing that appeals so directly to our best and noblest feelings, as unpretending goodness, unostentatious charity; and the world will one day learn that it is the most effective agent that can ever be employed to bring back to virtue the fallen and degraded.

Charity, to be effective, must be spontaneous. The welfare of others must be its aim and its end. It consists not so much in the performance of an act of kindness, as in the motive by which it was prompted, and the manner in which it is bestowed. It has become quite fashionable, in these days, to do good through the medium of corporations and committees. Benevolent societies, as they are called, have been multiplied to an almost indefinite extent. It seems to us that all the blessings which flow from the exercise of charity, that benefit both the giver and the recipient, are lost when any of these agencies are employed.

Charitable corporations can, at most, confer but a DOUBTFUL good; they not unfrequently furnish to the selfish and the heartless facilities for the gratification of their pride, and thus to oppress those whom they were designed to bless. It often happens that societies for aiding the poor are composed of those who know nothing of the effects of poverty, and who never confer a trifling good without exacting in return more than its

equivalent in a degrading servility; and, while they render temporary physical relief, not unfrequently outrage that delicate sensitiveness more commonly found among the virtuous poor than the rich.

It is thought to be contrary to sound principles of political economy to encourage alms-giving. The wealthy, without doubt, in most cases, meaning well, prefer to employ agents to search out the poor and the suffering, to afford them relief, and thus to free themselves from all further responsibility. No one can have observed the operation of this system, especially in our larger cities, without having become convinced of its utter inadequacy. It really tends to increase the evil it was designed to mitigate. Besides, there is a distinction among the poor which ought never to be overlooked. The benevolent societies of which we have spoken act too often upon the presumption that poverty and crime are necessary concomitants. Their benefactions are almost always bestowed in a manner which seems to reflect upon the virtue and purity of those who are the objects of their bounty. There are many in every community condemned to indigent circumstances by causes altogether beyond their control. They never solicit aid of others so long as they can obtain a bare subsistence by their own exertions; and often, very often, they drag out a miserable existence, and even DIE, for the want of the common necessaries of life, rather than subject themselves to the humiliation to which our organized charitable associations would subject them. Now this is wrong, all wrong. If there be any class of human beings entitled to the sympathy and compassion of their more fortunate fellow-men, it is those who, in the midst of want and privation, are yet able to maintain a life of unsullied purity and virtue; for it is

from them that the world has received its noblest benefactors.

There is no necessity for all that complicated MACHINERY by which the wealthy, in many instances, convey relief to the poor. Charity, to be effective, to benefit both the giver and the receiver, must be direct and personal. The obligation under which God has placed every man, to do good according to his ability, cannot be shifted off upon an irresponsible corporation. Nor can the excuses, which are sometimes made, avail anything. Every man, who has the means of doing good, can always find an opportunity. The wealthy are surely not so engrossed in their pursuits that they cannot find an hour or a day to perform those duties, which should testify alike their sympathy for the unfortunate, and their gratitude to the Giver of all good. If this were done, if the rich would oftener visit the abodes of poverty themselves, and, with their own hands, bestow that relief which the necessities of the poor require, and which is now too often intrusted to the bungling management of a pseudo-benevolent society, they would mitigate one evil without creating another of greater magnitude, and the expressions of gratitude that would then tremble on the lip, and beam from the eye, would impart a deeper joy and higher satisfaction than wealth can ever give.

The remarks we have made apply strictly to those societies whose sole object is to improve the PHYSICAL condition of the poor. We do not mean to include those associations, or institutions, that have a higher purpose, —that of educating the ignorant and degraded; yet there can be no doubt that even these are liable to abuse. There is a tendency in all large establishments of this kind,—perhaps it is unavoidable,—to overlook the

primary object for which they were created. The individual is forgotten in the anxiety to benefit the class, and often both are overlooked in the earnest efforts to build up a magnificent institution to transmit to posterity the names of its wealthy patrons. It seems to be an invariable result, we might almost say an inevitable law, that men, when associated for any common object, forget that they have individual responsibilities, from which no combination, however popular, can relieve them. It is a trite, and, to a lamentable extent, a true adage, that "CORPORATIONS have no souls."

I have often been surprised to observe with what readiness many persons, when called upon to perform a duty in their individual capacity, and which required more disinterestedness than they really possessed, would evade the obligation by referring it to this or that benevolent society, to which they belonged. They may in this way sometimes deceive their fellow-man, but they cannot elude the scrutiny of that All-seeing Eye to whom the secrets of all hearts are known, and who has declared that our duty is to "visit the fatherless and the widows in their afflictions, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

We have thus far spoken of charity in its most common significations, and in a limited sense of the term; charity, which consists in merely doing good one to another, and which the circumstances in which we are placed, and the relations which we sustain to those around us, would seem to enforce; but the words we have placed at the head of this article refer to something higher, a loftier virtue, a more benign charity.

There is nothing which mankind has manifested so much, in every age, as the spirit of intolerance. It has

darkened and defiled religion, corrupted the best and noblest of men, and embittered every department of life. It is against this spirit, in all its manifestations, that Christianity hurls its most terrible denunciations. It is the cultivation of its opposite it everywhere enjoins. It declares that love is the basis of all our relations to each other and to the race, and that God himself is love. Bigotry and intolerance have done more to degrade man, and to darken the earth with the most revolting crimes, than the combined influence of all other causes. They have devised every conceivable species of torture. The rack, the flames, the gibbet, have all been made to minister to their insatiate and uncontrollable tyranny. What a mournful record of its dark and bloody deeds does the history of the world contain! The great and the good, the innocent and the pure, have been its victims. Under one form or another, in every age, it has established its terrible dominion over the intellect and consciences of men. It has perpetrated its atrocities sometimes in the name of religion, but often associating itself with the most unblushing infidelity; for the one it has established the inquisition, and for the other the guillotine. Everywhere, under all circumstances, it has been man's most unrelenting foe. Opposed to it, but with altogether different means, Christianity is striving to establish upon the earth the dominion of peace and love, and to diffuse into the hearts of men the spirit of that charity "that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

It is common to speak of bigotry as existing in other times; but if we look more closely, we shall find it as active now as ever, though in a somewhat modified form. It has its origin in selfishness and ignorance, and it therefore cannot be annihilated until man shall

everywhere become enlightened and imbued with the spirit of that divine charity which we have seen is inculcated by our holy religion.

There are many bright and glorious examples of the influence of charity upon the heart and life; they form the green spots, the beautiful oases, of this world's history; they remind us of what man once was, and of what he may become; the record of their actions, gathering increased refulgence, shall endure forever; but for bigotry and intolerance there is no immortality. The time we trust is coming when their bloody footprints will be obliterated from the earth, and the angel of love will take up its abode in every heart. Then shall "the waste places of the earth be glad, and the wilderness and the solitary places shall bloom and blossom as the rose."

THE BLIND PEDLER.

At the close of a cold winter's day in the year 1840, an old man might have been seen slowly wending his way along the turnpike road, a few miles from the old town of Newburyport. His manly figure was slightly bent, but it was impossible for the observer to discern whether it was by age, or in consequence of two trunks which were fastened upon each end of a leather strap, which was thrown over his shoulders so as to bring them upon either side. In one hand he carried a staff, and it was easy to perceive, from the manner in which he made use of it, that it formed the only means by which he was enabled to feel his way along with any degree of certainty; for at a glance you could have told he was a blind man.

Although it was snowing fast, yet he made no effort to increase his pace. Occasionally, a half audible expression would escape his lips, as if his mind was engrossed with some all-absorbing subject of contemplation; or it may have been he was mentally congratulating himself that he was so near the place where he was sure he could find refreshment and repose, after the fatigues of the day. But once only did he seem to notice the storm. Stopping for a moment, he placed his trunks upon the ground, buttoned his great-coat up to his chin, and then in the same quiet manner walked on. Occasionally he would extend his staff to recognize some familiar object which had served him in former days as a landmark. As he did so, a smile of satisfaction would light up his countenance, and an

expression of joy would fall from his lips, for he knew that *they* would guide him right; *they* had never deceived him.

Many a reminiscence of other days did these familiar objects awaken in the mind of the blind old man. Here was the rock upon which he had sat and whiled away many an hour in his childhood. A little further on is the tree with which is associated some terrible memories, for as he strikes it with his cane, he seems to shudder; but slowly he moves on, swinging his staff to the right and the left, pensively musing upon the associations connected with each object with which it is brought in contact. The storm increases as he nears the town, but it moves him not. Perhaps there is some strange affinity between the old man's thoughts and the troubled elements. It may be that his spirit is brooding over the wrongs that he has received from the heartless world,—of the injustice of those who should have blessed him; but it is impossible to divine his reflections, as, with downcast head, he cautiously gropes his way along, till at length reaching the entrance of the town, he pauses,—and setting his trunks upon the ground, he feels around with his cane as if in search of some object; at length he exclaims, "It is gone! All is new and strange! Twenty years ago, upon the spot where I now stand, was the house in which I was born; but improvements have swept it away, as fate has nearly all its wretched inmates; but it is late, and I must be moving on. I wonder if they will recollect me;" and quickening his pace, he soon reached the centre of the town. Stopping in front of a large old-fashioned edifice, he began, as he was wont, to make an examination of the premises with his cane, this being his only means of ascertaining his precise where-

abouts. Satisfied at length that he was right, he ascended the steps; but before we admit him, we will enter ourselves and describe its inmates.

At the same hour in which we first introduced our hero to the reader, the occupants of the mansion to which we have conducted him were quietly seated in their parlor before a comfortable fire, in the enjoyment of a domestic tête-à-tête, each one inwardly thanking fortune that the inclemency of the weather would save them from the annoyance of visitors. It was a cheerful sight which this happy group presented, as, seated around a centre-table, they listened to each other's conversation, laughed at some playful remark, or occasionally enlivened the scene with a pleasant song.

Mr. Talmadge, the father of the family, or, as he was commonly called, Captain Talmadge, was by profession a shipmaster. He had made several very successful voyages, and a few days before the commencement of our story, he had returned from a long voyage to the East Indies. In person, he was a little above the ordinary size. His face was a true index to his heart. The flashes of his large dark eyes denoted the undaunted energy of his soul, and his high expanded brow indicated an active and a vigorous intellect. He had moved much in good society, so that he united with the frankness of a sailor the accomplished manners of a gentleman. We need only add that he was a kind father and a generous friend. He purchased, for the sake of his wife, a residence in the neighborhood of her former home. There were two places on earth where one might be sure to find him,—in the bosom of his family, or on the quarter deck of his noble ship.

He had early connected himself in marriage with a highly respectable, though not very wealthy, family of

his native town. He loved Julia French, as he himself expressed it, "for her beauty, intelligence and virtue;" and he would have made her his wife, if she had been the poorest girl in the land. Amply did she repay his love with a life of beautiful devotion.

Twenty years of their married life had passed away, and they were the happy parents of three devoted children. The oldest had wisely chosen the profession of his father; and at this time, he had just commenced his career as a mariner, having been one voyage as a second officer in his father's ship. The two youngest were girls, one sixteen and the other fourteen years of age. These were the persons that composed the happy group that on that stormy night assembled around the domestic fireside, to enjoy that interchange of thought and feeling which constitutes one of the chief attractions of home.

The two girls entertained their brother and their parents with their first attempts at drawing; among their sketches was the likeness of a little blind boy, whom they had lately met at school, and whose misfortune at once awakened their sympathies. Their interest in him was heightened because their mother had told them that they once had a relative who was blind. "Here," said Julia, the youngest sister, to her mother, holding up the sketch, "is the face of the poor sightless boy." "You told us, mother," said the other sister, "that you would sometime tell us about our uncle who was deprived of his sight." "Ellen," replied the mother, (for this was the name of the eldest daughter,) "I ought to have fulfilled my promise before; but I never think of my poor brother without recalling to mind the memory of many things which I would were buried in oblivion: still, as I have excited your curiosity,

it is right that I should gratify it; if you feel disposed to listen to me, I will do so now." The children thanked their mother, and she proceeded:

"My oldest brother was some ten years older than myself. He was always remarkably fond of his studies; his eyes being weak, prevented him from gratifying his love of knowledge to a very great extent. When about sixteen years old, he was obliged, in consequence of the weakness of his eyes, to leave school. To mother, who had but one fault, that of being TOO fond of her children, this was a great disappointment; and as day by day his eyes grew worse, fearing that blindness would ensue, she tried every remedy which affection could prompt or ingenuity suggest.

"It happened that about this time a travelling doctor came along, who professed to have great skill in the treatment of the eye. Mother procured of him a powder, and contrary to the wishes of all the family, applied it to his eyes. I shall never forget that night! As soon as the powder was blown into his eye, he complained of intense pain, and in a few hours his sight was entirely destroyed.

"I cannot describe to you the effect it had upon my mother. It unfitted her for all the duties of life; the thought that she had been instrumental in accomplishing that which she would have made any sacrifice to prevent, was overwhelming. Her misery was deepened by the reflection that she had applied the nostrum contrary to the earnest protestations of all the family. It was in vain that we attempted to console her. It preyed upon her until it completely destroyed the tone of her mind. For months she was confined to her chamber; the terrible idea had taken possession of her mind, that what she had done could only be atoned for with her life,

and with her own hands she made several ineffectual attempts to terminate her existence, which at last she succeeded in accomplishing. One Sabbath morning, while the family were preparing for church, she left the house unobserved, and had probably been absent an hour before her escape was discovered. Search was made in every part of the neighborhood. At length some one found her body suspended from a large tree, just outside of the town, and upon a road which at that time was not much frequented.

"I cannot describe to you the effect produced by this afflictive and terrible event. My mother was beloved, not only by the circle of her own relatives, but by many others to whom she had been a kind and generous friend, and to whom her death was a sad bereavement. As for poor James, he had not only to mourn the want of sight, but the loss of her whose sympathy was alone adequate to alleviate his misfortune. As he advanced in life, we did all we could, by reading aloud, to cheer his dark and lonely hours. You have heard me speak of Amelia Burton; she was about the age of James, was a constant visitor in our family, and for hours at a time she would read, sing, and converse with him; and an attachment, which was the growth of years, and which, I am sure, was sincere on his part, grew out of this friendship.

"When, at length, James had passed his minority, father established him in business. He kept a sort of miscellaneous store, which business, by the help of an assistant who could see, he was enabled to carry on. He could himself sell books, and various other articles, and in this way was competent to maintain himself. His intimacy with Amelia still continued. Her father, however, fearing it would result in marriage, instructed

her to receive no more of his attentions. James solicited her hand in a formal manner, and was promptly rejected. In a year afterward Amelia Burton became the wife of a merchant's clerk, and removed to Salem, his place of business. He proved to be a dissipated man and a gambler. He died in a few years, leaving Amelia with a family of children to support by her own exertions. What she would have done, no one could tell, but for the timely assistance of a mysterious friend, who, at regular intervals, remitted to her money, with which, together with her own earnings, she was enabled to support and educate her children.

"As soon as Amelia was married, James sold out his store, packed two trunks with goods, and, swinging them to his back, decided to spend the rest of his days as a pedler. We laughed at the absurd idea of a blind man following this avocation, and endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose by dwelling upon the numerous difficulties with which he would have to contend; but we could not move him; and one morning, bidding us all good-bye, saying that he was going to seek his fortune, and that it would be many years before we should see him again, he left us. We hoped that he would repent of his undertaking, and return in a few weeks; but month after month, and even year after year, passed away, and he came not. Occasionally we heard from him. Some of our friends once met with him in the city of New York, and the last time we heard of him he was pursuing his business in Canada. He at first had a little boy to lead him about, but after a while he travelled alone. Where he now is, or whether he yet lives, I cannot tell."

At this instant the family were startled by a loud knock at the door.

"Who is that, at this late hour?" said Capt. Tal-

madge. "Fred, my boy, I expect some disaster has happened to our ship, and we may have to go aboard to-night."

Taking a light, he hastened at once to the door. On opening it, he could just discover an old man standing before him, covered with snow, when his light was extinguished.

"Is this," said the stranger, "the residence of Capt. Talmadge?" making a slight movement, as if he would like to be permitted to enter.

"It is," replied the captain; "and if you will walk in, we will become better acquainted. Where do you hail from, this stormy night, my friend?"

"I have walked," replied the visitor, "all the way from Salem since morning. I hope now, however, that I have found a comfortable harbor."

His appearance was well calculated to excite a deep interest. He was dressed in a thick overcoat, which was well fitted to protect him from the inclemency of the weather. He wore upon his head a hat, which was drawn over his face so as nearly to conceal his features. As soon as he was admitted, he carefully placed in one corner of the hall his two trunks, in a manner which seemed to say that he was glad to be relieved of the burden. Though somewhat surprised that a stranger should, at that late hour, claim his hospitality, Capt. Talmadge welcomed the new-comer, and, with great kindness of manner, invited him into the parlor. On entering, the old man lifted his hat from his head, and revealed a countenance well calculated to excite pity and respect. He appeared to be about sixty years old. In the lineaments of his face there was seen more of the impress of care and sorrow than of time. His lips were slightly compressed, and his brow was knit, as if in the

effort to restrain the struggling emotions of his heart. There was in his whole manner that which seemed to say that he knew more than he cared to tell; and this mysterious air, which, in a younger person, would have excited suspicion, was such as to obtain for him a deep interest, and sincere regard. Mrs. Talmadge and her daughters looked long and earnestly at the stranger, for his eyes were covered with a pair of green goggles, which at once attracted their attention. They had also noticed an embarrassed and somewhat awkward manner with which he had seated himself in the chair which had been placed for him by the fire. Julia whispered to her mother that *she* thought the stranger was blind. Impelled by a sudden presentiment, Mrs. Talmadge walked up to him—looked him for a moment full in the face—and then exclaimed, "Can it be possible! *It is my brother* James!"

The whole family was electrified, and the expressive countenance of the old man was lighted up with joy and satisfaction. "I did not know," he said, "that you would recognize me; twenty years have wrought such sad changes. I had supposed I was quite forgotten."

"Forgotten!" exclaimed Mrs Talmadge; "we were talking about you this very evening. Just as you knocked at the door, I was saying to the girls that I could not tell whether you yet lived, it is so long since we have heard from you."

We pass over the many inquiries which the brother and sister put to each other, and which embraced a period of more than thirty years, and relating to those who now lived only in memory. It was late that night before the family retired. The girls exacted from their uncle a promise that he would relate to them the varied incidents of his precarious life.

The next evening, at an earlier hour than usual, the family of Capt. Talmadge assembled in their parlor. Anxious expectation was written on every countenance. The few facts which they had gleaned from their uncle during the day, together with that which Mrs. Talmadge had related the evening previous, had invested him with a kind of romance; they therefore anticipated the recital of the rest of his story with a degree of pleasure and delight, in which all equally participated.

As soon as they were seated, the blind pedler commenced relating his adventures, by observing that he was glad that his sister had spared him the painful necessity of detailing the events connected with his early days.

"When a young man, I had conceived the idea that, though deprived of sight, I might, nevertheless, obtain a competency by my own exertions, and, at the same time, learn much of the world. I accordingly determined to travel in different parts of our country, with a hope of obtaining a fortune, and a more intimate knowledge of men and things. Accordingly, with trunks well packed with such articles as I thought would find a ready sale, and with a few dollars in my pocket, I commenced my journey. It was not without regret that I bade adieu to my home, not knowing when I should again revisit it; nor was it without a sigh and a tear that I parted with those whose sympathy had cheered and gladdened my boyhood, and whose voices had thus far been as the sunlight of my existence. *One*, who might have detained me by the magic tones of her gentle voice, in obedience to the will of her proud father, had spurned all I had to offer,—the *affections* of a heart uncorrupted by the world;—and I left my home, and the associations of youth, with a sad but res-

olute determination never to return until I should have obtained *that* which. in the present age. is so eagerly sought for *by all*, and with which I could alone make the world forget that *I was blind*. Yet I should do injustice to myself, if I did not tell you that there were other than selfish motives that influenced my decision.

"I have already remarked, that I hoped to obtain by travelling a more intimate knowledge of the world, and I would add, that I expected to find, in the varied and changeful life I had chosen, a solace for the grief which the memory of the past must awaken, and which would ever be associated with home. I obtained a small boy as a guide, and made my début as a pedler in a neighboring town. My success, for the first few days, was much greater than I anticipated. Almost every one I met made a purchase. and in a few weeks I succeeded in disposing of nearly all my goods, which enabled me to purchase a much larger stock, and to continue my business. In this way, I visited the principal places in New England. Prompted by sympathy for my misfortune, but more frequently by that curiosity which forms the chief characteristic of vulgar minds, many with whom I was brought in daily contact sought to pry into my personal history, and often, to effect the sale of a small article, I was compelled to answer many painful questions, that recalled many things which I would fain have forgotten; and sometimes, too, I was obliged to listen to the contemptuous sneer, or the affected expressions of pity, from those who could only see in my misfortune a subject for heartless speculation. Yet, not unfrequently did I meet with those who manifested by many a kindly act that they sincerely commiserated my situation. In New England, as well as in many other parts of the country which I have visited, I have

had the good fortune to meet with those who were capable of appreciating my earnest efforts to do something for myself. Yet for the most part I have found but little true sympathy or permanent friendship; but perhaps I have received all I had a right to expect. My life, for the last twenty years, has been more uniform than would at first be supposed. It might nearly all be included in a description of a single day.

"Going from door to door, and from village to village, exposed to the heat of summer and to the cold of winter,—then to return to my lodgings at night, alone to reflect upon the strange destiny to which I was consigned;—this has constituted almost my only employment. There have, however, been a few passages in my existence, which have served to change the monotony of every-day life. A few years after I left home, I heard of Amelia Burton, of the death of her wretched husband, and of her destitute situation; and from that time I set apart a portion of my limited income, which I managed to send to her in such a manner as to prevent her knowing from whom it came; and, in moments of my deepest despondency, the reflection that I was contributing to the happiness of another's existence never failed to cheer and gladden my heart. I have often had occasion, while travelling from place to place, to observe and analyze the characters of those to whom my situation and my somewhat peculiar life introduced me; and I have not unfrequently been amused with the opportunities which they have afforded me of noticing their foibles and mistakes. Many seeing persons seem to suppose that a blind man can know but a little of that which is going on around him; accordingly, when he is present, they do not judge it necessary to make use of those disguises which serve to veil their true thoughts

and feelings from the rest of the world. Many of those with whom I have occasionally sojourned have related to me, without the slightest reserve, not only the incidents of their lives and the facts of their experience, but have laid open, without hesitation, their most secret thoughts, little dreaming that they were furnishing materials which would enable even a poor blind pedler to philosophize on this strange life of ours. Sometimes I have listened to the story of one whose existence had been a continued scene of unmingled joy and delight, but more frequently to the sad recital of those who had learned nearly all their lessons of life from the stern school of sorrow and adversity. Many would naturally think that there were but few inducements for a blind man to travel; and it would be TRUE, if his observation was confined to the material universe; but there IS that which is even more instructive than the face of nature, — the mysterious life of the earth's GREATEST ENIGMA, — MAN, which he too may contemplate. It is, without doubt, a pleasant thing for the delighted eye to drink in at one view the enchanting beauty of a varied and picturesque landscape, or to survey the myriad forms of nature and art that adorn the earth; but there is a higher enjoyment, a more enduring satisfaction, in studying the workings of the human heart, and in contemplating their effects in the great drama of life.

"I remember, in my childhood, that I loved to look upon the vaulted sky, and to view the myriad stars with which it was studded, whose mystic light seemed to bathe the slumbering earth with celestial beauty; but experience has revealed to me A HEAVEN WITHIN, made resplendent with the light of ever-varying thoughts, that through all creative action stamp their indelible impress upon the earth, imparting to the humblest life a deep significance and a never-fading glory.

"Often, after the fatigues of the day, have I been refreshed with dreams in which I have seen familiar objects as in my earlier days, ere the light of these eyes was quenched forever. Indeed, since I became blind, my life seems all like one long dream. Sometimes I sigh for that coming morrow which shall change my midnight darkness to an unclouded and eternal day.

"There yet remains but one more incident in my past life which I need rehearse. I say nothing now of the dangers to which, from time to time, I have been exposed, or of the many accidents which I have barely escaped. It has been with me as it is probably with every other human being. The pleasures and the enjoyments of life have always preponderated over its sufferings and its sorrows. I have become attached to the avocation of pedler, and shall pursue it so long as kind Heaven shall vouchsafe to me health and strength; and when at last my earthly pilgrimage shall have been ended, I hope to leave the world cheered by the blessed consciousness that I have not lived altogether in vain.

"In a few days I shall leave you again. My object in visiting you now was not merely to enjoy the gratification of listening to your voices, and of mingling awhile in your society, but to crave your protection for one who really needs the assistance and sympathy of a friend. I will explain more particularly my meaning.

"A little more than a year ago, while peddling in a small town in the western part of New York state, I was informed that there was in the alms-house a little blind boy. I found, on calling there, that his mother, —his only remaining parent,—was then dangerously sick, and not expected to survive but a few hours. I had an interview with her for a few moments, when

I communicated to her the fact that there were institutions established for the education of the blind, where her son might be instructed in some useful employment, by which he could maintain himself in after life. She earnestly besought me to take him there. I promised her that I would do all that I could for him. In a day or two, the mother died, and I obtained permission of the officers of the town to take the boy with me. I contrived to send him on in advance of myself, enjoining secrecy upon those in whose care I had intrusted him. You already have his likeness; to-morrow, if you will, you shall have the original. He is too young yet to enter the Institution for the Blind; until he does so, he needs a protector. He is to be called by my name, and I shall do for him all in my power."

We need not say that the family of Captain Talmadge were deeply interested in the account which their relative had given them of his life; nor need we add that they entered at once into his benevolent schemes for the welfare of his protege.

The next day saw the little blind boy comfortably established in the home which had thus been so kindly provided for him.

On the day after, the pedler, with well packed trunks and staff in hand, set out upon his journey, — whither, no one knew. He was last seen walking on the turnpike road, at a brisker pace than when first we made his acquaintance. A noonday sun shone down upon his head, but he saw not its light; yet he felt the genial warmth of a sunshine within; for he carried in his heart the blessed consciousness that while seeking his own good, he was not unmindful of the happiness of others.

REMARKS ON EDUCATION.

If there be a subject the importance of which can never be over-estimated, it is education. In this comprehensive word is contained the great purpose of our being. We were created and endowed with physical, intellectual and moral capacities, and the great business of life should be to develop and expand them; and this is what is commonly understood by self-culture. There is no subject more worthy of our consideration than this; and yet, perhaps, there is nothing that has been so much neglected by the majority of mankind. We have, in this fact, an explanation of many of those evils that afflict human society. The inequality that everywhere exists among men, and which we have at the present day no adequate means of removing, is not, as some suppose, the effect of the peculiar organization of society, but is to be ascribed mainly to the ignorance in which the multitude are shrouded. The only legitimate power, that which confers substantial and enduring blessings, is derived from nothing so much as a good education; all other is necessarily evanescent. Much of the well-meant philanthropy of our day, which is expended upon what we cannot help regarding chimerical schemes for the regeneration of society, might be more profitably employed upon some feasible plan for obtaining a more comprehensive system of universal education.

We often hear it said, that the existence and perpetuity of our institutions depends upon nothing so much as the intelligence and virtue of the people; and

yet, until within the last few years, very little has been done to promote the cause of education. As our population increases, however, the necessity of disseminating knowledge among all classes of our citizens is beginning to be felt, and this has already led to the adoption of that admirable free school system by many of the other states, which has conferred such incalculable blessings on New England, and more especially upon the State of Massachusetts.

There is no subject so worthy of the most profound attention of the legislator, as the manner best calculated to extend to every member of the body politic the unspeakable advantages which a good education can alone confer, and more especially in our own country, where every individual, no matter what his situation be in life, is permitted to exercise an equal control over the elective franchise.

If statistics are to be relied upon, our presidential elections have sometimes been decided by the votes of men who could neither read nor write.*

One of the most cheering signs of the times, however, is the attention which this subject is beginning to receive; and we cannot but hope that some method will yet be devised for educating that very large portion of population which springs from foreign emigration.

There are two things which our government ought to do to promote the security of our institutions and the welfare of society. First, it should withhold from foreigners who emigrate to our shores the right to participate in our elections, until they have resided here long enough to become acquainted with, and attached to, the principles of republicanism. And, secondly, it

* See Horace Mann's Oration before the citizens of Boston.

should make some provision by which their children should receive an education that would fit them in after life fully to appreciate the privileges and discharge the duties of Americans.

The obligations of government to establish some uniform system of education, that should extend the blessings of instruction to every one of its citizens, is beginning to be more generally felt by many of the states of this confederacy, and we yet hope to see the receipts of the public lands appropriated for this purpose. Still, all that government can do for this noble object must necessarily be general and partial.

Education, for the most part, must depend upon the individual; for it consists not merely in the cultivation of the intellect, but also in the development of those higher sentiments which were designed to control the mental powers, and which, to a greater or less extent, differ in their manifestations, in almost every human being. For, although there are general laws of mind, yet there are no two persons whose mental and moral development exactly correspond Education, to be perfect, must, therefore, be essentially individual in its character; every one, to a certain extent, must be his own instructor. To observe the peculiarities of our constitution,—to develop all our powers in such a way as to afford each an opportunity to manifest itself within its own definite sphere of activity,—to subject the appetites and the passions to the authority of the intellect, and the intellect in its turn to the control and guidance of conscience,—this is the great object for which we were created, and it should ever constitute the end and aim of life.

The responsibility it imposes cannot be shifted off upon the state; it is made obligatory upon each indi-

vidual soul, and he who neglects to meet its requirements must pay the terrible penalty of ignorance and degradation.

Education, then, in its widest signification, in its broadest, most comprehensive sense, requires the cultivation of our whole nature,—the right employment of all our powers; and it should be made the great, the sole, business of life.

The universe teems with myriads of objects designed to awaken and delight the intellect, the affections, and the imagination. Everything in nature's vast laboratory seems fitted for this one great end,—to develop and exercise the faculties of man. From the pebble upon the sea-shore, the mind ascends to the contemplation of a world. There is nothing which our senses perceive in earth or sky,—nothing around us or above us, but seems fitted to develop some one or more of our mental powers. Every material object around us has some lesson to impart. Nature is the great teacher of us all.

There is, besides, in the mechanism of the human body, in the beautiful adaptation of each part to the whole, in the office assigned to each of its functions, and in the astonishing regularity with which the animal economy is preserved throughout, that which is eminently calculated to tax the most discriminating powers of thought, and to excite the most profound investigation. But that which is most worthy of our attention, and which furnishes a subject of thought and study transcending in grandeur and extent the material world, is the human soul, with its inexhaustible faculties and lofty aspirations. "The proper study of mankind is man." All that is valuable in the universe in the midst of which we are placed, is that which tends to excite in

us the consciousness of the immeasurable superiority of mind over matter; of soul over mere form and space. The first is transient, changing, evanescent. The soul is fixed, immutable, eternal.

Education, then, consists, as we conceive it, not in that which can be acquired in a few hours spent in school for a small portion of our lives,—not in the mere development of the intellect, whose activity is mainly dependent upon the objects of sensation, but, on the contrary, education, when properly pursued, means something more. It requires the cultivation of our whole nature, as physical, intellectual, and moral beings. HE WHO NEGLECTS ANY PART OF THIS IS NOT AN EDUCATED MAN. How often do we see those distinguished for their scientific or literary attainments, for their knowledge of human and sacred lore, display in their lives the most unpardonable ignorance of the most common physical laws! How many of our young men commence the study of the languages before they have become acquainted with a single principle of physiology! Witness the pale-faced, narrow chest graduates of our universities. Perhaps they can read Virgil and Plato; but would it not have been better if *they had first given some little attention to some of the laws of health?* Physical education has been, especially in this country, shamefully neglected. It is, however, becoming to be more generally understood, that the development of *mind*, in the *present* state of existence, depends very much upon the condition of the body. If the latter be neglected, the former must certainly suffer. We hope the time is coming when he who inherits and preserves a sound body will be held in as much repute as he now is who not unfrequently destroys it, or renders it nearly useless, while pretending to cultivate the mind. The

sickly, emaciated sophomore,—compelled to leave the classic halls before his course of study is half completed, by the appearance of dyspepsia, consumption, or some other disease, which is to be attributed more to his own stupidity than any other cause,—to the neglect of proper exercise in the open air, &c.—he has studied Homer and Virgil, and can solve any problem in Euclid! He expects you to say, Poor fellow! his mind is greater than his body. Poh, nonsense! with all his learning, he is a consummate ignoramus! He has preferred the study of metaphysics, but neglected the study of the commonest principles of physiology: and now he must pay the penalty. With a little common sense, he might have been a happy man, and an ornament to society. As it is, he will sink into an early and premature grave!

In this country, moral education, as such, has been quite as much neglected as physical education. It has even become now to be thought that great intellectual and moral attainments are incompatible with each other. Hence, we hear it said of our great men, so called, that we ought not to judge them by that common standard with which we measure the merits of men in humble life. Conscience seems to have become almost an obsolete idea with many of those, who, by their superior intellectual culture, have acquired an ascendancy in the political world. Policy, not right, is with them the highest law. In practice, if not in theory, the end is almost always made to justify the means. It would seem that, in this country, we have not only divorced church and state, but morality and government. It has become quite common, of late, to say that those precepts of our holy religion which inculcate a strict adherence to right, and an inveterate abhorrence

of wrong, *are applicable only to the individual,—can be carried out only in common life.* The distinguished statesman,—he who, for the time being, controls the destiny of a nation,—is exonerated from all obligation but that imposed by a degrading expediency. It is a shameful fact, that many of the greatest offences against the laws of the land, and the usages of society, are committed by those distinguished from their fellows for nothing, perhaps, but superior intellectual culture and moral obliquity, and who are sometimes only enabled to escape justice by the enormity of their crimes.

In our institutions of learning, there is not, and there never has been, sufficient attention paid to moral education. Our young men, indeed, are sometimes instructed in ethics; but it is simply as a science, or an amusing subject of mere speculation. The maxims of an unbending morality are usually frittered away by some accommodating qualification. Perhaps we have said enough when we inform the reader that Paley's Moral Philosophy is used in many of our institutions as a textbook.

We would by no means depreciate intellectual culture, nor underrate the advantages it confers. What we do maintain is, that there should be more attention paid to the cultivation of our moral nature, and that the observance of the principles of a sound morality should be enforced by our schools and colleges, with at least as much sincerity and firmness as they would insist upon the observance of the principles of criticism and the laws of taste. When this is done, we may look with reason for a diminution of those evils which at present afflict society, and we may then expect to see, what is not always witnessed now, the

legislator obeying the laws which he himself has made. Then will the fallacy of that pernicious maxim be exposed, that knowledge and evil are inseparable,—that he who would be happy must remain in ignorance.

Thus we have spoken of education,—of the universality of its character, and of the deplorable manner in which physical and moral culture have been neglected. To many this may seem a trite subject, yet, nevertheless, it has not received the attention it deserves. What the world most needs is educated men. We mean "*real*" *educated men*. No more of those whose genius has been cramped and warped by the fettered and unnatural system at present pursued in many of our institutions of learning. We need no more of those whose intellectual development is to their moral development as a hundred to zero. We need men whose lives will be examples for other generations,—a perfect man. This expression is yet confined to Sacred Writ. The world has never yet had a living illustration. As we have already observed, those who have cultivated their minds have neglected their physical constitution and their moral education. A healthy body and a well-balanced mind,—who has ever seen them in the same individual? And yet, surely, there is nothing in this union incompatible. If, instead of our present limited, we but took a more universal view of the purpose and extent of education; if, instead of occupying a few months, or, at most, a few years, we were to make it the great, the sole business of life,—the object transcending in importance all others,—then would there be more perfect men upon the earth, and less pigmies and dwarfs. Then would there be but one power acknowledged,—one distinction known,—that which talent and

merit ought alone to confer. We repeat, that what we most need is a thorough system of universal education, —sufficiently universal, sufficiently thorough, to comprehend every human being, and to enable all to accomplish the great purpose of life.

AN ADDRESS UPON THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.*

Deprived of all those essential privileges which assist my more fortunate fellow-men in addressing a public audience, there hardly remains a necessity to advert to those imperfections which must seem apparent in the discharge of a duty to which I am, as yet, but little accustomed.

The system of educating the blind has been eminently successful in imparting to the mind the most valuable rudiments of human knowledge. But the thousand objects of observation that daily occur in life, and which have so great a share in establishing and augmenting a man's information, are beyond our reach. And we are therefore compelled to exhibit, in our intercourse with those around us, a more limited knowledge of the general views of society, and a greater attachment to first principles. Under these restraints, I have no ambition to come before you for any other purpose than to perform a duty I owe to those who are as unfortunate as myself. It has always been my object, whenever I have addressed a public audience, to impart information on the subject of educating the blind,--their ability to support themselves, and their claims to public favor, rather than excite sympathy, or gratify any feeling of personal interest. And I shall endeavor to do so upon the present occasion. The object of my remarks this evening will be to establish this fact, viz.: that the blind

* This article contains the substance of one of the first extemporaneous addresses delivered by the author. It is inserted here, because it contains facts not given in previous articles upon this subject.

have ability to prosecute with success many of those pursuits and professions which have generally been regarded only practicable to those in the full enjoyment of all the organs of sense, and that the mere want of sight in no way impairs the vigor and exercise of the intellect. How far I shall succeed in doing this, remains for you to decide.

It may, we think, be assumed, that, of all the calamities to which a human being can ever be subjected, blindness is one of the most appalling. We suppose this to be the opinion of the majority of mankind. Whatever may be said of the comparative value of the senses, and of the power which the blind possess to overcome the effects of their misfortune, and notwithstanding there have been many deprived of sight distinguished in the scientific, literary, and in the religious world, yet we think there is no one who would not part with any, or even all his senses, rather than be bereft of that sovereign organ upon which the mind is wont to be chiefly dependent for most of its knowledge of the external world. It is impossible for those with eyes to form an adequate idea of the terrible darkness in which the blind man is shrouded, of the absence of that light that can alone reveal the myriads of beautiful objects that seem made to adorn the earth and to gladden the heart. It is not like the temporary darkness of evening, for that is in a measure dissipated by the mild reflections of the moon. It is the terrible midnight darkness that knows no morn. It would be natural to suppose, on first reflection, that the condition to which the blind man is subjected would exert an unfavorable influence upon his mind and heart, for the condition of our feelings and the character of our thoughts depend very much upon the nature of the influence exerted upon us by the ma-

terial objects around us. But we apprehend it will be found that there are in our nature principles, which, perhaps, misfortune can only awaken, that can, in a very great degree, compensate us for the effect of the deprivation of any of the senses. And this is made strikingly manifest in the uncommon exuberance of spirits and remarkable cheerfulness which the blind usually exhibit, and which is quite unlike the effect we should naturally expect from such a calamity. One of the most wonderful arrangements of nature is, that when any part of the human body or faculty of the human mind becomes diseased or destroyed, its office is in a measure supplied by some one of our physical or mental powers, whose activity has become, in consequence, greatly increased. Thus, in deaf persons, sight becomes very acute. We know, too, that when one arm is amputated, the other becomes much stronger. In like manner, the sense of touch in the blind acquires a keenness and susceptibility which are rarely exhibited in other persons. We would by no means be understood to assert that this system of compensation is complete and universal; far from it;—there is no power or faculty with which we are endowed, but that has a definite purpose which it can perform better than any other. What we would say, is merely that which no one can fail to observe,—that the deprivation of any one of our senses tends greatly to enlarge the sphere and usefulness of all the others. There are many instances on record of those who have been deprived early in life of the use of one of their arms, who have succeeded, by long practice, in making the other perform the duties of both. It is related of a distinguished French artist, that, upon his right hand becoming disabled and finally rendered entirely useless by disease,

he was enabled to use the pencil and the brush with equal facility. There is also an authentic account of a man, who, on being deprived by an accident of both of his arms, was enabled to write by making his toes supply the place of his fingers. It is in this way that the blind man is enabled, to so great an extent, to supply the place of sight by the sense of touch and hearing. The extent to which he is enabled to do this, is astonishing to those who have never witnessed the readiness with which he reads with his fingers, and walks unaided from place to place. No one can visit the schools which have been established in this country for the blind and the deaf and dumb, without becoming convinced that we should never know the full extent of the faculties with which God has endowed us, if we were not sometimes permitted to witness the effect produced by the deprivation of one or more of them. But, as we have already remarked, the loss of any one of our senses must be regarded as a positive evil, because its place cannot be *entirely* supplied by the exercise of any or all of the others. For example, we make use of the eye to do many things which can just as well be done by the sense of touch. Color is probably the only attribute or quality of matter which cannot be perceived by the other senses as well as by sight. Most men judge of form, distance, &c., by the eye, probably with *greater readiness* than they could do with any of the other senses. But it does not therefore follow that the blind man may not, with, of course, a greater amount of exertion, obtain these ideas through the medium of touch. The only pursuits of life from which he is in fact debarred by his misfortune, are painting, and, perhaps, the study of anatomy.

We shall by-and-by have occasion to consider more

in detail the effects of blindness, and the manner in which it is in a measure overcome by those ingenious contrivances by which the philanthropists of our day have been so successful in mitigating the condition of those who were generally supposed to be beyond the reach of ameliorating influences. We propose, however, first, to offer a few remarks on the condition of the blind as a class in past ages. Language is inadequate to describe the wretchedness, ignorance and degradation to which the ill-fated blind man has, until within a comparatively recent period, been subjected. In the earlier ages, among the nations of antiquity, he seems to have been regarded MERELY as the burden of society. It was thought that he must, from necessity, grow up in physical, intellectual, ay! and in moral darkness. The poet and the philanthropist wept over him, and in sad strains bewailed his fate.

Ah! think, if June's delicious rays
  The eye of sorrow can illume,
Or wild December's beamless days
  Can fling o'er all a transient gloom;

Ah! think, if skies obscure or bright
  Can thus depress or cheer the mind;
Ah! think, mid clouds of utter night
  What mournful moments wait the blind.

When, to the breezy upland led,
  At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
He hears the red-breast o'er his head,
  While round him breathes the scented thorn.

But, oh! instead of nature's face,
  Hills, dales and woods, and streams combined, —
Instead of forms, and tints, and grace,
  Night's blackest mantle shrouds the blind.

If rosy youth, bereft of sight,
  Midst countless thousands pines unblest,
As the gay flower withdrawn from light
  Bows to the earth, where all must rest;

Ah! think, when life's declining hours
  To chilling penury consigned,
And pain has palsied all his powers,
  Ah! think what woes await the blind.*

When we consider the extent to which the blind are now educated, it seems surprising that the simple method by which they are instructed should not have suggested itself to the minds of men at an earlier period. And our astonishment is increased when we take into consideration the fact that there have been, in almost every age, those who, unaided with sight and unassisted by society, have succeeded in overcoming what would seem almost insurmountable obstacles, in the acquisition of knowledge, and have acquired, in scientific and literary pursuits, a celebrity which those who have eyes might well envy.†

But it must be remembered that it was not until recently that society was made conscious that it had in its bosom so many of its ill-fated children. It was not until a late date that it was discovered that, by an immutable and inscrutable law, a certain proportion of our race, in every generation, are deprived of the inestimable blessing of sight. If it had been known in former years, that there were probably more than half a million of blind persons upon the earth, and that in some countries their proportion was from one in every

* These lines, were written by Rushton, who, we believe, was himself blind.

† See article entitled "Blindness and the Blind," and article entitled "Nicholas Saunderson."

five hundred to one in every eight hundred inhabitants, we doubt not that much more would have been done to improve and elevate their condition. For to suppose that there would not, would be an impeachment of the charity, justice and wisdom of society. If there be any class of human beings entitled to the sympathy and commiseration of their more fortunate fellow-men, it is the blind. For what can be a greater calamity than that which dooms its victim to perpetual darkness? What greater misfortune than to be placed upon this beautiful earth without ever being permitted to behold it? Such is the lot of the blind man. His life is as dark and as dreary as the silent tomb at midnight.

"To others, with the year, reasons return.
But not to him returns
Day, or the sweet approach of eve or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds,
Or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever during
Dark surrounds him.
From the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and from the book of
Knowledge fair, presented with
A universal blank of nature's
Works, to him expunged and 'rased."

It was probably the extraordinary attainments of those eminent blind men who obtained an education without the special aid of society, that first suggested to Abbe Hauy and others, the idea that a system might be devised of instructing the blind, by substituting the sense of touch for that of which they were deprived. It would take too much time to detail here the many experiments which finally resulted in the accomplishment of this object. To teach the blind to read, it was

necessary to make use of characters which they could distinguish with their fingers. This was at first attained by cutting out letters upon wood, or stamping them upon metal. At length, however, a plan was devised of printing them upon paper. You have probably all had an opportunity of examining books prepared in this way, and of witnessing the readiness which a blind person is enabled to read with his fingers.

[For a minute description of the modus operandi of instructing the blind, we refer the reader to the article entitled "Blindness and the Blind."]

The system of teaching the blind may be expressed in a few words. It is accomplished by the substitution of the touch for sight, or the fingers for the eye.

If any one of you wish to show a child in the dark the difference between a right angle and a triangle, a square or a circle, you would either have to mark it upon his hand, or cut it out upon wood, or in some way contrive to give him a tangible illustration. Now, what you would be compelled to do for a seeing child in the dark, is precisely what the teacher of the blind has to do for his pupil in the light. He is compelled, in every case, to reach the mind through the avenues of touch and hearing. To teach the blind in reading, writing, arithmetic, &c., is comparatively easy. But to give them a thorough education is one of the most difficult, as it is certainly one of the most noble, objects that has ever engaged the attention of the humane and benevolent.

I shall occupy the rest of the hour in giving you some account of the institutions which have of late been established in this country for the education of the blind. The exact number of the blind in this country is not known. Their number, however, cannot fall short of

ten thousand. The efforts which have been made to benefit so large a portion of our fellow-citizens must, I am sure, be regarded by you all with deep interest. For, besides the claim which this subject possesses upon our sympathies, there is another view which is far more likely to influence the larger portion of mankind. It is for the *interest* of society that all its members should be educated. It is in this way alone that it can prevent so many of its unfortunate members from hanging upon it like a dead weight. Educate the blind, and you no longer have them thronging the streets soliciting alms,* as is the case in most of the large cities of Europe, and to some extent even in our own country.

Nothing was done for the blind of the United States, until the year 1829, when an institution was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, — (ever foremost in the cause of education and philanthropy,) — which went into operation at Boston, three years afterwards. The idea of such an establishment seems first to have been conceived by Dr. John D. Fisher, M. D. This gentleman, during his residence at Paris, was accustomed frequently to visit the institution for the blind in that city; and he conceived the idea of having a similar establishment in his own country. Accordingly, upon his return home, he, in conjunction with several other benevolent persons, succeeded in obtaining an act of incorporation for the institution to which we have just referred.†

* In many of the European cities, a large number of blind persons are seen at all times at the corners of the streets asking charity of passers-by. It was this spectacle, which M. Hauy so often witnessed in Paris, that awakened his sympathies in their behalf.

† See address of the Trustees of the New England Institution for the Education of the Blind. Published Boston, 1832.

The deep interest awakened in behalf of the blind, by the establishment of an institution at Boston, and similar ones in New York and Philadelphia, was highly honorable to the American people. "The wealthy contributed of their abundance, and the poor withheld not their mite." The generous vied with each other to see who should do most for such a noble enterprise. The blind were sought out from the highways and byways of the land, and for the first time were taught that they too might become useful and happy. In Boston, the truly honorable Thomas H. Perkins came forward and offered his elegant mansion as a home for the blind, on condition that a permanent fund of fifty thousand dollars could be raised among his fellow-citizens. This was accomplished in the short space of a week; fifteen thousand dollars of this sum was actually raised by the ladies of Boston, always first in every good cause. The legislatures of many of the states have made annual appropriations to educate the poor blind. Books in raised characters have been printed for their use, and other apparatus devised, to give them a knowledge of mathematics, geography, astronomy, &c.; and many a wretched, sightless being, who dreamed of nothing but darkness, ignorance and imbecility, is now permitted to enjoy all the advantages of a good education.

The institutions for the blind have steadily increased, and there are now seven or eight of them in different parts of the country; and we hope there will soon be one in every state of the Union. For the smaller the institution, the more likely is the good of the individual to be sought. Large establishments are too apt to forget the simple purpose for which they were at first created. We make this remark, not as more applicable to the

institutions for the blind, than to those for the amelioration of any other class. We never can be too jealous in this country of large, overgrown establishments, no matter what was the object for which they were originally established. They will be always found guilty of great abuses. We, therefore, think it vastly better that every state should attend to the education of its own blind.

The fact has now been established beyond a doubt, that the blind man can receive as good an education as a seeing person with the same mental endowments. The graduates of the institutions of which we have been speaking, will be found to possess as thorough an education, to say the least, as is imparted in our seminaries and academies for those that have eyes. Besides this, the blind are instructed in various kinds of handicraft work. They manufacture mats, mattresses, baskets, hearth-rugs, chairs, shoes, brushes, and various other small articles. They can work as well, but not as fast, as seeing persons. There are, connected with most of the institutions, stores, where the articles just enumerated, are sold at the market price. It must be remembered that the blind cannot make use, to any great extent, of steam and machinery, edge tools, &c. Consequently, they cannot compete with seeing persons. In England and Scotland, where the wages of labor are much lower than in this country, the blind man enjoys a greater advantage. The fifty cents which he is enabled to earn by fifteen hours' labor, will obtain more of the necessaries of life in Edinburgh than in Boston or New York. There is, perhaps, no employment in life, none of the avocations of society, where the blind man can figure to as much advantage as he who is aided with sight.

Music is the favorite employment of the blind. Its pursuit probably affords them a higher degree of enjoyment than that of any other to which they might give their attention. "In the concord of sweet sounds," he derives a pleasure akin to that which they feel whose blessed privilege it is to look upon the ever-varied face of nature. Yet even here sight confers an advantage. It was thought at first that the blind would be generally employed as organists in our churches, and as teachers of music; but the result has not equalled their hopes, nor their claims. We know of but few blind persons who have been able to obtain constant employment as musicians. And, as we have already remarked, there are, in almost every situation of life, difficulties in obtaining a livelihood which can only be fully overcome with the aid of sight. How a blind man can best obtain à support for himself and his family, is still problematical. We cannot, however, doubt that some method will yet be found out, some way discovered, of at length placing him on an equality with those around him.

We have thus endeavored to give you some account of the blind, and of the efforts which have been made in this country to give them an education. There are many things which we have necessarily been compelled to omit. We have stated those facts which we supposed would be most interesting. The time which courtesy and custom have assigned for an address of this nature has nearly expired. I will only add, in conclusion, that if, in the desultory remarks I have made, I have succeeded in awaking a deeper interest in behalf of the blind, my object has been accomplished; then I have not spoken and you have not listened in vain.

THE MAN OF HIS TIME.

The peculiarities of men, that constitute, in the aggregate, their character, can always be traced to their physical, intellectual, or moral constitution. The wise or foolish things that we do in common life, and which collectively form a large portion of each one's history, are, for the most part, the results of some physical conformation, or the possession of some mental endowment, or, more frequently still, *for the want of some.* Now, this principle holds good when I apply it to myself, or to all with whom I have ever been acquainted. Of all the eccentric geniuses I have ever met with,—and they have been many,—there is not one whose peculiar oddity I cannot trace to some idiosyncrasy more or less manifest. I say, not one;—there was, however, one individual I became acquainted with, some years ago, whose peculiarity of character could hardly be accounted for during his life. Almost his entire earthly pilgrimage was employed in trying to demolish whatever he happened not to have a hand in constructing. Indeed, it was his pride that his life was an entire negation. The spirit that animated him was always the spirit of the present. His neck was so stiff that he never could look behind nor above him. Sometimes he would amuse himself in laboring to demolish human society as a whole. At others, he would endeavor to dispose of it in detail. There were two ways in which he settled the rightfulness of anything:—1st. Did he have no hand in its formation? 2d. Did it exist before he was born? If both of these were answered in the affirmative, it

was wrong. He had such an aversion to the past, or whatever could boast of antiquity, he would never look at the moon after it was a fortnight old. Yet did my friend possess many traits that made him attractive. He deeply sympathized with suffering and misery, wherever it existed. Indeed, it was a favorite expression with him that his heart beat with the mighty heart of humanity. His distinguishing characteristic was, as we have attempted to describe it, an aversion to whatever existed anterior to himself. There seemed to be in the past a demon that was ever pursuing him. The only time he was ever known to laugh outright, was after he had listened to a religious fanatic, who predicted the speedy destruction of the world. It was a greater change than my friend had ever contemplated before. The idea of at length being revenged upon the established order of things, afforded him a moment of deep delight, such as he had never experienced before. "What," said he, emphatically, as soon as he could recover himself from the effect which the extraordinary prediction had exerted, "then this world, which they say has existed for six thousand years, is to be revolutionized,—turned up-side down,—it will be a grand spectacle. And in the conflict of elements shall at length be realized that glorious equality which I always knew could be attained." I do not think he ever entirely relinquished the idea of this mighty, this stupendous revolution, as he was accustomed to characterize it, though he lived to see the day go by which the prophet had fixed for its occurrence.

My eccentric friend not only had an aversion to things that had an existence prior to his own, but to names. He therefore fixed upon a cognomen by which he was distinguished. He obstinately refused to an-

swer to any other. He rejected with disdain his baptismal name, because it had been that of his uncle, who died before he was born. The name which he selected for himself was Noggs. There was one difficulty with which Mr. Noggs had to contend through life. He found it impossible to pursue an occupation which was not followed by some other person, or which had not been before he was born. He finally, however, fixed upon one which there are certainly but few who would like to follow. He imposed upon himself the task of persuading every one to whom he could obtain access, that everything before his day was wrong,—*all wrong*. And, strange to say, he succeeded in finding disciples. In his lectures and in his writings, in his conversations, and in every way in which he could act upon another, Mr. Noggs sought to persuade men that the only remedy for all their ills was in change. He had in the wide world, notwithstanding his opposition to all things as they are, but one whom he thought was his enemy,—and that was a distinguished medical gentleman, who, on one occasion, had pronounced him insane. We have not described the personal appearance of our friend. And we have only time now to say,—that he was very thin and spare; for his diet was strictly vegetable. His opposition to animal food arose from the fact that it was generally used. His cadaverous features were never lit up excepting when in conversation on his favorite subject,—revolution. His equanimity of temper was never disturbed, excepting when some one suggested that he might be laboring under a mental hallucination. It was only on such occasions,—when filled with indignation, that he would refer to distinguished men,—such as Peter the Great, Napoleon, Washington, &c. And then it was only to prove the incontestable

fact, that all great men, like him, in their day, were called insane,—because they had endeavored to change the world, and revolutionize mankind. At length, after spending two thirds of the time allotted to man upon the earth, in the fruitless attempt to produce a general confusion in the affairs of men for the sake of a variety, Mr. Noggs died. His friends, who had observed his eccentricities without being able to account for them, had now determined to gratify their curiosity. A post mortem examination was accordingly decided upon. Several medical gentlemen were present on the occasion. The head of poor Noggs was first submitted to the knife; for some had shrewdly suspected that all the mischief lay there. For several minutes all looked on in anxious expectation. At length the operator paused for a moment to inquire of the gentlemen present what it was that they particularly expected to find. "We wish to ascertain," said one of their number, gravely, "what it was that made the subject so averse, during his whole life, to everything he found in the world." "Ah!" replied the operator, dropping his knife, "we need, then, go no further. It is my opinion, it was the want of a large quantity of brains in this part of the head, which, you see, is not here," pointing to the place with the end of his knife. After each one of the company had examined for themselves, they finally came to the following unanimous opinion, which was carefully written down for future use, and was deposited in the archives of the Massachusetts Medical Society. The following is an extract from this invaluable document:—

"The undersigned, being the personal friends of Mr. Noggs, late deceased, assisted by several medical gentlemen, have made a post mortem examination, and

believe that they have at length arrived at the cause of the singular conduct which distinguished this remarkable personage when living. They are of the unanimous opinion that his opposition to society, and to things in general, is mainly attributable to his want of brains. And as we believe that many of his disciples are still living, we feel called upon to express the result of our observation, so that the world may extend towards them, who are undoubtedly laboring under the same calamity as that which afflicted their illustrious master, all the lenity and kindness to which persons with defective brains are entitled."

THE INFIDEL AND THE BLIND MAN.

A DISTINGUISHED infidel, who had acquired quite a notoriety in New England, for his opposition to Christianity, found himself one day in the railroad car, in company with several clergymen. He immediately attempted to engage them in a controversy. And after retailing all that he had obtained from Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, and others, without being able to accomplish his purpose, he happened to discover that there was a blind man present, and thus addressed him:—"Do you, sir, believe in a God, who has made this beautiful earth, and the sun to shine upon it, and who has adorned the heavens with myriads of stars, and yet, without any cause on your part, has deprived you forever of the power of beholding them?"

The man without eyes replied as follows:—"I am surprised, my dear sir, that you should ask me such a question. I believe in the existence of God as firmly as in my own. And I could doubt the one as easily as the other. There is one thing that strikes me as being very peculiar in what you have said. When you reason of God, you do not seem to be governed by the same principles as when reasoning about men. and the common affairs of every-day life." The infidel denied the inference, and the blind man proceeded:—"When we shall have reached our place of destination, the sun, of which you have so eloquently spoken, will have withdrawn his light, and the earth will be enveloped in comparative darkness. Suppose, on reaching your home, and on entering your room, you find a lighted

lamp upon the table,—what will be your conclusion?"

"Why," said the infidel, affecting to sneer at his companion, "I shall conclude that my mother or my sister placed it there."

"Well, then," replied the blind man, "when you look up into the heavens and see those innumerable lights of which you have spoken, why do you not come to the same conclusion, viz., that some intelligent being placed them there?"

The sceptic declared that his companion was "a blind Christian, and that he would have nothing more to do with him."*

The conversation narrated above actually took place, and there are probably many who were present that will remember the circumstance.

* It will be observed that the argument made use of here is Butler's, with this difference: a lamp being substituted for a watch.

A SKETCH.

"I AM lonely, very lonely!" ejaculated a proud and beautiful girl, as she paced her apartment, which had been adorned with all that a fastidious and luxurious taste could suggest. A heart, whose affections had been frittered away upon fashionable trifles, yearned for sympathy and companionship. And she, the only daughter of a princely merchant, coveted that which the poor and the humble never want. She walked to the window, and gazed out upon the heavens. The stars looked coldly down upon her, and she felt, for the first time, a deep want which wealth could not satisfy. Poor Laura Marshall! The almost spoiled favorite of fortune! At that hour she would have relinquished all the enjoyments with which she had been surrounded from her infancy, could she have obtained that for which she sighed,—the sympathy of one who could remove from her heart that sense of loneliness and wretchedness, that seemed to eclipse, for a moment, the remembrance of all her former joys. As she looked around her, and reflected how many had been employed to administer to her gratification, how many had labored to contribute to her happiness, and of the little return which she had made for all this, it is not surprising that she was sad. For, in spite of her opulence, she felt a sense of dependence which even wealth cannot remove. Of the differences which everywhere exist in human society, she knew nothing. The rich and the poor were the names of classes, the first of of which she had been taught to court, and the other to

despise. Of the nature of that tie which binds together all the members of the human family, she knew nothing.

Such was Laura Marshall, when, for the first time, had been awakened in her soul a consciousness of that to which mere wealth alone cannot administer. As she was vainly endeavoring to overcome her feelings, and to change the current of her thoughts, she inadvertently placed her hand upon a book which was lying beside her. She opened it eagerly. It was the Life of Cowper. She read on with avidity, until she had finished that passage of his life, where, being oppressed with melancholy, he attempted to commit suicide, but was prevented from doing so by a poor child, who solicited alms of Cowper, and, by that means, made him acquainted with a sphere in life in which he might be useful, and where he might know the luxury of doing good. This showed him that his life was still valuable, and that there was yet a path in which he might find true happiness. As Laura Marshall read this, her countenance brightened. "I, too, will try it," she said, replacing the book. Henceforth she who, until then, had only served to grace the fashionable circle, or to ornament the drawing-room with her pretty face, might be seen searching for happiness among the haunts of the poor and the needy; and, like Cowper, she found it. Activity had taken the place of refined sloth. The doing of good had superseded idleness. She did not appreciate less the pleasures which wealth confers, but she had discovered a deeper joy in sharing it with others. In fine, Laura Marshall had found the true secret of happiness, and the doing of good to others so occupied her leisure moments, that she never again felt the sensation of loneliness.

THE TWO ASPECTS.

MAN has sometimes been compared to a kingdom There exists an intimate and beautiful analogy between the powers of the individual mind, the duties they were designed to perform, and the coördinate powers of the government of the body politic. The resemblance is even more striking, when we compare man to a republic. The feelings and the passions, where originate most of the acts of life, correspond with the popular branch of the government, or the house of representatives. The intellect, to which all the acts of the passions are referred for its sanction, is the senate of this little republic. If the passions and the intellect agree upon any course of conduct, the matter is then referred to the will, or the executive, who may either ratify or veto it. Conscience, veneration, and benevolence, constitute the judiciary; and it is their business to decide upon the legality or illegality of whatever is done by any or all of the other departments. This august tribunal decides whether our acts are in conformity with that universal law written by the finger of God, alike upon every object of the material world, and upon the tablets of the human heart. Now, we not unfrequently witness this same struggle going on in this miniature republic, between its different functionaries, that is every day seen, upon a larger scale, between the different departments of the state,—the same striving for ascendancy;—the same desire of each member or constituent part to transcend the limits of its activity, and usurp the rights and privileges of the other.

There is yet another particular in which man may be considered as a type of the state. In human society there has ever been two prominent elements, that in every age of the world, and under almost every form of government, have contended with each other. They have had as many names applied to them as they have assumed different aspects. Sometimes they are called might and right,—at others, principle and power. In one age or nation, monarchy and democracy,—in another, liberty and slavery. Now these different names but indicate the same principles,—ever active, ever striving to overcome each other. And the phenomena to which they give rise in society have their counterpart only in the never-ceasing struggles that mark the development and progress of every human soul. Every man must, I think, be conscious of a perpetual conflict going on within him between right and wrong, good and bad, pleasure and pain, beauty and deformity, or by whatever names we may choose to distinguish the antagonistic principles that seem to mark the path of our destiny. They may be called the essential elements of nature. They seem to be essential to all life and activity. And some have supposed that without one we could not appreciate the other. We recognize them in the material world by the terms light and darkness. In music, they are called harmony and discord.

Such are the two constituent principles, that, under the names of good and evil, or, when personified, angel and devil, together or in turn, exercise an indisputable sway over human life. These mighty agencies! who can define them?—yet who that has not felt their power? Who, at every moment of his existence, is not made aware of the strivings of each for the complete dominion of his soul? What human being has

ever been able, even with the aid of philosophy and religion, to cultivate one and entirely suppress the other? We are sometimes permitted to behold rare examples of individuals, in whom virtue is ever the dominant element. But oftener, alas! do we see those in whom is presented a fearful contrast,— in whose souls victory is as often declared in favor of vice as of virtue. The experience of the majority of mankind,—what is it, but the fierce struggle of the passions with the intellect, and the intellect with the conscience; of the desire of power with the sense of justice; of selfishness with disinterested love? It is this terrible conflict that marks our earthly existence,—that causes us now to smile, and now to weep,—that gives us over at one time to the dominion of angelic happiness, and at another to the control of terrible despair. In the life within, there is little uniformity,—all is unrest. The influence of the antagonistic principles of which we are speaking, is everywhere seen. You may behold their manifestation among the busy crowd in the great thoroughfare of life. You can see them display themselves within the limits of your own neighborhood, in the precincts of your own home. They early stamp their impress upon the lineaments of the countenance; so, from the features of the little child, you may often read the future man. Thus, in the Corsica boy, was seen the future emperor of the world. Thus was it predicted of the youth of Mount Vernon, that he should one day be the saviour of his country.

It is mortifying to reflect, that man has not yet been able to explain the precise nature and character of those mighty agents that control his life, and, to a certain extent, determine his destiny. How poor and unsatisfactory the answers which philosophy returns to these questions: What is virtue? What is evil? Whence

did they emanate, and to what do they tend? Is one finally to supplant the other, or are we forever to be under the dominion of both? Until these problems are solved, human nature will continue to be an enigma. Is it not deplorable, that, of all our sciences, the science of life should be least understood? The refined philosophy of our day exalts man as a creature of heaven. The darker speculations of other times degrade him with devils. One school contends for the purity of human nature, and the other for its total depravity. For our own part, we sympathize with neither of these views. When we look abroad upon the earth,—when we study the history of man and society, though sometimes delighted by his splendid attainments, we are often overwhelmed with his gigantic vices. One thing is pleasant to observe, that his good genius never entirely forsakes him. In the most degraded human being that dwells upon the earth, there is a divine spark, which divine love may fan into a flame. The principle of beauty never entirely dies. Like the flower withdrawn from the dew and the light, it may wither and fade; but the smile of heaven can again revive it, and impart to it new vigor, and cause it to open its petals, and gladden life with its fragrance. The awful voice of God within is never entirely silenced. In the most abject and degraded, it still whispers of a better land and a higher life. The omnipotent power of truth can convert the whisperings of conscience to thunder tones. When aroused in the bosom, where it has long remained dormant, the fiend of the passions shrinks in terror before its rebuke.

What is man? How various and unsatisfactory are the replies to this question, after the experience and investigation of six thousand years! From one point of

view he is made to appear, veiled in the beautiful subtleties of poetry and mysticism, an angel of light; and, from the other, robbed of that dignity which of right belongs to him, viewed only as a being of appetites and passions, he is represented as a demon incarnate. We see evidences of these contradictory opinions of human nature in the condition of society, and, especially, in the want of unity among men in politics, philosophy, and religion, and in that intense selfishness that marks so much of the intercourse of men and nations, and that stamps its character alike upon our social life and our political relations. We shall, by and by, learn to regard man as he really is, — a strange compound of good and evil, of earth and heaven, of the human and divine, — a being imperfect in his development, yet capable of endless progress; endowed with appetites and passions, in common with the brutes, and yet made capable of a love that owns its affinity to angels. With intellect to discover and intelligence to apply the laws of the material world, and to make them administer to his happiness, yet unable to explain the principle of vitality, by which he is himself sustained, — endowed with an independent will, he seems to decide for himself in whatever he does. Yet, always influenced by a mysterious power, he feels and knows, but cannot comprehend. Strange combination of apparent incongruities! Such is man. Such is human nature. Yes! he who is monarch of the earth, is yet an enigma to himself.

MUSIC.

"The man that hath not music in his soul,
And is not moved by the concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

THERE is but one universal language, one idiom, by which we can express those feelings, sentiments, and ideas common to all. This language, this idiom, is music. It pervades all nature. And it is this which seems to connect us, by a thousand mystic ties, to every created thing, and makes us feel, in our silent, contemplative moments, a sympathetic relationship with every object by which we are surrounded, or with which we have been associated. The tree, beneath whose shade we played in our childhood, why is it that we yet remember it? And why do we yet feel that between it and us there once existed a strange, but undefinable companionship? Never, amid the din and noise of the world, the selfishness and activity of life, can we entirely forget the music of its rustling leaves, or the thoughts it awakened, as it echoed, at quiet evening, the vesper hymn of the flowers, or answered, at noonday, to the song of the rills. Why is it that we yet retain recollection of those we love, when their image no longer dwells in our mind? It is the music of the voice divine, that can never die. For the tones of love survive the glance of affection. O Music! divinest of all the arts! deepest of all mysteries! In thee is embalmed the memory of the past, and from thee comes the hope of the future. Thou only revealest the coming blessed-

ness of the race,—thou only prophesiest of universal harmony.

The phenomena of light, like that of sound, is the result of innumerable vibrations. Everything in nature seems to be in perpetual agitation, and each, in its own way, is ever chanting a gladsome strain, that blendeth in a common chorus, to the Maker of all. From the low song of the flowers, so sweet and plaintive, to the chorus of the spheres, so grand and majestic, there is perpetually ascending to the Fountain of all, a hymn of gratitude and praise. In this universal harmony, there is but one exception,—one discord. Of all created things, man alone mars this pæan of nature. Yes, "the harp of a thousand strings," made capable of such high music, formed for such divine strains, withholds its tribute to the universal harmony, or mars with its broken cadence. The heart of humanity, from which once issued such holy melodies,—where is now its primeval minstrelsy? Over its broken strings sweeps no more the spirit of love. The fiend of selfishness has broken the instrument, made by the hand of God for the holiest purposes; and where erst an angel carolled, there shrieks a demon.

Sad and mournful comes the dirge from him who should have foremost sung the gladsome song in nature's universal orchestra. O man! must it ever be thus? Must thou forever sing, in broken strains, the requiem of thy leparted joys,—of thy lost glory? Shall there gush no more from out thy heart that deep delight that made thy early Eden vocal with thy praises? Shall thy wondrous voice, formed for such lofty eloquence, be tuned no more in unison with nature? Must thy bitter wailings never cease? and all thy life seem but a mockery?

No! it shall not always be thus with thee,
Thou greatest of all earth's mystery;
Thy noblest song is not yet sung,
Thy highest work is not yet done.

What the world most needs is a benefactor,—one who shall expound to our race the laws of harmony, the observance of which shall place men in true relationship to each other and to nature. A poet or a prophet, whose burning words shall awaken, in the mighty heart of humanity, a deeper consciousness of its unity and its harmonies, that shall kindle once more in the bosom of man the flame of seraphic minstrelsy, and revive again those beautiful affinities that once united him to all intelligences. Then will music, the divinest of all the arts, become what it once was, the medium of all true thought and expression.

There are times, when oppressed by the conceptions and aspirations of the soul, we strive in vain for utterance. There are no words that can convey our ideas. Then it is that we have recourse to music, for it is then only that we can truly understand its significance and power. We strive to make ourselves heard and understood, but our yearnings and our struggles meet with no response. The dark world is too much engrossed in its selfishness and sensuality. We commune only with the voices of the past, with the spirits of the departed. Are we sad and sorrowful, we crave the deep sympathy of Beethoven. If we would raise ourselves above this poor life, and catch a glimpse of a higher destiny, we listen with gratitude and admiration to Mozart and Haydn. There are a host of others, who come at our bidding, and, with their deep, impassioned strains assuage our grief and elevate our joys. It is at such times that we cease to be conscious of that dark pall,

that, from our infancy, hath veiled from us the beautiful in earth and sky.

From my earliest days, I have felt within me a striving to be free, that music can only adequately express. A longing for a deeper sympathy, a closer communion with the good, the true, the beautiful. In childhood, those blessed and balmy days, when the fragrance of the flowers and the music of the birds thrilled my heart with deep delight, I felt within,—I knew not what,—a spirit, whose plaintive, earnest voice wept and smiled, and ever yearned for a fuller, brighter manifestation. 'T was all in vain I strove to express its meaning. To each dear, cherished thing, around which affection twined, the voice within replied, It will not do. The spirit cried aloud for something more. But once, but only once, it gave me rest. O, that happiest hour of all my life, that deepest joy I ever knew!

The sun's last rays had kissed the verdant hill-top, and trailed in beauty along the evening sky. The soft zephyr, laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers, distilled its grateful incense upon all around. The birds had carolled their last sweet lay and gone to rest. A deep, delicious languor overspread all nature. At that holy hour, when solemn thoughts, that, like the stars, come forth at night to shine within the soul's serener sky, when nature everywhere seems wrapped in meditation deep, profound,—I wandered forth alone, for unto me both day and night are one. Yet, dearest of all time is summer eve,—for it was at such an hour, that I first felt the mystery of that voice divine, that awoke within me such unutterable delight, that called forth from my heart such deep response, as music, only, hath power to awaken. O! if I had but

fitting words to tell how all-absorbing, how uncontrollable, was the love awakened by those dulcet tones, that softly trembled on the evening air. At that blessed hour, most blessed of all my life, when she, my Isadora, accompanied by her guitar, breathed forth this impassioned lay:—

"Give me the night, the calm, beautiful night,
When the green earth reposes in heaven's own light;
When the moon and the stars keep their vigils above,
And nought is awake save the spirit of love.

"When visions of memory visit the heart,
Like the dreams of the past, which too soon must depart,
And the soul fondly dwells on the scenes of delight,
Give me the night, the calm, beautiful night.

"Spirit of love, in yon isles of the blest,
Where the bright and the beautiful ever have rest,
Spread thy wings o'er the earth, now so smiling and fair,
And breathe all thy tenderness, loveliness, there.

"Though the tear will escape as the heart heaves a sigh,
And thoughts, all too deep for emotion, reply,
Yet the soul lingers still o'er the scene of delight,—
Give me the night, the calm, beautiful night."

She ceased; but in my soul, that, until then, had not known aught of companionship, there was created a sense of fulness and deep joy, an all-pervading consciousness that I was blessed, supremely blessed.

Years have passed away, but memory of that hour shall live forever.

My Isadora, but for thee,
E'en doubly dark this world would be!

He who may never hope to gaze upon earth or sky, who can never behold the light of the sun, nor look upon the face of a friend, can only adequately appreciate the music of the human voice. To him only can

music impart its highest delight, and change his midnight darkness to a noonday splendor. Who can estimate fully the influence of music upon the heart and the life? What can do more to soften and refine the feelings? to purify and elevate the whole nature? And why should it not exert as great a power now, as in the earlier ages of society? Why not have as much influence upon the civilized, as the savage man? Those who have been the most constantly affected by it,—who are best capable of appreciating its effects, tell us that there is nothing that can so exalt and ennoble the moral and religious element. Who can calculate the influence it exerts in our churches? What is so well designed to lift the mind from earth to the contemplation of heaven? And then, too, consider the influence of music upon our social feelings. There is nothing like the concord of sweet sounds that can so move the heart to noble deeds and lofty daring, and that, at the same time, can prompt to that spirit of kindness and disinterestedness that softens and beautifies our social intercourse. However, the power to appreciate music is the gift of God. Shall I not say it is one of the noblest vouchsafed to man? Blessed is he who possesses it, and can appreciate it. For amidst all the vicissitudes of this strange life, he has within him that which can sustain and cheer him.

It is a pleasant thing to see the smiling faces of those around you, to look upon the speaking countenances of your friends, to read the burning thoughts that come forth in each glance of the eye. But the beautiful face soon becomes pale and emaciated; the eye soon loses its brilliancy and lustre, the form its grace, and the step its elasticity; but the music of the voice can never die. Like the soul, it is divine and immortal. Great is his

privilege for whom nature, with its myriad objects of beauty, has power to delight,—who can look upon the green, beautiful earth,—who can gaze upon the heavens, adorned with its innumerable lights. But there is a yet greater boon, there is a depth in music which transcends all else.

> "O say, is there a star above
> Like the low, sweet voice of one you love?"

There is no faculty I possess, with which I would not part, rather than relinquish the high satisfaction which music affords. Gladly would I open these sealed orbs, and look out upon the vast, magnificent universe; but I would not accept so great a boon, if it must be obtained at the sacrifice of the deep delight, of the inexpressible joy, of the unutterable happiness, which music alone can impart.

REMARKS ON THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.*

On reading the religious publications of the present day, it is surprising to observe what energy and activity is displayed in the discussion of those great theological questions, which, from the earliest ages of the church, have occupied the thoughts of men. The quarterly, the monthly, and even the weekly newspaper, teem with a vast amount of thought, which is expended upon what would seem a useless attempt to settle questions, which, from their very nature, must always remain involved in obscurity and uncertainty, or environed with difficulties which can never be fully surmounted. Ever since the human mind was emancipated from that spiritual thraldom, which, under the sacred name of Christianity, had degraded and enslaved it, there is no subject, theological or philosophical, which has not been subjected to the most rigid and searching investigation. From the Reformation to the present day, mankind, availing themselves of the spiritual liberty which they had obtained by that great event, have subjected opinions, institutions, and customs, which had existed for ages, and which were sanctified by the church, to the clear-eyed scrutiny of reason and common sense. And the simple truth, as it was first proclaimed by Jesus Christ, has at length been separated from the dark superstitions of heathen mythology, and from the vain speculations of a mystical philosophy,

* The historical facts referred to in this article have been chiefly gathered from Guizot's Lectures on Civilization and Russell's History of Modern Europe.

which, in the dark ages, in the sacred name of religion, had so degraded and debased the human mind. The intellect will no longer submit to be cramped and fettered,—will no longer yield its assent to a truth or proposition simply because it was believed by St. Jerome or St. Augustine. But in religion, as in philosophy and in science, in matters of faith, as well as in whatever pertains to human life, all must undergo a similar process of investigation. And whatever is immutable and eternal, whatever administers to the progress of man or the advancement of society, is received, while that which debases the one and retards the other is rejected.

For the last three centuries, the progress of the individual man in intellectual and moral development, and the advancement of society in civilization and refinement, are the result of that great event, which, in the sixteenth century, effectually checked the tyranny of the church, and overcame the despotism of a corrupt priesthood, which, until then, had enslaved the human soul, by denying to man the freedom of thought and action. It would be impossible to enumerate the advantages derived from what is generally called the Protestant Reformation. It forms the grandest epoch of modern times. It presented a spectacle such as the world has seldom witnessed,—the human mind, after the slavery of ages, at length asserting its freedom, and, by one mighty effort, breaking asunder the chains with which a corrupt corporation, in the sacred name of God, had contrived to prevent all mental activity in the individual man, and concert of action in the masses. As it has been well observed by a distinguished writer, the great reformation, or, as it should more properly be called, the great revolution, of the sixteenth century,

really succeeded in accomplishing more than it attempted. It was not, as it is sometimes said, produced by a desire of a few men to reform the abuses of the church; it was the effect of causes which had for a long time been in operation, and which finally contributed to produce this great result. The Romish church was not guilty of any greater abuses at this period than at any previous time; but mankind was better prepared to resist her encroachments and repel her usurpations.

Two centuries had scarcely passed away after the promulgation of Christianity, before it became corrupted by its connection with the Roman empire. The simple, unostentatious form of worship instituted by the apostles and their immediate successors, was, after the conversion of Constantine, superseded by the imposing forms and splendid ritual of a corrupt church. And in all the vicissitudes to which the Romish corporation was subjected, from the time of the overthrow of the empire by the northern barbarians to the fifteenth century, or to the commencement of that period when the papal chair was removed from Rome to Avignon, or to what is called the great western schism, when there were two popes,—one at Rome and one at Avignon,—it labored unceasingly, by dazzling the imaginations of men with its pompous ceremonies and useless rites, to obtain a complete and absolute control over their thoughts and their lives. And the spiritual degradation to which it reduced its subjects was as revolting and as unfavorable to personal liberty, mental and moral progress, as that of any other false religion that has ever existed. We know it is claimed for the Catholic church, that, in the middle ages, it sometimes interfered between the lord and his vassals, affording a check to the tyranny of one, and promoting, to some degree, the happiness of the

other. The priest, it is said, was the mediator between the absolute lord and the degraded serf. In the first, he controlled the exercise of absolute power, while to those who were, notwithstanding, often its victims, he imparted the consolations of religion. That this, in some instances, was so, we do not mean to deny; and that there were institutions connected with the Catholic church which exerted a beneficent influence upon the lower classes of society, which, in some degree, meliorated their social condition, we cheerfully admit. After all, we think it must be conceded that the good the Catholic church did, in its corporate capacity, was incidental,—often, perhaps, more than it designed. Its grand object, its ultimate end, has always been to aggrandize itself, and when it has succeeded in accomplishing its purpose, it has usually been by trampling upon the dearest rights and the most sacred privileges of men. Power, unlimited, absolute, over the intellect and conscience, has been that which, in every age, and under all circumstances, it has aimed to maintain. Sometimes it has allied itself to this, and sometimes to that, interest of society,—now with the government and anon with the people,—always careful to espouse the strongest cause, and to act in concert with that party that would most willingly further its purposes. Whatever progress the human mind has made, it has derived no aid from the church; for one of the essential conditions of progress,—liberty of thought,—she has denied. And she has never failed to anathematize those who, in the exercise of their natural rights, have ventured to think for themselves upon religious matters. We sometimes hear it claimed for the Catholic church, that, in every age, and especially in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, she patronized institutions of learning, and

everywhere encouraged the pursuit of letters. The schools which the Catholic church fostered in Italy, Germany, France, &c., were, for the most part, designed to educate men for the ministry; for the celibacy of the clergy compelled her constantly to draw upon all classes of society to replenish the ranks of the priesthood;—and it was mainly for the education of such that these schools were established. Among those who enjoyed their advantages at the period of which we speak, were many eminent scholars. And it was, no doubt, the influence of the universities which contributed to the revival of learning in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and which led to the study of Greek philosophy, and to such passionate fondness for classic literature. But the Catholic church never has favored general education among all classes of the people. Not unfrequently she openly opposed it. Compare the condition of the inhabitants of Spain and Portugal at the present day, with the people of any one of the Protestant countries in Europe, and it is very easy to perceive what Catholicism does for the masses.

The crusades, which had their origin in the bosom of the church, were the means by which the Roman hierarchy contrived to divert the minds of men from her true object, which was universal dominion. At the commencement of the thirteenth century, when the enthusiasm enkindled in Europe by the holy war had well nigh subsided, the Catholic church was in the height of her power; but the very means which she had chosen to attain it were destined to work at least its partial overthrow. The crusades, though their immediate effect was certainly demoralizing upon Christendom, yet, upon the whole, were instrumental in advancing civilization and in developing the individual

mind. By expanding the views of men, and making them acquainted with the inhabitants of distant countries, they undoubtedly tended to hasten that great event, which, more than all others, marks the history of modern Europe. We have already referred to the great schism in the church in the fifteenth century, when, by the removal of the papal chair, there were two that claimed to be the successors of St. Peter. The council that assembled at Pisa endeavored to settle the dispute between the pope at Rome and the pope at Avignon, by the election of a third one. This, however, only tended to increase the difficulty; for there were now three spiritual heads of the church. This took place in the year 1409. In five years after, the council of Constance assembled. It was "convoked by the desire of the Emperor Sigismond. This council did not imitate the example of its predecessor and elect another pope, but it attempted a far more important matter,—the reform of the abuses of the church." It proclaimed by its edict the indissolubility of the council, and its superiority over the power of the pope. And it is worthy of remark, that, at about the same time of the assembling of the council at Pisa, a popular reform movement manifested itself in Bohemia. It was conducted by John Huss, who commenced preaching at Prague, in 1404. During the first half of the fifteenth century, the Catholic church was distracted with schisms in its very midst. It was all in vain that the councils attempted to settle the difficulty. Papacy and corruption triumphed; but it was momentary. Henceforth the church, instead of acting, as she had done, upon the offensive, was compelled to assume a defensive position. Instead of acquiring more power, she labored to maintain that which she already possessed. Little

did the court of Rome imagine the check it was to receive from the indefatigable labors of a poor German monk. The Reformation may fairly be considered as having been commenced, when Luther publicly burnt at Wittenberg the bull of Leo X., "containing his excommunication, and thus formally separated himself from the church." From this event dates the ever-memorable struggle of Christian Europe for religious liberty. The necessity of a thorough reform in the church was felt by good men at that period in every part of the civilized world. Accordingly, the attempt at reformation was no sooner made in Germany, than a similar spirit broke out in Switzerland, France, and England. Europe had been prepared for this great event, by changes which had been going on in the spheres of politics and philosophy as well as in religion. The crusades, the invention of gunpowder and the mariner's compass, and the discovery of America, contributed, in different ways, to hasten that memorable struggle between the people and the most corrupt oligarchy that ever blasphemed the name of religion. Experience has shown that, as with the individual, so with society, there is a point beyond which they will not submit to tyranny, no matter what form it may assume,—no matter, though it be in the sacred name of religion, they will repel it. And this is precisely what the people of Europe did do at the commencement of the sixteenth century. The events of the Reformation, and the fortunes of those engaged in it, are all matters of history, and are probably so well understood as not to require to be detailed here. It is sufficient to say, that it achieved its object,—the emancipation of the human mind from that spiritual thraldom to which it had so long been subjected; for we presume it will not

be denied by any but the most bigoted papist, that the great cause of the Protestant Reformation was the want of a larger amount of intellectual freedom and religious liberty than the Catholic church ever had, or ever would allow the individual to possess. This desire was universal. The idea of ascribing so great a revolution to local causes, or to mere personal motives, is preposterous. The influence it exerted, the effect it produced, in those countries where it was successful, was much more striking upon the intellectual and moral development of the individual, than upon the social condition of society, though it greatly advanced both. Such men as Bacon and Descartes were the offspring of the Reformation. If these bold and original thinkers had existed previous to that great event, they would have been excommunicated by the church, tried by the inquisition, and put to death. Having succeeded in obtaining religious liberty, the people of the most enlightened portions of Europe became impatient under political despotism. Accordingly, we find that the next great events of modern times which succeeded the Reformation, as naturally as effects follow their cause, were the English and French revolutions. Who can enumerate the changes they have effected in the civilized world? Who can tell how much they have done to advance humanity?

Of one thing we may be certain,—to whatever vicissitudes mankind may yet be subjected, they will never again be the victims to such a ruthless, galling, political and religious despotism as darkened and degraded civilized Europe previous to the Protestant Reformation.

A LESSON FOR THE DAY.

We have had occasion, in one or two former articles, to speak of the character of the present age, and the peculiarities of society as it now exists, especially in our own country. Though not enjoying the means of such extended observation as many others possess, we have still, however, employed all the resources at our disposal, in the study of human character and human society; or man as an individual, and man in the aggregate. And it must, we think, be admitted, that nothing is so worthy of careful study, deep thought, and profound contemplation. The majestic past, big with events and vicissitudes, affecting alike the destiny of the individual and of society,—the present, with its ceaseless agitations, and ever-shifting scenes,—the unexplored future, where the imagination loves to revel, and picture better and brighter things for man than he has ever yet realized,—all this is eminently fitted to stimulate the intellect to its utmost capacity, and engage the warmest affections and liveliest sensibility of the heart. We, of the present generation, are passing through a transition state, prepared by that which has gone before.—we are, to a great extent, contributing to the character of that which is to come after us. The present, then, is the field of our operations, the theatre of our actions; and it is what is now going on around us that most claims our undivided attention, and it is this that will constitute the subject of our present article.

As every individual life is, to some extent, the minia-

ture or fac-simile of the life of society, so a great nation, like our own, in its social and political relations, may be considered as a type of the world. Whatever, therefore, are the peculiarities and events which, at the present moment, are in operation in this country, and which are effecting the intellectual and moral development of man, and forming or influencing the character of society, they are under various aspects, subjected, of course, to innumerable modifying circumstances, pervading every civilized country upon the globe. So that we have but to look around us, and carefully observe all that is going on within the sphere of our observation, to have a pretty fair idea of the condition of society and the state of the world. The most striking fact which everywhere presents itself at the present day, is the transition state of society, and the unsettled character of our social institutions. Progress is not less a law of the nature of man, than of that social compact, that binds men together by so many indissoluble ties. Change, then, better than any other word, expresses the great idea of our times. For human thought and human action, there is, so to speak, no inertia. All is movement, activity, advancement. And this character, this peculiarity, is impressed not merely upon man, but upon all those institutions which, for a time, supply his wants, and administer to his development. And this has formed, in every country and every age, the dominant phase of those successive stages, through which the human race has passed in attaining to its present state of civilization. It is this element, this great principle, which has been at the bottom of all those mighty revolutions which in every age, and especially in modern times, have exerted such a controlling, such an all-pervading influence in human affairs. It was this that lay at the bot-

tom of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, and that caused the English revolution in the century following, and that finally set in operation those remarkable events that dethroned the Bourbons, and made France, for a time at least, a republic. And it is, as we have already observed, this all-pervading desire for change to which our country is indebted for her present social and political advancement. But to deal no more in generalization, let us examine more minutely than we have yet done the condition of that state of society in the midst of which we are placed, and of which we form a part. One thing is very observable in the condition of our country at the present moment. There is a greater amount of activity among the masses, than was ever displayed at any former period. Individual minds no longer exert such a controlling power in the government. We have as many great men now as at any former time. But they no longer possess that influence in the councils of the nation. The general intelligence of the people, the facility with which knowledge is now acquired upon almost every subject, has produced a greater intellectual equality than has ever existed before. The laborer and the artisan share with the jurist in making the laws and legislating for the country. Every situation in the state is open alike to all. The ambition and intelligence of every individual is thus stimulated and excited, to a degree without a parallel in the history of the world. Nowhere but in this country do the laws so fully express the will of the majority. Nowhere does the government confer greater blessings upon the governed. But notwithstanding the superiority of our political institutions, there exist here the same social evils in embryo that have manifested themselves in older countries. The equality, of which

we so proudly boast, is all political. The same differences, the same castes, have manifested themselves among us that form the chief curse of European society. We have our aristocrats, who make up for the want of a title, in their pompous demeanor, costly equipage, &c. A million obtains as much consideration, as much servility in the United States, as my lord does in England. It is surprising to observe what an immense influence wealth exerts in this country upon all classes. It is the standard, in too many instances, by which worth is measured. It creates, on the one hand, and in one portion of society, a haughtiness and arrogance, that vie with the lofty pretensions of the titled aristocrats of the most despotic country in the world, — while in the poor it excites a superciliousness, a degrading demeanor, truly pitiable to witness, and which is by no means in keeping with that political equality of which we have spoken. We have not time to speak of all the physical and moral evils that wealth engenders. They must, we fear, always continue to exist until the unnatural relations between labor and capital are greatly changed. There is some truth in the charge that we are a nation of apes. We have grown tired of our republican simplicity, — we no longer possess the stern virtues of our fathers. The rich copy the fashions and habits of the higher classes of Europe, and the poor, with a sickening exactness, copy the rich. Thus all classes become enervated, by the silly and ridiculous attempt to transplant, so to speak, the usages and customs of the corrupt society of the old world. There is yet another peculiarity, which is equally lamentable, that may be said to form one of the characteristics of Americans. We refer to that ridiculous sensitiveness which is so often manifested to the opinions of foreign-

ers. As a people, we cannot endure criticism. Like the Chinese, we are accustomed to regard and to speak of our country as the best in the world. Hence, the public anxiety, so often manifested when we are visited by some traveller from Europe, to make him think as highly of our country as we do ourselves. We have sometimes paid dearly for this. One would think, on reading Dickens' Notes, that he was feasted in our cities to little purpose. Who could expect a man to give anything like a philosophic account of our institutions, when his stay among us had been only for a period of about six months. English tourists have usually, with some few exceptions, imitated the example of Mrs. Trollope, in caricaturing us. There is no trait which has excited this ridicule more than our ridiculous fondness for whatever is foreign. We do not even pass a law, or decide upon any great governmental measure, without asking what effect it will have in England or France. No one can acquire among us a very great celebrity in any of the fine arts without spending some years in Italy. Indeed, it is beginning to be thought, among the higher classes in this country, that their children cannot be thoroughly educated until they have spent a year or two in one of the European schools. A young man, as soon as he has passed his minority, if he is desirous of seeing the world, instead of becoming acquainted with his own country, prefers to pass a few years in observing the workings of society in the European capitals. And when at length he returns to his own country, he is shocked with the coarseness of plain republican life. It has been said, that the American, in common with the English, are the most gullible people upon earth. If a foreigner comes among us, claiming to be physician to the King of the French, or pianist to his most Chris-

tian majesty, the whole country is thrown into a state of excitement. All are for availing themselves of the skill of the doctor, or to listen, with raptures of course, to the performances of the professor. After these wonders have succeeded in obtaining all that they wanted,—a round hundred thousand,—they go home, and at their leisure laugh at our simplicity. However, it is with the nation as with the individual,—experience is the best teacher. We shall, I trust, soon learn to place a higher value upon the advantages we really enjoy, and at the same time be less sensitive as to the light in which we are regarded by foreigners. There is one fact which cannot be denied: there is no country upon the earth where the millions are better provided for, better fed, and clothed, than in the United States. And nowhere is general intelligence more widely diffused. There exists, it is true, despite our political equality, the great social differences of which we have spoken as being produced by the unnatural relations that exist between labor and capital. But we hope it will not lead to such deplorable consequences as it has in older countries. Indeed, it is impossible for wealth to accumulate in the same hands and to so great an extent here as in England and France, for example. Property and wealth, of all kinds, is subjected to great changes and vicissitudes among us. And this leads to a greater generalization, to a more frequent distribution among all classes, and this is always the case when government never arbitrarily interferes with the natural order of things.

It is almost always found to be the case in this country, that the same family rarely retain their wealth longer than three generations. You will often find the grandchildren of rich men to be poor. There is another

characteristic of American society which we must not omit here. We have already referred to the great, the almost unprecedented, intellectual activity among us. The American and the English people are not so remarkable for deep thinking as for great and magnificent actions. Common sense is something of which the Anglo-Saxon race may proudly boast. Still, it is not difficult to observe the tendency of the American mind to speculation. We are beginning to *deal* largely in abstractions. Action, prompt and efficient action, no longer succeeds thought, as it was wont to do. We can plan a revolution as well as our fathers, but we cannot accomplish it. We can invent a theory or hypothesis of society, but we cannot achieve its actualization. How many beautiful ideas are put forth at the present day,—how many fine-spun theories are invented,—in short, how many admirable things are merely said and written! There is, we repeat it, great intellectual activity manifested among us, but it seems to be divorced from physical power. They no longer act in harmony, as they were wont to do, in the accomplishment of those great revolutions that have done so much for the advancement of human society. And hence it forms one of the peculiarities of our age, that we attempt much more than we accomplish,—we think much more than we do. One would naturally suppose, on reading many of the publications of the present day, and the striking delineations they contain of the advancement of human society, that we had well nigh reached social perfection. But when we look around us,—when we go forth into the busy world,—when we examine man as we everywhere find him,—we are then satisfied that the description we have read is but a beautiful dream of a fond enthusiast. We have time

only to mention one more of the characteristics of American society; and it is the saddest one of all to which we have referred. It is the predominance of the physical and the intellectual over the moral element. Society, as yet, has no conscience, or, if it has, it is, as we often find it in the individual, dormant. How much labor is expended in obtaining mere physical enjoyment! How many sacrifices are made for mere intellectual gratification! But how little has yet been done, either by man or by society, to develop the moral element, or to cultivate the moral principle. Society often punishes crimes in individuals which she perpetrates herself without any compunctions. How little abhorrence has repudiation excited in this country! But few remonstrated against the perfidy we displayed in our intercourse with the aborigines. And does not this indicate the want of a healthy, of a more moral tone in society? Consider, too, the war in which we are now engaged, and the real purpose for which it was instituted, and deny, if you can, that, though we have developed our physical resources, and cultivated the national intellect, yet have we mournfully retrograded from that high moral position that distinguished us in the infancy of the republic. In a moral respect, indeed, how little do we differ from other countries! The same desire of aggrandizement, regardless of consequences, that has so often impelled other nations, seems also to animate us. The same inevitable consequences will certainly follow, no matter what may be our particular form of government, if we adhere to and act upon the false maxim that might is right; if we acknowledge, in our dealings, a degrading expediency, we must expect to share the fate of other republics,—have a brief existence, a poor and imperfect development, and have it said of

us, as it was of them, that republicanism was a miserable failure.

Thus have we spoken of American government and of American society. We have touched upon many subjects, each of which is sufficient, of itself, for an entire article. But believing that many of our readers are better acquainted with the subject than we are, the most that *we* have ventured to do is to make a few concise observations upon those evils so prominent as not to have escaped the notice of the most unobserving. We hope and believe that they will yet find a corrective. Notwithstanding all her faults, we love our native country. We have not yet subscribed to that sentiment, that has become so prevalent of late, that patriotism is incompatible with philanthropy. Neither do we feel inclined to indulge in that excessive adulation, by which so many labor to prove their attachment to the republic. No; we think it is wiser and better to prove our patriotism, by doing all we can to correct the evils and guard our country from the dangers to which she is exposed. This is what we have endeavored to do in the present imperfectly-written article. Let those who have it in their power, effect more,—be up and doing.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

THE religious element is the strongest of our nature. It manifests itself, with more or less power, at every period of our existence, at every stage of our advancement in life. In the savage as well as in the civilized man, there is this craving for something higher,—this longing after a more perfect communion, a purer joy, a diviner life, than can ever be attained upon the earth. Sometimes this wonderful principle seeks for gratification in the various forms and images of beauty which the external world presents. But, disappointed, it again falls back upon the soul. It soars to the stars; it wanders everywhere, but finds rest nowhere. It is this feeling that never becomes extinct in the most degraded human being, and which the most perfect life we are capable of here cannot satisfy, that seems to unite us with the angels and to God. It is interesting to witness the earnest but too often ineffectual attempt of mankind, in every age, to gratify this longing, this highest aspiration of our common nature. It is melancholy to behold the sufferings of our race, that have marked its progress, from the lowest to the highest degree of development it has yet attained in civilization. But the sad mistakes of mankind,—the faults they have everywhere manifested, and with which the history of the world is full, —the perverted manner in which they have so often sought to manifest and gratify the religious element, present a far more deplorable and gloomy picture. The false religions that have existed in every age, through which man has so often vainly striven to satisfy the

cravings of that divine instinct which, amid all his degradation, has preserved within him a desire for a better life, constitutes the most interesting, and yet the darkest passage of his history. Idolatry, in all its forms, presents the melancholy spectacle of men laboring in vain to give utterance to their consciousness of the existence of Him, who is alone entitled to the homage of all hearts. Nowhere has man been able entirely to free himself from the idea of God. And yet, nowhere, without the aid of revelation, has he been able to express it. Formed for worship, yet for the most part ignorant of the object alone entitled to adoration, he has often made a deity of himself, or, worse than this, he has bowed down to inferior natures. The Greeks and the Romans, with their imposing mythology, — Asia and Africa, with their degrading rites and mournful superstitions, show us how often and how earnestly man has labored to gratify the highest want of his nature, and to restore himself to that state of innocence, and to that heaven from which he had fallen. The Pantheon, with its gods and its demi-gods, creatures of passion and of fancy, how little is there in the idea they were intended to embody, akin to that lofty conception, of the only living and true God, which the Bible presents. How degraded were the Greeks in their most advanced state of civilization, and what a striking proof did they afford of the inability of man, unaided, to discover the true God through what is called natural religion. The teachings of the most-enlightened philosophers of antiquity, not excepting Socrates, the greatest moralist the heathen world produced, fall far short of the morality of Judaism, to say nothing of that contained in the precepts of Christ. Comparisons are instituted and analogies are drawn by

the philosophers of our day, between the systems of Plato, Confucius, Zoroaster, and the religion of the New Testament. We sometimes hear it said that Jesus Christ embodied in his precepts ideas contained in the maxims of the sages of the heathen world. But the superiority consists in that he lived out what he taught. He actualized what before had been but mere abstractions. The central idea of Christianity is, a pure life, —the offspring of a divine faith. Such a life, such a faith as man had never before conceived.

We admire the system of Zoroaster; it was vastly superior to anything the Persians had known before. We cheerfully accord our admiration to the philosophy of Confucius, and to the beneficent moral influence it exerted upon his countrymen. His system was based upon obedience of the child to the parent, of the citizen to the state. It is sometimes claimed that he was the first that uttered the maxim, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." The form, however, in which he inculcated it, was different,—it was negative,—"Thou shalt *not* do unto others what thou wouldst not have others do unto thee." Although he lived, considering his time, a remarkably pure life, yet his example came far short of Christ, if, indeed, it be not impious to compare them at all. Christianity, when compared as a whole, with any or all of the systems of philosophy or religion that have ever been promulgated, infinitely transcends them in its adaptation to the wants and necessities of man. All that is beautiful in the mysticism of Plato, all that is excellent in the maxims of Confucius and Zoroaster, it contains; but it has something more,—something which they could never obtain,—the impress of heaven, the signet of God.

The maxims which they inculcated were calculated to act merely upon man's outward life,—to make him a truer friend, a better citizen. Christianity, while it does not neglect this, goes beyond it. It purifies the heart, and reveals a higher life beyond the grave. It belongs to no country; it was designed for no one peculiar nation. It proclaims the universal brotherhood of man, the equality of the race. There is another respect in which it differs from all other systems. It does not voluntarily ally itself with physical power. It has revealed to man a mightier force, a more potent agency. It has declared love to be the only true principle of action. It is upon this alone that it relies for its ascendency. It is in this that we discover the secret of its influence upon the lives and the hearts of men. Love, it declares, is the essence of God, who is the Father of all. And it is through the agency of this mighty principle, that it would regenerate the children of earth and make them heirs of heaven. There is yet another respect in which we can see the superiority of Christianity over all other systems. It is in the comprehensive view it takes of man. It seeks his elevation, by first purifying the heart, and then by regulating and controlling his actions. It is adapted to him in every state of development, in every situation of life. It meets all the wants of the ignorant and the learned. From its pure fountain all can drink and be satisfied. Christianity, wherever it has established itself, has elevated and ennobled man. And it has always been most successful, when least it has relied upon human instrumentality. Its greatest victories, unlike those of all other religions, have been achieved, not upon the battle-field, and by the blood of conquered millions, but upon the degraded and sinful

heart; fitting it for the great battle of life, whose victory is only achieved when heaven is obtained.

Nothing is more wonderful than the manner in which the Christian religion gained its ascendency in the world, supplanting everywhere idolatry, by its own moral power and intrinsic loveliness, and redeeming the human race from the terrible dominion of dark and degrading superstitions. At a time when the world was shrouded in darkness and in ignorance, and man led only by the feeble and inefficient light of human philosophy, or degraded by the appetites and passions of his corrupt heart, there appeared, in an obscure corner of the earth, among a people remarkable for nothing so much as their exclusiveness and isolation from the rest of mankind, one who was distinguished from his fellows by the beauty and simplicity of his daily life. He associated not with the wise and the great, but, on the contrary, chose his companions from the poor, the neglected, the despised. His disciples were a few unlettered fishermen, who followed him around from place to place, listening with eagerness to the words that fell from his lips, "For he spake as never man spake." He taught not in the academy or the lyceum, but in the market-place and by the way-side. His auditors were the ignorant and the oppressed multitude, into whose earnest hearts his words fell as manna from heaven. The beauty of his daily life transcended that of the greatest of the prophets; and the deep compassion of his sympathetic heart was manifested in his every act. For three years this wonderful being went about doing good,— healing the sick, restoring the blind to sight, and even raising the dead. All were astonished at the manner in which he taught. But at length his opposition to wrong and oppression of every kind, created for

him many enemies, and they sought to put him to death. They soon succeeded in accomplishing their object. The humble Nazarene, the meek and lowly Jesus, died upon the Cross. The few unlettered fishermen whom he had instructed went forth unarmed, save by the power of truth, to convert and enlighten the world. And, strange to say, they confounded with their heavenly wisdom, the learned Jew and philosophic Greek. Driven from city to city, these wonderful men, whom no persecution could overcome, proclaimed the gospel of good news to a degraded world. They lived to see the prediction of their Master verified in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman army. At length, one by one, this heroic band of apostles sealed with their blood their devotion to truth. Meantime, the new religion which had been proclaimed by them, still continued to gain new conquests. Two centuries had scarcely passed away, when, strange to relate, that power which had conquered every other until it proclaimed itself mistress of the world,—Rome, imperial Rome,—became, in its turn, conquered by the religion of the Prince of Peace. Henceforth we lose sight of the simplicity of Christ, in the pompous ceremonies and degrading superstitions of the Romish church. Yet in all the vicissitudes to which Christianity was subjected, from the conversion of Constantine to the Reformation of the sixteenth century, corrupted as it was by the speculations of the early fathers, who, unable to appreciate its beauty, incorporated with the words of Christ the teachings of Plato, and afterwards, to render it more attractive to the multitude, still further degraded it by blending with its simple worship the rites of heathen mythology, until it was difficult to say whether Christianity was most heathenized, or heathenism most

Christianized; still, notwithstanding all this, there was never a period during the dark ages in which Christianity did not exert great power, and prove its superiority over all other religions. It was its sacred flame, which nothing could extinguish, that enabled the Romish church to sustain itself after the subjugation of Rome by the northern barbarians. It was the life-giving power of those blessed words of Christ, which had been preserved in the bosom of the church, as it were, by a miracle, that gave the first impulse to that mighty revolution, which, in the sixteenth century, restored Christianity to its primeval simplicity. Of the wonders it has wrought in modern times, we need not speak. Of the share it has taken in modern civilization, of the blessings it has conferred upon every class of society, we need say nothing. Whatever may be the advantages that we at the present time enjoy of social improvement, or of individual progress, are to be attributed to the ameliorating influence of Christianity. To it also must be ascribed all those benevolent institutions that form the chief characteristic of our day, and that extend their benign influence to the poor, the benighted, the unfortunate, wherever they may exist. Yes; all that we have attained as individuals, all the blessings we have derived from society, are the offspring of our holy religion. And more than this; it is to it alone that we can look for the complete annihilation of those evils that still afflict the world. It was the philanthropic element that was most predominant in the character of Christ; and it is this that forms the chief characteristic of his religion. Wherever it has been promulgated in its purity, it has always made men better and happier. This is its great object,—to redeem the human family, and to restore man to the

favor of his heavenly Father. Slowly it may be, but surely, it will accomplish its object. Already, methinks, I hear the Angel of the Future announce its approach, and the hallelujahs of redeemed millions proclaiming its final success. Soon shall this be a glorious reality. Soon shall that for which the good of every age have so long prayed, be realized,—"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

The general desire which is now everywhere manifested, to correct time-honored abuses, and eradicate those evils that still afflict human society and degrade the individual, can only be accomplished by the agency of that religion which has alone proved adequate in every emergency. Already we have witnessed the influence it has exerted in all the great philanthropic efforts of the day. Christianity is truly reformatory. He who denies this, knows but little of its spirit. Progress is one of the essential conditions of the Christian life. And he who knows anything of its power must be conscious of this; for it is one of its essential facts. What a contrast does the gradual change, effected by Christianity, in the condition of mankind, present to those sudden but transient revolutions brought about by man, impelled by generous but poorly-regulated impulses, to the attainment of the same great object. It must, however, be borne in mind, that we are speaking of the Christianity of Christ, and not that which passes for it, but which is its counterfeit. We have no sympathy with those religionists who are so far elevated above the world, as to feel little or no interest in the welfare of their fellow-men. We have said it, and we *repeat it*, that Christianity is reformatory. Steadily and firmly it is advancing to the accomplishment of its

object,—the regeneration of man. Yes; this world of antagonisms shall again be blessed with unity, and men so long estranged from each other shall taste the sweets of harmony. Then will the vision of the prophet become a glorious reality, and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.

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TRUE HEROISM.

We sometimes hear it said that the spirit of chivalry has fled the earth; that man is no longer animated by those sublime and lofty sentiments, that, in the middle ages, prompted to such deeds of noble daring. The poets complain that we have no heroes at the present day, that we have become sordid and selfish, and that our elevated and noble sentiments are compelled to give place to utilitarianism and selfishness. There may be in this some truth. It is quite possible that we are less influenced, at the present day, by the wonderful and extraordinary, and are more inclined to the practical and attainable; or, in other words, we are now governed more by common sense, and less susceptible of the influence of the imagination. The different elements of our nature have, each in their turn, exerted a preponderating influence upon human life. In the present age, the desire for the real, the substantial, the practical, is in the ascendant; but it must not therefore be inferred that imagination, the love of the beautiful, the heroic in human actions, has died out, or has ceased to animate man; though the circumstances in which we are placed, and the advanced state of human society, may have combined to give it a different direction than that which it received in the middle ages. In the twelfth century, for instance, the crusades, or the holy wars, as they were called, afforded all classes of Christendom a rare opportunity for the display of the heroic element. The religious principle, through the imagination, was excited to a degree of

activity it had never before attained. And it gave rise, at this period, to those great achievements, which, when viewed at the present day, bewilder and astonish us. There is, without doubt, in the chivalry to which feudalism gave rise, something which at first sight seems grand and imposing. But the more attentively we examine it,—the more carefully we investigate the causes that originated it, and the principle by which it was sustained,—the admiration and enthusiasm which are first awakened, give place to abhorrence, and even disgust; for there never was a period when human society was more degraded than during the feudal age. The nobility, the lords of the soil, alone enjoyed any degree of personal liberty. The mass of the people, the serfs, were doomed to all the horrors of a savage life, without any of its advantages. Nothing can be more gloomy than the spectacle which they presented. Deprived of all their natural rights, under the absolute and unlimited control of the lord of the fief, and the no less galling despotism of a corrupt priesthood, they had but, at most, a mere animal existence, and were but a little elevated above the condition of the brute. Such was the condition of a large portion of European society, at that period which has been denominated, by way of preëminence, the glorious age of chivalry. There was something in the isolated life of the feudal nobility, and in the exalted sentiments of personal liberty to which it gave rise, which is, at first, calculated to excite our admiration. But when we look more closely, we find the heroism they so often displayed, and which has enkindled, in later times, the enthusiasm of the novelist, and inflamed the imagination of the poet, was but little superior to that which has been so often manifested by the aborigines of our own country. Osceola

would compare well with any of the most adventurous spirits of the tenth or twelfth century. There is something captivating, to the romantic and susceptible mind, in the imposing display of the feudal lord, clad in the armor of war, issuing forth from his castle, followed by his vassals, to give battle to some neighboring and rival chieftain. But the moment we examine more closely into the life he led, and the abject condition of his vassals, disgust and pity take the place of every other sentiment. Of all the vicissitudes to which mankind have been subjected, that to which they were doomed in the middle ages is truly the most appalling. However, there is no state through which human society has passed, that may not be said to have some peculiar advantage. That of the feudal ages seems to be, that it greatly favored the cultivation of the domestic relations. Woman acquired an influence and consideration, at that period, which she never before possessed. And it is this, probably, that has made so many overlook the enormous evils to which feudal institutions and customs gave rise. We need only study them attentively to become convinced that the age in which they existed forms the darkest epoch in the history of the world; for at no other period had the few acquired such an absolute control over the many; at no time had right been so completely subjugated by might. Tear from chivalry the glossy drapery with which poetry has veiled it,—you will then see it in all its deformity; a thing of beauty becomes a hideous monster. We find that that which we had so much admired, which has been so often applauded as the heroic period, as the age of poetry and minstrelsy, was based and maintained upon the ascendency of brute force over the rights and souls of men; so that,

that which at first appears the brightest, forms, in reality, the darkest passage in the history of the race. If we would look for true heroism, we must search the annals of a later period. We must read the history of the sixteenth, seventeeth, and eighteenth centuries; when degraded and crushed humanity rose in its might, shaking off at first the despotism of a corrupt church, and afterwards freeing itself from political tyranny, it boldly asserted its freedom and maintained its rights, and taught the tyrants in church and state, a lesson they will never forget. The world has not yet recognized its heroes, its noblest benefactors; those who toiled and died in the cause of their race. When it does so, it will rank among the foremost, the reformers, the philosophers, and the philanthropists of the last three centuries,—Luther, Melancthon, Descartes, Bacon, Wilberforce and Channing;—these are the heroes of history, the champions of the race, who, by their splendid lives, eclipse the exploits of the most chivalrous adventurers of the middle ages. Let it not, then, be said that the heroic ages have past; they have but just commenced. The present is as well fitted to excite the spirit of chivalry as at any former period. The theatre for the display of true courage and noble daring, is broader now than ever before. No longer is bravery displayed in the predatory excursions of half-savage chieftains. True glory is no more sought for on the field of blood and carnage. It has a higher purpose, and a wider range. It seeks to display itself upon the broad battle-field of life. Its high object is the amelioration of man, the advancement of the race. The fierce struggle is between man and that which has in all ages degraded him; between knowledge and ignorance, liberty and oppression. The

bugle and the clarion summon no more the lord of the castle to the fierce conflict of death. But the mild-toned philanthropist is everywhere pleading with earnest sincerity, the cause of his brother man. The sword and the spear, and the other dread implements of brutal warfare, are beginning to give place to the omnipotent power of all-conquering love. The present, then, is but the dawn of the true heroic age, whose chivalry shall not exist merely in poetry, but in reality. It shall not be maintained by the sword, but by the power of truth and justice. In this high heroism all can participate. All may share its glory. The field is as broad as the world; its aim is as high as the heavens. Then let us all take a part; let us all be up and be doing.

CONTENTMENT.

Ah! why to be happy, a moment forbear,
For dread that a sorrow may fall to our share:
Why look for the night when the sun 's in its noon?
For come care when it will, we shall know it too soon.

Every one, to a certain extent, forms for himself a theory of life, and the ideas of each individual are made more or less manifest, by his daily intercourse with those around him. When we meet with a man for the first time, he makes upon us a certain impression, often, indeed, sufficient to enable us to form a correct notion of his most prominent characteristics, and of his general views of the purpose of human existence. Often, without speaking a word, by the mere interchange of a passing glance, are we enabled to arrive at something like a correct and definite idea, of the state of another's mind, and, consequently, the point of view from which he regards life. Though there is every conceivable shade of difference in men's opinions of human life,—from him who is all sunshine and happiness, to the morose misanthropic, whose very gestures contain a complaint,—yet, I think they can all be reduced to two classes; those that seem born to laugh alike at happiness and misery, who go through the world as if sent upon an agreeable errand, and those, on the other hand, who always look and speak as if they had conceived some dislike to the world in their infancy, and were determined to carry their resentment with them to the grave. We meet with some one of each of these classes at every

step in life. Now, you are approached by one who by his bland manners, unaffected sincerity, and cheerful deportment never fails to impart to you something of his own happy disposition. We greet him as we do the warm sunshine of heaven, and we experience in his society the highest happiness that life can afford. Anon we meet with one who is in every respect his opposite; slowly he advances towards you, with a cold look, and averted brow, as if he saw an enemy in everything by which he was surrounded. He offers you his hand as if you were hardly worth the effort it cost him. He opens his mouth with as much deliberation as if lips were regulated by the principles of arithmetic, and he speaks as if the fate of worlds hung upon every word he uttered, and yet all he says is sure to relate to himself. Such a one never fails to inspire you with gloom and *ennui*, for misanthropy is the worst of moral epidemics. We are influenced, much more than we would at first suppose, by the opinion we form of life in the abstract. Some men seem to commence their earthly pilgrimage with the idea that everything ought to contribute to their enjoyments; and the great end of all their actions appears to be, to make everything contribute to this result. And when, at length, they are disappointed, which of course, they always are, they seem to derive a malicious pleasure in withholding from society, the contribution of a smile. They put on a long face, and grumble at every occurring event, as if to chastise the world because it has not made their happiness its end and aim.

It is, I think, a demonstrable fact, that those who are the most constantly complaining,—with whom nothing is exactly as it should be,—who see, in almost every

circumstance of life, something that might be changed for the better,—constitute, for the most part, those who actually receive more than their average share of the favors of fortune. Who are they that are the most constantly repining at their lot? Is it the poor, the friendless, the unfortunate? No, usually quite the reverse. It is those who complain because they have nothing else to do; who are enervated with the smiles of fortune; who seem incapable of thinking or feeling aught but that which in some way relates to themselves. They count with exactness the pulsations of their hearts, lest the condition of another should cause a generous throb.

Those who, for the most part, are compelled to contend with the stern and terrible realities of life, whose pathway is marked with nothing so much as suffering and sorrow, who bear without a murmur more than their share of the burdens of the world,—it is such that most frequently exhibit, in its beauty and attractiveness, the virtue of contentment. Instead of regretting what they have not, they thank God for what they have, and go on their way rejoicing. Give me the man who has a heart for any fate; who is greater than his circumstances; from whom no calamity, however appalling, can chase away the cheerful smile; whose great soul rises above the petty annoyances and ills of life; who, amidst the darkness of the present, can always see a bright and glorious future beyond. Where shall such a one be found? Not among the favored few, but among the poorly-favored many. Not in the palaces of the rich, but in the abode of poverty. Yet is he welcomed everywhere! His cheerful deportment and unruffled tem-

per is his passport. There is genius in his frank, open countenance and laughing eye, that finds a ready welcome to every heart; of such a one it may indeed be said, he is a model man.

But what shall be said of him whose pigmy thoughts circle perpetually around his little self? Who never speaks to another but to report some ache or pain; who is forever recounting his own sorrows? You may know him by the dull, stupid glance, the sluggish gait, the inexpressive face, the whining tone, the altogether forbidding aspect. He goes forth into the world in search of sympathy, but never thinks of imparting it. His greatest misery is to witness the happiness of others. He is ever croaking about the wretchedness of life, but does nothing to diminish it; dissatisfied with everything, pleased only with his discontent.

Much of the dissatisfaction of those who perpetually look upon the dark side of life, is dignified with the appellation of sentimentality, and even takes to expressing itself in poetry. The spoiled beauty will often weep big tears over a decayed dandelion flower, in a wine-glass upon the centre-table, but beholds, unmoved, the most appalling suffering which exists everywhere in society. Sentimentality, forsooth! No, call it by its right name, — abject selfishness. This is the true origin of most of the discontent in the world. The deepest, truest sorrow utters no plaint. The heart that is its subject never murmurs or repines, for it is conscious that by suffering alone it can be purified and elevated to a higher and holier life. This simpering and wimpering, this silly and sickly sentimentality breathed forth in much of our common-place poetry, emanates from weak heads and little hearts, and is the

offspring of inactivity, selfishness and ennui. If we carefully reflect upon the thousand sources of happiness open alike to all; if we compare the nature and the number of blessings we each enjoy, with our respective merits, we shall find, I think, little justification for a discontented spirit. Life itself, aside from all other considerations, is something for which we can never be too grateful. Our physical, intellectual and moral powers, what are they but so many means of happiness? The material world is ever furnishing, through the medium of the five senses, an amount of pleasure which amply compensates for all physical suffering. But how shall we speak of those higher enjoyments in which we are permitted to participate as rational and intelligent beings? Is there not, in the deep delight imparted by one original thought, enough to make us forget the misery of a whole life? We do not pretend to explain the design of evil, nor would we for a moment deny the suffering which is its consequence. What we do maintain is that it is the exception and not the rule. Happiness preponderates over its opposite. There is no one that is not conscious of a greater amount of pleasure than pain. There are but few who may not find, in the circumstances of life, an abundant reason for cherishing the spirit of contentment. The sunlight of heaven shines down upon all. The beautiful objects with which God has everywhere studded the earth, speak to us of happiness. What though there be here and there one for whom the sun never shines, and the flowers never bloom,— who sees not aught in earth and sky? Is there not a world within whose spirit light knows no eclipse? Shall he who has four senses complain because there are others who have more? And yet it

is upon this poor principle alone that discontent can be justified.

It cannot be denied that much of the suffering of life comes from our own ignorance or neglect of those laws which were instituted to afford us happiness. Yet, after all, why should we concern ourselves about mere enjoyment? Why should we spend so much of our time in the pursuit of mere pleasure. It seems to us that there is a far higher state than that which is denoted by happiness, pleasure, enjoyment, &c. Every one, we think, must be conscious, at times, of a higher excellence than these terms would seem to indicate, — of a blessedness, an exaltation above mere physical suffering, and free from all selfish considerations. The maxim, that happiness is the end and aim of man's existence, is, to say the least, very questionable. Duty, we think, would better express the idea intended to be conveyed.

There is nothing which so resembles the repose and quietude of nature, as the spirit of contentment in the human soul. It not only puts us in harmony with nature and with all around us, but it prepares us for the vicissitudes and changes incidental to this primitive state of existence. Contentment gives consistency and beauty to our daily life, and enables us to impart a portion of our serenity to those with whom we associate. Virtue is lovely in any of the thousand forms in which it may present itself. But there is no trait of the human character more necessary to be cultivated, and more worthy of our admiration than contentment. Do you ask whence it comes? I will tell you, my brother. It flows from a grateful heart, a well spent life, — from a conscience void of offence towards God and man.

TO THE MEMORY OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

The beautiful, the beautiful,
Have faded from our track,
And we mourn them, and we mourn them,
But we cannot bring them back.

It is with regret that we listen to the falling leaves of autumn. It is with feelings of sadness that we behold the flower we have cherished droop and die. But the deepest sorrow the heart can know is experienced when we are called to part with a much loved friend, — when the familiar eye looks upon us for the last time, and when the voice whose music has so long blest us, pronounces, in tremulous accents, the last dreaded farewell!

One who shared with us the enjoyments of life, who contributed by her rare excellences to the happiness of all who knew her, has left us for her home in heaven. The angel has taken her from us in the pride and beauty of life, while yet the countenance was radiant with beauty and joy, and the heart yet beat with youth's first, fresh impulses. The step, that but yesterday was so blithesome and gay, has ceased. The voice, that carolled so sweetly, is mute. The smile that wreathed the lips with gladness, like the last rays of departing day, has withdrawn its light. And the eye, that so eloquently told the workings of an innocent heart, is closed in death. But fancy delights to picture the image of one in whom was blended so many graces in unity and perfection. Oh, my friend! gladly would I have parted with life, could I have retained in thee the vital spark! Could

I have revived again that prostrate form, I would have welcomed the fell destroyer to my own bosom. But no, it could not be. We knew, by the hectic flush on thy young cheek,—by the hollow cough, that, like a funeral-knell, broke on our ears,—by these we knew that consumption had marked thee for its own. Too soon, at last, the dreaded time approached. All that skill and love could do, could not preserve our fair young friend; yet she lingered long ere her bright spirit took its flight to its more genial home on high. 'T is sad to see one you love wasting away, day by day, without being able to softly whisper one word of hope. To know that you can count the hours that all too quickly pass away, till the dread moment when the spirit takes its flight. Yet this we knew, who wept that one so beautiful as Mary should so soon be taken from us. Would that I could tell how she in happier days endeared herself to every heart by those thousand nameless acts that spoke a woman in the child. But she is gone! The fresh, young flower, chilled by the cold north wind, has drooped and died. Yet, its sweet fragrance shall live forever. Embalmed is her memory with the beautiful but faded visions of the past. We gaze no more where once was enshrined her innocent heart. We see no more those eyes through which an angel smiled, yet do we know that she is blest. Like a gay young bird she unfolded her wings upon the earth, warbled her sweet song, and then returned again to her home in the skies.

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE ALLEGHANIES.

THERE are some situations in life devoid of all mitigating circumstances. Some one, writing upon this subject, has mentioned two,—"to be shipwrecked at sea, and to be irrecoverably involved in debt." To these, we would add a third;—"To be compelled to ride on the top of a stage-coach, two days and nights, in succession, across the Alleghany mountains." Yet, this was once our fate. We have had the toothache, and sometimes, the heart-ache, but, we must confess, that never until then, were we fully made acquainted with our capacity for suffering. One day, at about eleven o'clock, P. M., in the month of January, 1846, —we like to be particular in dates,—we found ourselves occupying anything but a comfortable position on the top of a stage that was to take us from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, to the Ohio river. Besides twelve passengers in the inside, there were three, including myself, upon the top. As soon as our baggage had been stowed in the boot, we drove off. It seemed to me that I never before felt such a deep desire to look upon the stars; for, somehow, I had conceived the idea that they would serve to divert my mind from a consciousness of my true condition. As a general thing, I like to ride by night; for, though I cannot see the fair earth reposing in the soft moonlight, nor the stars, that, like the mystic sentinels, look coldly down upon us; yet, there is something in the profound stillness of midnight that seems to elevate the soul with noble thoughts and lofty aspirations. But, on the

present occasion, I am free to confess, dear reader, that my thoughts were all occupied with the state of the body. And if I thought at all of the sun, moon, or the stars, it was because I envied them their more genial climate. The wind blew fresh from the northwest, from whose penetrating power our clothes seemed to afford no protection. I had, a day or two previous, read the description of the Northmen's idea of hell, so graphically described by Frederica Bremer, and, for a short time, I began to think I had been given over to its fury by fate. My companions were so busily occupied in keeping up the circulation, by stamping their feet, clapping their hands, and performing sundry other antics, it was a long time before I could find out who and what were the nature of those with whom I was to spend some forty-eight hours of unmitigated misery. At length, however, I succeeded in drawing from one of them a reply. It seemed to come from a heart whose temperature was not much above the surrounding atmosphere. I addressed the other, and found him to be not quite devoid of his humanity, and who manifested by his conversation, some interest in life and its objects. He said his name was Williams, that he was going to Pittsburg on business, but quickly rejoined, "Do you think we shall ever get there?" "We shall," replied the other, slowly drawling out his words, "but not in a condition to be of any further service to the world." Prompted by curiosity, and with a desire to engage him in conversation, I asked him his name. "Yesterday," he ieplied, "it was Rice, but unless the weather greatly changes, by to-morrow, it will be more appropriate to call me ice." As to the driver, he seldom spoke, and when he did, it was usually to his horses. I found Mr. Williams to

be, upon the whole, rather an agreeable companion. We talked much, and in this way endeavored to forget, or, if this was impossible, to manifest indifference to, our freezing condition. Mr. Rice seemed to prefer his own to the company of any one else. The greater part of his person was completely enveloped in a buffalo skin. He kept, however, constantly stamping his feet, as if he had spent a great part of his previous life upon a treadmill. About once in every five minutes, he would exclaim, in a tone that indicated serious apprehensions lest he should congeal, "Have mercy upon us! have mercy upon us!" on which occasion, Mr. Williams and myself would respond a hearty amen. About once in every three hours we stopped for the purpose of changing horses, and this afforded us an opportunity to diffuse into our half-perishing systems a small amount of caloric. On such occasions it was amusing and instructing to witness the display of that dominant instinct of man's nature, that ever-active principle that prompts him, first of all, to seek his own happiness, regardless of others. No sooner did the stage stop before the door of the hotel, than each passenger endeavored to secure for himself the most comfortable position by the fire, if, indeed, there happened to be one, which was not always the case. Some there were among our number, who had recourse to that more terrible fire, which, if at the time it diffuses a temporary heat through the body, consumes with terrible rapidity the soul. In this way was our journey, for the first night, accomplished. I had cultivated a kind of intimacy with my fellow-traveller, Williams, and we endeavored to amuse each other, by relating such portions of our experience as we thought would best accomplish this object. In our views of

life, and our opinions upon almost every subject, there was a great diversity. There was but just one thing upon which we both thoroughly agreed; that to be situated as we were at that time, was the perfection of misery. However, it has been justly remarked, that there is no situation in life to which we cannot accustom ourselves. Our experience in crossing the Alleghanies verified this. A rather curious question was argued among my fellow-passengers in the inside of the coach, which was discussed for the time, with great earnestness, as to the degree of cold a man could endure and live. In the course of the discussion, the point was raised, as to which was the easiest way of dying, freezing or burning to death. The question, on being referred to us on the outside, was, of course, decided in favor of the latter method. Morning, at length, approached, and in a few hours I felt the warm, genial heat of the sun, and at that moment I felt amply compensated for never having been permitted to behold its light. Blessed sunshine, that diffuseth joy alike in the palace of the rich, and the cot of the poor, and that everywhere admonishes men of their common brotherhood. At length, we arrived at the village where we were to take breakfast. Mr. Rice, who, for several hours, had been lying by my side, as immovable as a piece of marble, suddenly emerged from his buffalo skin, something in the same manner as those animals, who spend the winter in a torpid state, come forth from their holes in the spring. We were soon all seated around a well supplied breakfast table, and for the ten minutes which were allowed us, we each labored to obtain our full equivalent for three shillings. There is a wonderful connection between our external and internal condi-

tion. We would, by all means, give prominence in life to the wants of the soul over those of the body. But, we frankly confess, we could never attain to a very high degree of spiritual exaltation, while suffering from the influence of hunger or thirst. We always found it more easy to cultivate a poetical frame of mind, after eating a good meal; and we would suggest this as the best method of improving the spiritual condition of mankind, — of the millions of famishing, starving, and ignorant all over the earth, whose wretchedness appeals alike to the sympathy of good men and angels. Give them enough to eat, and clothes to keep them warm, and they will listen with pleasure and profit to your fine homilies upon moral goodness, the vast capacities and future condition of the soul, &c. Until you do this, complain not that the imperious appetites and passions so often gain the ascendency over reason, and silence the voice of conscience. But to return once more to our journey; the breakfast exerted an immediate and beneficent influence upon us. And Mr. Rice, who seemed naturally inclined to look upon the dark side of things, said, as he wrapped his buffalo around him, and resumed his place upon the coach, "There is really something worth living for, after all!" "Do you think," said Mr. Williams, "we shall arrive at Pittsburg in a condition to be of further service to the world?" "That will depend," was the reply, "upon how many such hotels as this we shall stop at." At this place, we exchanged our drivers. Instead of a mere block of flesh and bones, with barely sufficient mechanical power to perform the most common evolutions, and a voice that seemed fitted only to growl, we had a fine young fellow, who proved to be very companionable. I early engaged him in

conversation, and found that he had ideas and acquirements greatly surpassing the average of those who pursue his avocation. He had evidently employed his mind upon something else besides the mere training and driving of horses. He remarked to me, that with the house where we had taken breakfast there was connected a very painful history. He then proceeded to relate the following story. We wish it was in our power to give it in his own words, for it would greatly add to its effect.

The hotel where we had taken breakfast, was, until recently, the family mansion of a wealthy but eccentric Dutchman, by the name of Van Scoburg, by whom it was built some thirty years ago. Mr. Van Scoburg had two children, a son and daughter, who occupied the house after their father's death, which occurred a few years since. There was something peculiar in the mode of life which this family led, which astonished the inhabitants of the village, and greatly excited their curiosity. They always sought to seclude themselves, as much as possible, from the scrutiny and acquaintance of their neighbors. Nor did the brother and sister manifest, after their father's death, any disposition to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with those around them, than they had been permitted to do during his life. This seemed the more surprising, because they had arrived at that period in life, when the need of human society is usually most deeply felt. The neighbors sometimes visited them, and though they were treated with great kindness, their visits were never returned. The brother and the sister seemed to be contented with each other's society, and to ask nothing more. "Things went on in this way," said my companion, "for some time. The

Van Scoburgs continued to maintain their imperturbable isolation, and the curiosity of the neighbors, on the other hand, continued to increase. Every fact or circumstance which had been observed in relation to the family was carefully considered. The most remarkable one was, that they never attended church, but that the minister went at regular intervals to their house to administer the sacrament. It was therefore thought by the villagers that he could gratify their curiosity. But whenever that personage was addressed upon the subject, he only said that which tended to excite them the more. To the men he would speak of the gentleness and amiability of the sister, while, to the women, he would eulogize the manly traits of the brother. Every expedient was had recourse to, to induce the Van Scoburgs to live (as the neighbors expressed it) like other people, but all to no purpose; they seemed determined on maintaining their incognito.

One day, just at dusk, the stage stopped in front of the house, that had now become in the village an object of general interest. A young man, richly dressed, stepped out and knocked at the door, which was immediately opened by Julia Van Scoburg, and the new comer welcomed with great cordiality and affection. This circumstance, which was witnessed by several persons, spread with great rapidity through the village. Thus, there was another item for speculation. Innumerable were the questions to which it gave rise. Who could this man be? Where was he from? What was his object here? How long would he stay? and such like. To the great astonishment of all, the next Sabbath after the event we have just described, the Van Scoburgs appeared, with their new visitor, in the village church. It may well be supposed

that the domine's sermon for that day was but little attended to. All minds seemed occupied, for the time, in the fruitless endeavor to explain what to them seemed the strangest circumstance that had ever occurred. Never before had the Van Scoburgs been seen in the inside of the church. Their first appearance, at this time, was justly ascribed to the influence of the stranger. This, at once, created for him a lively interest. The villagers looked upon him as one who would enable them, at length, to gratify their curiosity. During the week there was no want of a subject for gossip. After the occurrence of which we have just spoken, the Van Scoburgs, with their friend, were often seen walking or riding through the village, though they still maintained a seclusion from their neighbors, which was quite contrary to the rules of Dutch society.

"However," said the driver, pausing for a moment, "you have not yet heard the most wonderful part of my story." We urged him to go on, and he proceeded. "This stranger, of whom I have been speaking, was a young German student. We afterwards found out all about him. It seems that the father of the Van Scoburgs had promised the father of the student, that he would give his daughter in marriage to his son. As soon, therefore, as Van Scoburg died, the young student came to see her who had been promised him as his bride.' "Well," said I, growing rather tired of the narrative, "were they finally married?" "Yes," replied the driver, "they were married, — and in the church, too. And the villagers were all amply gratified in witnessing the ceremony. But, alas! in two weeks from that day, the young student and his beautiful bride, with their brother, were each con-

signed to the cold grave." "What, so soon?" said I; "how happened it?" "It would take too long to tell you the rest of the story. We have now," said the driver, "arrived to the place where I leave. Should you ever come this way again, I will conclude my history of the Van Scoburgs."

After taking dinner, we proceeded on our journey, with a driver remarkable for his stupidity as his predecessor had been for story-telling. Just at dark, we had arrived at the commencement of the ascent of the highest part of the Alleghanies, with the prospect of having a colder time than the preceding night. Here I witnessed what is probably seldom seen upon any other road in the United States, — the passengers upon the inside of the coach, bargaining away their right to a seat with those upon the outside. In this way, my companions had both succeeded, for a small consideration, in securing a seat in the inside of the coach for the rest of the journey. There is but one thing that tends to mitigate the many evils to which a traveller in the western part of Pennsylvania is exposed; you are always sure to get enough to eat, provided you will pay twice as much for it as you would have to in any other part of the country. I cannot exactly tell how I contrived to pass the last night in my journey across the mountains. I only know, that when morning came, and we had stopped for breakfast, I experienced something of the sensations of one who has come near being drowned, but who has been suddenly restored by great effort. At length, after another monotonous day's journey, we arrived in sight of Pittsburg, or rather, its smoke, which rises up from its thousand furnaces, completely enveloping the city. Yet, beneath that smoke, there is many a happy home, many a friendly

fireside. Of all the cities, west of Philadelphia, Pittsburg yields to none for energy and enterprise. It is a fitting place to rest, after you have endured the fatigue and vicissitudes of a journey over the Alleghanies.

MAN AND HIS LIFE.

THE greatest mistake man can ever commit, is to suppose that he can find, in the present state of existence, that which can fully gratify all his wants. The cravings of the immortal soul—how vain and futile it is to expect that they can ever be gratified in this primary and imperfect state of existence. There is no lesson of life so constantly impressed upon our minds, no truth so often forced upon our consciousness by the ordinary occurrences of every day, and every hour, as that this world is too poor, too inadequate to gratify the longings and aspirations of the restless spirit of man, that is ever asking for more, — that is ever striving to attain that which it can never fully succeed in grasping in his present imperfect state of development.

If we look abroad upon the earth and study attentively human life as it is there presented in its thousand different aspects, — if we regard it as a whole, or view each phase separately, — if we contemplate man as savage or as civilized, or as emerging from one state into the other, we everywhere find this great fact stamped upon all his actions, giving character to all he says and does, and pervading in very truth his inmost being, — that time is too short, that the world is too poor, to enable him to develop and expand the mighty energies of his exalted nature. To us, the strongest argument for another and a higher life is furnished in the sad mistakes and miserable failures that constitute so much of our experience upon this

mundane sphere. How many and varied, yet, for the most part, how poor and inadequate, are the efforts of man to realize what he conceives,—to actualize his thoughts,—to embody his ideas,—to give symmetry and beauty to the myriad forms that haunt his imagination, and that struggle in vain for realization. The artist endeavors to express upon the canvass his conception of the good, the true, and the beautiful; he toils for days and nights, for months and years, to embody the seraphic vision, the angel form, that, amidst all the vicissitudes of life, breathes its soft music through his delicately wrought spirit. Yet when a wondering world gaze with rapture and delight at his noble effort, how often will he exclaim, "This is not my dream, this is not what I hope to do;" and then, as if impelled by a prophetic instinct, he turns upwards his gaze to the stars, as if he felt conscious he should achieve there what he vainly endeavored to realize here. In like manner does the sculptor labor to chisel from the cold marble of the quarry, a form that shall fittingly express his highest thought, his loftiest idea of beauty and perfection; yet how often is he compelled to acknowledge that this life is not long enough for the attainment of his object! When he looks upon the creation of years, beholds the once shapeless marble, made, by his patient toil, a statue, whose graceful proportions,—whose wonderful symmetry seems to constitute the perfection of the divinest of the arts; yet, from his inmost soul does he feel that there is yet something wanting,—that his great thought has been but half realized. At such an hour the gifted genius feels what an eminent artist once expressed after he had finished his master-piece,—that "there was not time enough in the present state of existence, to enable

him fully to realize his conception, but that he was sure what could not be accomplished on earth would be realized in heaven." What we have said of the painter and sculptor, is equally true of the poet and musician. None can fully express the thought which it seems to have been their mission but to partly unfold. None ever succeeded in fully completing all that they had desired. But this is rendered even more striking, when we contemplate the daily life of the less gifted,—when we leave the studio of the artist, the enchanted haunts of the poet and musician, and go forth into the broad theatre of the world. Everywhere do we behold the same disparity between the aim and the end; between what one essays to do and what is actually accomplished. This is a universal fact, and forms a part of the experience of every individual soul.

Every man seems to have a consciousness of an individual destiny,—of a purpose which he alone can, at best, but imperfectly express. And after the brief period of his earthly pilgrimage has passed, and he feels how little he has been able to effect, he realizes, what it would have been well if he could have learned before, that the present life is insufficient,—that the plans projected here can, for the most part, only be accomplished in a higher state of existence; yet it is interesting to witness, with what earnestness, with what deep sincerity, each one labors in his own peculiar sphere of activity, and it is wonderful to observe how the failures of all contribute to a certain given result which could not be otherwise obtained. The individual fails, but the race is always advancing. There is a unity, (if we would but see it,) in the seeming desultory efforts that produce such fragmentary results.

There is more truth than is generally supposed in

the trite adage, "It takes all kinds of people to make a world." When we look merely at immediate results, we cannot but deplore the spectacle which is everywhere presented in human society, of men laboring to accomplish a purpose, having only their individual good in view, (*seemingly,*) at first sight, in contravention to those obligations that bind men together in one common family. Much is said of the isolation and selfishness that everywhere exist. We hear it deeply deplored that the common brotherhood of men is not more deeply felt; but we ought to remember that the individual is greater than society, — that the one existed long before the other; consequently, the claims of the individual will ever be paramount to those of the social compact, whose highest aim it is to favor his development. Much is written upon the obligations we owe to society. There is, perhaps, no fact that has taken so strong a hold of the consciousness of the present age as the power conferred by combination, — the influence exerted by the aggregation of numbers; but in our opinion, there is nothing to be so much dreaded as the despotism of association. Of all tyrannies, that of majorities is the most galling, the most relentless. We hope we shall not be misunderstood; we do not deny, and we would not depreciate, the advantages obtained and the blessings conferred by united action. Many public enterprises of great utility are effected in this way, when, perhaps, they could not be in any other; but the advantages obtained by concert of action do, at most, but augment our facilities for mere physical improvement, and so far as this contributes to the intellectual improvement, or moral advancement of the individual, or of man in the aggregate, it is well; and it is by this principle that

we must judge society. It is by the influence which it exerts upon the development of the individual soul that each and every social institution must be measured. We know that this much is claimed for most of the boasted improvements of modern times. It is said, for instance, that railroads, by establishing a more frequent communication between remote parts of the country, and by bringing distant communities in immediate proximity with each other, contribute to the enlargement and diffusion of ideas and to the expansion of the sympathies, and thus promote a greater unity among men. But the advantage that is thus conferred upon the individual is, at most, but incidental. The object of this, as of every other improvement, is to augment social facilities, and not to promote the permanent happiness of man. And hence, we find, that although the advancement of society at the present day is without a parallel, the individual has retrograded. Who can fail to see that there is an immense disproportion between the attention bestowed upon the public and the individual interest. Society is enervated with its luxuries, while yet many of its members are suffering for the most common necessaries of life. There exists, in consequence, a greater inequality among men than at any former period. It seems to us that we have bestowed too much attention upon the physical, and not enough upon the intellectual and moral wants of our nature. The external, the mere physical, has been developed, while the internal, the spiritual, has been neglected. Society moulds man; instead of administering to his wants and favoring his development, it tyrannizes over and enslaves him. To a great extent, is it not true that our ideas and thoughts are regulated by custom? Is it not the great object to think and act

as the majority do? What is more rare than originality?

Perfection in social organism can only be attained by the advancement of the individual. Social progress ought always to be in proportion to individual development. There is a dignity in man which society can never possess, and which ought never to be compromised by surrendering those rights with which he alone is endowed. That desire for unity and harmony, of which every soul is conscious, can only be fully gratified when the powers and faculties which God has conferred upon us are so developed and regulated that they shall sustain to each other an exact and true relationship. So slow is the process by which this can be accomplished, that the most we can hope for in the present state of existence is, to commence a work which will occupy eternity in its completion. Heaven, paradoxical as it may seem, is the perfection of individuality. There is oneness only in the unit.

In the present infancy of our being, where, like inexperienced children, we occupy our thoughts with the things wherewith the great God has ornamented our playhouse, we see but little, very little of ourselves; all our thoughts are turned outward. We admire the growth of the tree, but notice not the expansion of the soul. We search for music and for beauty as if they existed in the leaf of the rose or the flowing of the waters, when, in very truth, they flow forth from our inmost being. So ignorant are we of ourselves, that when we see our reflection in surrounding objects, we do not recognize it; we occupy ourselves more with the clothes than that which they envelop; we are more familiar with the symbol than that which it was intended to express. In fine, we have not yet begun

to apprehend that sublimest of truths, that the only permanent is the immaterial, the only real is the ideal. All in the present state of existence is dim, indistinct, undefinable. Man comprehends nothing fully, but least of all himself; yet is he slowly, all unconsciously, working out the great problem, —looking for harmony, — beholding nothing but diversity, — ever sighing for unity, yet hearing naught but discord. Such is man, and such is his present condition; yet in the misery and imperfection of to-day, there is indicated a brighter morrow; and though we behold everywhere written the insufficiency and inadequacy of the present life, we see a mysterious hand that is ever pointed to the far-off future, and a voice proclaiming this to be our destiny. —Onward! ever onward!!

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF REV. DR. BLACKLOCK.

We have, in a previous article, given some account of Nicholas Saunderson, one of the most remarkable blind men of whom history speaks. We propose, in the present essay, to make a few remarks upon the life and writings of Dr. Blacklock, who acquired, during the last century, no common celebrity as a poet. And if we take into consideration the fact, that, like Saunderson, he was deprived of his sight from his earliest infancy, we must, I am sure, consider the attainments he made in literature and philosophy to be very remarkable. No one can become acquainted with his writings without admitting that he was as great a poet as Saunderson was a mathematician. Taking them both together they were certainly wonderful men, and demonstrate in their lives, how much can be done to counteract the effects of one of the greatest calamities to which a human being can ever be subjected. Nothing at first thought seems more astonishing than that two men deprived of the use of their eyes at so early a period as never to have remembered anything about visible objects, should have devoted their lives to those pursuits which more than any others seem to require the aid of sight. But while we are filled with admiration at their astonishing success, we cannot at the same time avoid the conviction, that if they had not been subjected to so great a physical calamity, they might have accomplished much more for themselves and mankind. When, for example, we read with what amazing facility Saunderson was able to expound the laws

and phenomena of light, we are more deeply impressed than we could ever have been before, of the influence that blindness must ever exert in retarding intellectual progress,—and we involuntarily exclaim, what a pity that so great a man should be the victim of so terrible a misfortune! And in like manner, when we read the beautiful verses of Blacklock, especially those in which he attempts to depict the wonders of nature, forever veiled from his gaze, and that existed to him only in story, though we are greatly surprised at the correctness and even vividness of his pictures, still we are made to feel that when he was bereft of sight the world was deprived of a great descriptive poet,—of one who in his delineations of nature might have equalled Burns or even Byron. Still, the poetical productions of Blacklock possess great merit. For if he did not always succeed in describing as graphically as others have done the material world, he yielded to none in delineating the workings of the passions. He understood the nature and the power of love, and could speak of its effects on the heart and life with much greater ease and correctness than he could possibly describe the most common phenomenon of nature—as, for example, the reflection of the moonbeams upon the quiet waters, a gorgeous sunset, &c.

It is worthy of remark, in this connection, that all the ideas which a man who is born blind can have of external nature are obtained through his other senses, or by association. It is by this latter method alone, that he can obtain a knowledge of colors. It is then evident that he could never succeed as a dramatic poet. And it will always be, at least, a partial failure, whenever he attempts to illustrate his thoughts, in prose or verse, by images drawn from the external world. Not

because he has not within him the principle of beauty, for the soul is beauty's birth-place; but in a blind man it struggles in vain to manifest itself. Of the enchanting landscape, the serene sky, the sun, the moon, the infinitude of stars, the green, beautiful earth, reposing in heaven's soft light, — of these, alas! he can only dream. It is true that the soul, conscious of its mission, seeks to manifest itself — it is true that the blind man, impelled from within, endeavors to discover a similitude between his thoughts and the different objects by which he is surrounded. And though he sometimes succeeds in forming beautiful analogies, yet for the most part they but imperfectly convey his ideas. It has often been observed, that persons bereft of sight make use of the same terms that those do who are blessed with eyes. They speak, for instance, of seeing or beholding objects; — but these terms are used, of course, in a metaphorical sense. By seeing, they mean that they perceive. They early accustom themselves to make use of the same terms employed by those around them, though it must be evident that they attach to them a different idea, which is formed or modified as they advance in life and their knowledge is increased. Thus, I attach to the word glory a different meaning now from that which it had in my childhood. I made use of it formerly, to express whatever seemed to be vast, grand, inconceivable, illimitable, &c. The meaning it now has is somewhat different. By the words glory, glorious, &c., I mean great brightness or brilliancy. If I were to place my hands upon a large sphere or globe highly polished, I could not better express my idea of it than to say it was bright or glorious. To be more explicit, we mean by the word glorious, infinite brightness. It must also be apparent

that we attach to the names of colors a different meaning from that commonly applied to them. Red, blue, violet, green, yellow, &c., have each, to the mind of a blind man, an idea which may be found to differ materially from the true one, or from that which they have who are permitted to behold them in those infinite combinations, in those beautiful varieties which are everywhere exhibited in the material world. For example; the blind man associates the blue with the sound of the flute; violet, with the violin; crimson, with the clarionet; black, with the bass viol; brown, with the bassoon; and yellow, which is the least pleasing to him of all the colors, he associates with the sound of that instrument which every person with a cultivated ear cannot but dislike — the trombone; — the deepest red or scarlet corresponds with the sound of the trumpet; the pink is associated with the soft notes of the bugle. We state these correspondences as they appear to us.

On reading Blacklock's poetry, one is surprised with the uniformity and regularity with which he applies the names of the different colors to appropriate objects — as the blue sky, the green earth, the purple morn, the pale moonbeams, &c., &c. This has led some to suppose that he applied these terms for no other reason than that he had been accustomed to hear others do so. But we are inclined to dissent from this opinion. We cannot help thinking that he must have formed in his mind some definite idea of each color, after something in the same manner as hinted above. There is a more striking analogy than one would at first suppose, between sounds and colors. Both are produced by vibration. And may it not be possible that the effect upon the optic nerve in the one case, is the same

as that upon the auditory nerve in the other. I would state here for the benefit of the curious, that there is a *fancied* resemblance, at least, between colors and the tones of the human voice. The lower tones correspond with the darker shades — the medium voice, with the paler colors, or the milder shades — and the higher tones or the head voice, with the brightest and most brilliant colors, as a bright red for example. The female voice, whose melodious tones can move the heart to deepest ecstasy, is a combination of the blue, the violet, and the pink. The masculine voice resembles the black, the green, and the red. These are variously compounded in different individuals. We hear, in the deep, rich tones of the Hon. Daniel Webster's voice, for example, the first two, or the black and red, or, if you please, dark and brilliant. In most persons, however, the medium or green voice predominates. Those who have what is called a squeaking voice, such as the celebrated John Randolph is said to have had, have the red predominant. The two extremes when rightly combined are the most agreeable to the ear. These remarks may seem crude, and to some even silly. We have made them, however, for what they are worth. It seems to us the only way in which we can satisfactorily explain how it is that the blind can obtain the most remote idea of colors. For it is absurd to suppose that they would make use of their names without attaching to them any meaning — that they would repeat, parrot-like, just as children sometimes do, words, without attaching to them any definite idea. It may not generally be known that the blind attach to almost all physical objects some moral quality. It of course depends upon the effect produced by different objects upon the mind through their other

senses, or upon some idea which they have obtained from others. With the sun is connected the idea of greatness and magnificence. With the moon, amiability, benignity, &c. The blind often display great discrimination and delicacy in distinguishing between those objects that are beautiful, and those that are of an opposite character. A highly polished object, if it be a perfect circle, is the most agreeable to the touch. A square is much less so. A line that is a little curved is much more pleasing than one that is perfectly straight. A marble column, for instance, that gradually tapers from the base to the apex, seems much more beautiful to the touch than one in which there is no variation. It will, perhaps, be said that the blind think the pyramid the most beautiful because it is more secure, because the centre of gravity is near the base. It will, however, be found, by experiment, that it is not this that influences their decision. If you take two models, the pyramid and the pyramid reversed, securing the latter upon its apex, so as to appear to the touch equally firm as the other, and then allow a blind child to examine each, he will tell you that the first is by far the most beautiful, though he may be entirely ignorant of attraction and its effects. And though he may not be able to assign any reason for his opinion, he will insist upon his preference for the pyramid. This, as well as many other facts which we might give, goes to show, we think conclusively, that our idea of the beautiful is not, as many have supposed, derived from considerations of utility, associations, education, &c., (though these, without doubt, exert a great influence in developing and modifying it,) but that we have within us an innate perception, which at once discriminates between those qualities or attributes of objects which

we designate by the terms beauty and deformity. It may, perhaps, seem singular that the blind should have a marked preference for any style of architecture. Yet it will be found that they do. And what seems more wonderful, they uniformly manifest a decided preference for the Gothic over all others. The only way in which we can explain this is that they are influenced by the poetical associations connected with the ages in which Gothic architecture had its origin. As the blind are more susceptible to the emotion of beauty than of sublimity, it might naturally be thought that they would be more agreeably affected with the light, graceful, and delicate Corinthian, than with the more heavy, dark, and sombre Gothic style.* We have made the preceding remarks, not for the psychologist or metaphysician, but for those who, without claiming to be either, still feel a deep interest in whatever tends to throw light upon the effects which any great physical calamity must always exert in counteracting or modifying the development of mind. To such, perhaps, even my poor and imperfect speculations will not be altogether uninteresting.

We will now proceed to the consideration of the main object of this essay, which has been already too

* A blind man of Troy, N. Y., had a legacy left him on condition that it should be appropriated to the building of a house, which should serve as his future home. Nothwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, he insisted upon having it built in the Gothic style, or as near as it could be, although one might have been erected, in the ordinary way, at much less expense and far more convenient. The blind man, however, insisted upon having his taste gratified, and he has now the satisfaction of knowing that he has the most singular house in the city, and that it attracts the attention of every one by its singular appearance. Thus do those that have no eyes prove that they have taste and vanity as well as the rest of mankind.

long deferred. We judged it best, however, to offer for the consideration of the reader these general remarks, because, if they were introduced at any other place, they would be more likely to be misunderstood.

Dr. Thomas Blacklock was born in the town of Annan, Dumfrieshire, Scotland. When only six months old, he was deprived, by the small-pox, of the use of his eyes. To one in his circumstances this was a peculiarly great calamity. His father was a poor working mason, who had a large family to provide for, and who could, of course, do but little towards mitigating the condition of his unfortunate child. It is, however, related of this excellent man that he endeavored by reading, and in every other way in his power, to make up to his son, in some degree at least, the loss he had sustained. Blacklock refers in several of his poems to the kind manner and untiring affection which his father always manifested towards him. He seems early to have evinced an ardent love of knowledge, which his benevolent parent labored assiduously to gratify, by reading to him at first books calculated to interest children under ten years of age. Afterwards, he was made acquainted with such works as Allan Ramsay, Prior's Poems, and the Tattlers, Spectators, and Guardians. He displayed at a very early period an uncommon fondness for poetry, and in reading Milton, Spencer, Addison, and Pope, especially the two former, he took great delight. The enthusiasm awakened by the works of these eminent writers, was soon displayed by young Blacklock in making verses himself. His first performances must, of course, be mere imitations of those he had read. Gradually, however, he became more original, and would utter such thoughts in verse, as the circumstances of his life and peculiari-

ties of his condition might naturally be supposed to suggest. Sometimes, in mournful numbers, he would bewail the loss of sight, but oftener, in livelier strains, he would express his gratitude for the kindness of his friends. Sometimes he would essay to describe an amusing incident, or uncommon occurrence, which happened to himself or his friends. It is to be regretted that these productions of his earlier years, with one exception, are lost. Among a collection of his works, there is a short poem, written when he was only twelve years of age, which is certainly very pretty, and very creditable too, for one at that early age, who had never beheld those innumerable forms and images in the material world, whose mission it seems to be to excite in man a love of the beautiful.

During his boyhood he was sent to school, where, in spite of his misfortunes, he made rapid progress. His instruction must have been, for the most part, oral. We are told that he endeared himself to his school-fellows by those amiable traits for which he was so much distinguished and so greatly beloved in after life. Young Blacklock, when only nineteen years of age, lost his father. That noble man was suddenly deprived of his life by an accident to which he was exposed in pursuing his humble but honest avocation. The situation of the young poet was now gloomy enough. Deprived of the sympathy and assistance of one whose tenderness, as he afterwards expressed it, anticipated his every wish, without any means of regular employment, how could he now continue the pursuit of knowledge, which could alone enable him to realize that bright dream of fame that fired his youthful imagination. But he seems, however, to have found many friends at this time, and to have become more widely

known. His uncommon talents and his destitute situation early introduced him to the attention and sympathy of men of letters. About a year after the death of his father, he was invited to take up his residence in the Scotch metropolis; accordingly, he proceeded at once to Edinburgh, under the patronage of Dr. Stevenson, a gentleman of taste, and a distinguished physician, who placed Blacklock at the university in that city, and generously defrayed the expense of his education. Here he continued the study of the Latin language, which he had commenced at the grammar school. He also acquired a thorough acquaintance with the Greek, and his biographers say that he was able to read books written in these languages with great ease and facility; by which it was meant, of course, he was able to understand them when read to him. It is also added, that he could converse in French with ease and correctness. It seems he had spent some time in a family of his acquaintance, Mr. Alexander, whose lady was a Parisian, and it was by daily conversation with her that he learned to speak the French language.

After he had been four years at the university, he removed into the country, on the breaking out of the rebellion. It was at this time that he published a small collection of his poems, at Glasgow, to gratify his personal friends. After tranquillity was restored, he returned again to the university and resumed his studies. During the six remaining years he spent at the university, he wrote several of his best poems. About the year 1754, he published a second edition of his poems, very much enlarged and improved. These attracted the attention of Mr. Spence, professor of poetry at Oxford. This gentleman, in a long and able

critical essay, may be said to have first made the world acquainted with the literary attainments of the blind poet It is from Mr. Spence's account of his life that we are principally indebted for this brief sketch. In 1755, having completed the course of studies required by the church of Scotland, he was licensed by the Presbytery, and he was soon after inducted to the church of Kirkcudbright, on the presentation of the Earl of Selkirk. The inhabitants of the place, however, manifested opposition to the arrangement; though undoubtedly *blind enough* themselves, they did not like the idea of having a blind clergyman. He was soon induced to resign his situation for a small annuity. Being married, he returned to Edinburgh, and opened a boarding-house for young persons, whose studies he proposed to superintend. The third edition of his poems appeared in 1756. Ten years afterwards, he had conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity. He devoted the remainder of his life entirely to literary pursuits, and may be said to have acquired a high character among the literary men of his day. Indeed, Burke, and many of his contemporaries mention him as the wonder of his age. He died at the age of seventy, in 1791.*

That Dr. Blacklock possessed a remarkable intellect cannot be denied by those who have read his poetical and prose productions. He possessed what is called an active mind and a discriminating judgment.

* Recent speculations upon the effects of blindness have led some to believe that instances of long life are rarer among the blind than the deaf and dumb. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that the instances of eminent blind men, recorded in history, go to prove the fallacy of these speculations. Saunderson lived to be fifty-seven years of age, and Blacklock, we have seen, lived the whole of the allotted period of man.

Like all blind persons, he had a retentive memory and a wonderful power of concentration. It is not at all improbable, that, if his attention had been given in early life to the study of mathematics and the physical sciences, he would have equalled Saunderson; but his mind received a different direction. He was operated upon by different external circumstances, and, of course, became altogether a different man. He seems to have been endowed by nature with a highly poetical temperament, — was keenly alive to the beautiful, wherever he could perceive it, whether in the workings of his own soul or in the material world around him. From his earliest days he seems to have derived exquisite delight from poetry and music; and he devoted himself to the cultivation of the former with a patience and assiduity worthy the fame that he afterwards acquired. His faculty for versification was very great. He sometimes would dictate twenty or thirty verses, nearly as fast as his friend could write them, and he was never guilty of prostituting the muse for the base purpose of inflaming the passions, or of pandering to the corrupt taste of the multitude. He loved virtue, and for its own sake. And he loathed and abhorred vice wherever it existed, or under whatever name it presented itself.* He maintained through life a very exemplary moral character. He cultivated only those graces and accomplishments that distinguish alike the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian. Those who had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, represent him as possessing great conversational powers, and as being a very agreeable companion in social life. Though keenly sensible of the nature of the misfortune

* See his Elegy on Constantia.

to which he was subjected, yet, nevertheless, he was uniformly cheerful. He sometimes indulged in satire, but never at another's expense, or, as he says himself, he "never endeavored to be witty by torturing common sense." His poem on the "Refinements in Metaphysical Philosophy" will compare well with "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It has all the wit, though free from the bitterness of Byron. Take the following for an example:

"False wisdom, fly, with all thy owls;
The dust and cobwebs of the schools
For me have charms no more.
The gross Minerva of our days
In mighty bulk my learned essays
Reads joyful o'er and o'er.

Led by her hand a length of time,
Through sense and nonsense, prose and rhyme,
I beat my painful way;
Long, long revolved the mystic page
Of many a Dutch and German sage,
And hoped at last for day.

But as the mole hid under ground
Still works more dark as more profound,
So all my toils were vain;
For truth and sense indignant fly,
As far as ocean from the sky,
From all the formal train.

The Stagyrite, whose fruitful quill
O'er free-born nature lords it still,
Sustained by form and phrase
Of dire portent and solemn sound,
Where meaning seldom can be found,
From me shall gain no praise.

But you who would be truly wise,—
To nature's light unveil your eyes,
Her gentle call obey;—

She leads by no false, wandering glare,
No voice ambiguous strikes your ear,
To bid you vainly stray."

We intimated, at the commencement of this article, that the highest kind of poetry, — that which approximates nearest to painting, descriptive poetry, — was that in which a person born blind would be least likely to excel. Dr. Blacklock made several very successful attempts to delineate external nature, and to describe those objects around him, and the varied phenomena which the material world presents, but of which he could know nothing, excepting that which he obtained from the necessarily very imperfect descriptions of others; yet, nevertheless, in many of his pictures he was surprisingly true and exact. We have before us an English copy of the third edition of his works. One of the best poems it contains is his hymn to the Supreme Being. In the following extract, in which he represents the dawn of creation, there is something truly sublime. As we read it we cannot help feeling a deep regret that the writer should never have seen.

"Arise, my soul! on wings seraphic rise,
And praise th' Almighty Sovereign of the skies;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heaven of heavens, nor boundless space confines.
When darkness ruled with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
First, fairest offspring of the omnific word!
Which like a garment clothed its Sovereign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise
That prop the starry concave of the skies;
Diffused the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent ether round the whole.
Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot through the sky,
Impetuous tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep the aerial way.

Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
Unnumbered hosts of radiant heralds fly
From orb to orb, with progress unconfined,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.
In ambient air this ponderous ball he hung,
And bade its centre rest forever strong; —
Heaven, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.
At thy Almighty voice old ocean raves,
Shakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a watery robe,
And shoreless billows revel round the globe;
O'er highest hills the highest surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was given,
That shook the eternal firmament of heaven,
The grand rebuke the affrighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way;
And posting rapid to the place decreed,
Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble mead."

His picture of a lion has something in it very striking. It will be observed, that he mentions only those peculiarities that a seeing person would be likely to refer to in describing the noble animal to a blind person; as, the terrific growl, the heavy tramp, the shaggy mane, glaring eye, &c. See the following, from the same poem as the preceding:

"At his command, wide hovering o'er the plain,
Primeval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way, —
Howl through the spacious waste, and chase their frighted prey.
Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy Providence to ask his food, —
To thee, O, Father! to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane and rolls his glaring eyes.
He roars! the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound."

Our author succeeded better in painting the workings of the passions. His pastorals display great refinement of taste and true sensibility. He speaks of love with all the fervor and enthusiasm of one who has felt its power without ever seeing the object by which it was awakened. See his pastoral inscribed to Euanthe, and "The Plaintive Shepherd," a pastoral elegy. We would also instance his "Elegy on the Death of Mr. Pope," as a very able production. He refers to all of Pope's works, and shows good sense by eulogizing his translation of the Iliad, which is destined to survive the memory of those who have ridiculed it. It is quite delightful to see how prettily and appropriately our author refers to the flowers in this elegy, which is decidedly one of his happiest productions, — when he summoned the maids of Windsor to garnish the tomb of his favorite with the fairest flowers of spring:

"Ye tuneful shepherds, and ye beauteous maids,
From far Ladona's banks, and Windsor's shades,
Whose souls in transports melted at his song,
Soft as his sighs, and as your wishes strong;
O, come! your copious annual tribute bring, —
The full luxuriance of the rifled spring;
Strip various Nature of each fairest flower,
And on his tomb the gay profusion shower.
Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violets languish, and the roses glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
Here, hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes."

Throughout all his works, Dr. Blacklock manifests his strong faith in God, and his hope for the final redemption of humanity. His great heart overflowed

with benevolence for all mankind. In many of his sweetest strains he breathes forth his gratitude for the favors he has received from his friends. The only decidedly melancholy poem in the work before us is that in which the writer refers to a narrow escape from falling into a well, from which he was only preserved by the sound of his favorite lap-dog's feet, who was playing upon the board with which the well was partially covered. The poem is written in the syllogistic form. Observe how feelingly he refers to his blindness. The extract is long, but we cannot very well omit it:

"For oh! while others gaze on Nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,
Or, with delight ineffable, survey
The sun, — bright image of his parent, God; —
The seasons, in majestic order, round
This varied globe revolving; young-eyed spring,
Profuse of life and joy; — summer, adorned
With keen effulgence, bright'ning heaven and earth; —
Autumn, replete with Nature's various boon,
To bless the toiling hind; and winter, grand
With rapid storms, convulsing Nature's frame; —
Whilst others view heaven's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumbered worlds, and, lost in joy,
Fair order and utility behold; —
Or, unfatigued, the amazing chain pursue,
Which in one vast, all-comprehending whole
Unites the immense, stupendous works of God,
Conjoining part with part, and through the frame
Diffusing sacred harmony and joy; —
To me those fair vicissitudes are lost,
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,
One horrid blank appear."

It is a common opinion, that those who are deprived of sight early in life, or who are born blind, live in a

state of blissful ignorance in regard to all those things that can only be perceived by the eye. This, however, is a great mistake; it is a fallacy to suppose that we are incapable of forming an estimate of anything excepting that which we have actually enjoyed. There can be no doubt that our author, possessing a lively imagination and a keen susceptibility to the beautiful, was not only fully conscious of the many disadvantages to which his misfortune subjected him, but actually exaggerated them. For sometimes he speaks of the beautiful as if it existed only in the objective, — as if the flowers and the stars were of themselves beautiful, when, if this were true, it would have been impossible for him to have described them so accurately. If the principle of beauty was not purely subjective, he could not have furnished to the world such a ravishing picture of nature as is contained in the work before us.

One of Blacklock's contemporaries, when speaking of his poetry, said "it was wanting in force;" accordingly, every one who has subsequently favored the world with criticisms upon his works, has felt called on to repeat this objection with a pitiable exactness. We have preferred, however, to read Mr. Blacklock's poems with some attention; and so far as we are capable of forming a judgment of the subject, assign Blacklock, without hesitation, a respectable rank among the second-class poets of England. We think our readers will agree with us, that the short extracts we have already given, — and they by no means constitute the best that might have been selected, — will compare well with passages of the same length selected from the writings of Scott, Campbell, and Pope. And if we take the poems of Dr. Blacklock as

a whole, and judge of them as *they should be judged*, — by the effect they produce upon the mind and the heart, — they are infinitely superior to much that Byron wrote. We by no means would be understood as claiming for our author such a vigorous intellect as the immortal author of Childe Harold possessed, but he had not his dark and malignant passions. In the moral world they were antipodes. Byron was endowed with intellect, imagination, — was favored in every respect by fortune, although he constantly complains through all his writings, that he was not. No man was ever so highly favored by Heaven. None was ever more ungrateful. Who can ever estimate the mischief his writings have accomplished, — who can tell how much they have done to deprave the taste and corrupt the morals of mankind? The most beautiful passages he ever wrote are found in "Don Juan," which no pure person can read without requiring regeneration. And in his shorter sketches, as well as in his longer poems, there is but little to admire, except, indeed, you can be pleased with egotism, sensualism, and misanthropy. Widely different is the effect of the poems now under consideration, — as different, indeed, as were the circumstances of their author. Blacklock, though, as we have seen, deprived of sight at the dawn of existence, and compelled for the greater part of his life, to contend with poverty, and a thousand other evils, from which Byron was exempt, yet we never find him complaining of his lot, without testifying, at the same time, in the liveliest manner, his gratitude to "benignant Heaven," and to the generous friends by whom he was surrounded. Take, for example, the following extracts, in which, after speaking of his misfortunes, he reproaches himself for his selfish-

ness, and in a beautiful and pious strain testifies his gratitude to God.

"What then, — because the indulgent Sire of all
Has in the plan of things prescribed my sphere;
Because consummate Wisdom thought not fit
In affluence and pomp to bid me shine,
Shall I regret my destiny, and curse
That state by Heaven's paternal care designed
To train me up for scenes, with which compared,
These ages, measured by the orbs of heaven,
In blank annihilation fade away?"

And again, —

"Before the Almighty voice
From non-existence called me into life,
What claim had I to being? what to shine
In this high rank of creatures formed to climb
The steep ascent of virtue unrelaxed,
Till infinite perfection crown their toil?"

And again, from the same, —

"Hush, then, my heart! with pious cares suppress
This tumid pride and impotence of soul."

Again, —

"Then with becoming rev'rence let each power
In deep attention hear the voice of God;
That awful voice, which, speaking to the soul,
Commands its resignation to his law!"

Besides those to which we have already referred, there are other poems of great merit in the work before us. The hymn to Divine Love, in imitation of Spenser, is very well executed. So, too, is his imitation of one of the odes of Horace, and several of the Psalms of David. We notice, also, several pithy epigrams, and a very amusing sketch, in which the author

endeavors to delineate himself, which we regret we we are unable to transcribe for want of space. We have said so much of the poetical that we have but little time to remark upon the prose productions of Dr. Blacklock. His paper upon blindness, in the Encyclopedia Britannica, is a masterly production and displays great learning and research. His Essay on the Immortality of the Soul, manifests great philosophical acumen, and proves that the poet was also a logician. We would likewise mention his short "Address upon Friendship," as a very creditable performance. He wrote, during his life, several other miscellaneous articles which we have not seen. Upon the whole, Dr. Blacklock was a remarkable man; and considering the disadvantages under which he labored, his want of sight, poverty, &c., and the attainments he made in literature and science, and more especially in poetry, he deserves a high place among the distinguished men of his day; and no one can with justice withhold from him that admiration to which a truly poetical genius and superior moral worth are entitled.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND,

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF LAURA BRIDGMAN AND OLIVER CASWELL, TWO DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND CHILDREN.

"My dear Friend:

"In my previous letters, I have given you an account of the blind; I have also occasionally referred to the deaf and dumb, and have spoken somewhat at length of the effects of each of these calamities upon the intellectual and moral development. You may, perhaps, have thought that I sometimes overrated the advantages which the former of these classes enjoy over the latter, in the pursuit of knowledge. I have, however, expressed my opinion that the deaf-mute can greatly surpass the blind, in almost all the avocations of life. He can go into the workshop, the counting-room, or till the soil, as though he did not suffer from any deprivation. Not so with the blind man, for sight is necessary to enable one to make a successful mechanic, merchant, or farmer; but, in estimating the comparative value of the senses, we ought not merely to look at the physical advantages (if I may so speak) which they confer; we should take into consideration the influence which they each exert upon the development of the mind. Now, we freely admit, that sight is the most important of our senses, so far as the physical world is concerned; but we do maintain, that for the cultivation of the intellectual and moral nature, hearing is of more importance than sight; and it was this consideration that led us to say, that we preferred

our own condition to that of the deaf-mute. If I could not enjoy both, I would much rather hear the voice than see the face of those I love. However, those who have all their senses, may, like you, my dear friend, disagree with me. There is one fact which cannot be evaded nor set aside, to which I have referred in my previous letters upon this subject; viz.—that there have been, in every age, blind men who were distinthemselves for their scientific and literary attainments, while I do not remember a single instance of the kind among the deaf and dumb.* It is not my purpose, however, to enlarge upon this subject. You are, I am sure, fully aware of the great advantages which each of the senses confer, and I feel confident that you deeply sympathize with those who are deprived of any of them, for it is sad to reflect, that there are, in our own country, thousands of human beings who have never seen the light of day, nor the smile that wreathes the lip with gladness; and probably as many more who have never heard the music of nature, nor the deeper, richer music of the voice divine. There are a few instances on record, of persons who have been deprived of two, and even three, out of the five senses,—who have not only been blind, but deaf and dumb. It would seem, at first thought, that the situation of such a being must be without alleviation; but human ingenuity and benevolence have succeeded in devising means of imparting, to one thus cut off from communication with the world, the inestimable advantages of education. I told you, in my last letter, that I would give you some account of Laura Bridg-

* It is but fair, however, to state here, that the deaf and dumb have excelled in the cultivation of some of the fine arts; as, for instance,—engraving, sculpture, painting, &c.

man and Oliver Caswell, whose unfortunate situation and remarkable mental and moral powers have awakened in the community a deep interest; for you know that they have neither seen nor heard anything from their earliest infancy. They are inmates of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, in this city. All that we know of them is contained in the Annual Reports of this establishment, from which we shall make copious extracts. Nothing need be said in praise of Dr. Howe, who has revealed to these victims of misfortune sources of deep and never-ending enjoyment, by imparting to them, through the medium of their only remaining sense, knowledge of language, by which they can communicate with those around them and acquire ideas of men and things. If there be happiness in the reflection of having mitigated the most appalling form of suffering to which a human being can ever be subjected, it is his.

We commence our extracts from the reports referred to above by observing, that those which we shall select are designed not to gratify the metaphysician and psychologist, but the general reader.

Laura Bridgman was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the twenty-first of December, 1829. "She is described as having been a very sprightly and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was, however, so puny and feeble until she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond her power of endurance; and life was held by the feeblest tenure; but when a year and a half old, she seemed to rally; the dangerous symptoms subsided; and at twenty months old, she was perfectly well.

"Then her mental powers, hitherto stinted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves; and during the four months of health which she enjoyed, she appears (making due allowance for a fond mother's account) to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence.

"But suddenly she sickened again; her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. But though sight and hearing were gone forever, the poor child's sufferings were not ended. The fever raged during seven weeks; for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed; and, consequently, that her taste was much blunted.

"It was not until four years of age that the poor child's bodily health seemed restord, aned she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world.

"But what a situation was hers! The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her; no mother's smile called forth her answering smile, — no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds; they, brothers and sisters, were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth, and in the power of locomotion; and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat.

"But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed nor mutilated; and, though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself

through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house; she became familiar with the form, density, and weight, and heat of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms, as she was occupied about the house; and her disposition to imitate, led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little and to knit.

"The reader will scarcely need to be told, however, that the opportunities of communicating with her were very, very limited; and that the moral effects of her wretched state soon began to appear. Those who cannot be enlightened by reason, can only be controlled by force; and this, coupled with her great privations, must soon have reduced her to a worse condition than that of the beasts that perish, but for timely and unhoped-for aid.

"At this time, I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure; a strongly-marked, nervous-sanguine temperament; a large and beautiful-shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action. The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston, and on the fourth of October, 1837, they brought her to the Institution.

"For a while, she was much bewildered; and after waiting about two weeks, until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others.

"There was one of two ways to be adopted; either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary

language in common use; that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters by combination of which, she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence of anything. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual; the latter seemed very difficult, but, if accomplished, very effectual. I determined, therefore, to try the latter.

"The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c., and pasting upon them labels, with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *s p o o n*, differed as much from the crooked lines *k e y*, as the spoon differed from the key in form.

"Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *k e y* upon the key, and the label *s p o o n* upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head.

"The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label *b o o k* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things.

"After a while, instead of labels, the individual

letters were given to her on detached bits of paper; they were arranged side by side so as to spell *book*, *key*, &c.; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book*, *key*, &c.; and she did so.

"Hitherto, the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her; her intellect began to work; she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression; it was no longer a dog, or parrot; it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance. I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward, nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward efforts were to be used.

"The result, thus far, is quickly related, and easily conceived; but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labor were passed before it was effected.

"When it was said above, that a sign was made, it was intended to say, that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion.

"The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their

ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types; so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface.

"Then, on any article being handed to her, for instance, a pencil, or a watch, she would select the component letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure.

"She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

"This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it is stated that 'she has just learned the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf mutes, and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly, she goes on with her labors. Her teacher gives her a new object, for instance, a pencil; first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers; the child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers, as the different letters are formed. She turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart; she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends a lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next, she takes her types and arranges her letters; and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the

whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be.'

"The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending in every possible way her knowledge of the physical relations of things; and in proper care of her health.

"At the end of the year, a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract:

"'It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odors, she has no conception; nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gayety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

"'When left alone, she seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours; if she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue;

if she spell a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with her left hand, looks roguish and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

"'During the year, she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows, so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers.

"'But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another; grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose, than a meeting between them. For if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body, and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound!

"'When Laura is walking through a passage-way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if it be one of her favorites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, and a twining of arms, a

grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers; whose rapid evolution conveys the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers, exchanges of joy or sorrow, — there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses.'

"During this year, and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one.

"The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently, Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt at finding that her beloved child did not know her.

"She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the string was from her home.

"The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

"Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognized, the painful reality

of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

"After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest; she became very pale, and then suddenly red; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face; at this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

"After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

"The subsequent parting between them, showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child.

"Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused, and felt around, to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of

whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other; and thus she stood for a moment; then she dropped her mother's hand; put her handkerchief to her eyes; and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron; while her mother departed, with emotions as deep as those of her child.

* * * * * * *

"It has been remarked in former reports, that she can distinguish different degrees of intellect in others, and that she soon regarded almost with contempt, a new comer, when, after a few days, she discovered her weakness of mind. This unamiable part of her character has been more strongly developed during the past year.

"She chooses for her friends and companions those children who are intelligent, and can talk best with her; and she evidently dislikes to be with those who are deficient in intellect, unless, indeed, she can make them serve her purposes, which she is evidently inclined to do. She takes advantage of them, and makes them wait upon her, in a manner that she knows she could not exact of others; and in various ways she shows her Saxon blood.

"She is fond of having other children noticed and caressed by the teachers, and those whom she respects; but this must not be carried too far, or she becomes jealous. She wants to have her share, which, if not the lion's, is the greater part; and if she does not get it, she says, '*My Mother will love me.*'

"Her tendency to imitation is so strong, that it leads her to actions which must be entirely incomprehensible to her, and which can give her no other pleasure than the gratification of an internal faculty. She has been

known to sit for half an hour, holding a book before her sightless eyes, and moving her lips as she has observed seeing people do when reading.

"She one day pretended that her doll was sick, and went through all the motions of tending it and giving it medicine; she then put it carefully to bed, and placed a bottle of hot water to its feet, laughing all the time most heartily. When I came home she insisted upon my going to see it and feel its pulse; and when I told her to put a blister on its back, she seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and almost screamed with delight.

"Her social feelings and her affections are very strong; and when she is sitting at work, or at her studies, by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold.

"When left alone, she occupies and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquizes in the *finger language*, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone that she is quiet; for if she become sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hands and converse with them by signs.

"In her intellectual character it is pleasing to observe an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quick perception of the relations of things. In her moral character it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering, her conscientiousness, truthfulness, and hopefulness."

The foregoing extracts are taken from some of the earliest reports, after Laura entered the institution, to which we add another from one of a later date. The following remarks from the Eleventh Annual Report, made in 1843, show how the more difficult task was accomplished of giving her a knowledge of the qualities of things; as sweet, sour, pleasant, bitter, &c. It is singular to observe how comparatively easy it was for Laura to learn the use of those words which express action, and for which there was no tangible illustration. But we find, she not only accustomed herself to use adjectives, but verbs and even pronouns, prepositions, &c., with great facility and correctness; but we will let the extract speak for itself.

"Some kind of language seems necessary for every human being; the cravings of the social nature are loud and constant, and cannot be gratified except by some medium of communication for the feelings. The intellect cannot be developed unless all the modifications of thought have some sign even, by which they can be recalled. Hence men are compelled by a kind of inward force to form languages; and they do form them under all and every circumstance. The social organ presents the natural and most perfect medium through which, by attaching a meaning to every modulation of voice, a perfect system of communication is kept up. The question whether a people could exist without language would be about as reasonable as it would be to ask whether they can exist without hands; it is as natural for men to converse as it is for them to eat; if they cannot speak they will converse by signs, as, if they had no hands, they would feed themselves

with their toes. Children, then, prompted by nature, associate their thoughts with audible words, and learn language without any special instruction. If you make the sound represented by the letters a p p l e, when you hold up the fruit to a child, he naturally associates that sound with it and will imitate the sound, even without your trying to make him do so; if the child be deaf so that he cannot hear the word which you speak, of course he cannot imitate it, and as such, of course, he must be forever dumb. But the desire to associate the thing with a sign still remains, and he has the same power of imitation as others, except in regard to words; if, therefore, you make a visible sign when you show him the apple, as by doubling the fist, the fist afterwards becomes to him the name or sign for the apple. But suppose the child cannot see the apple; suppose he be blind as well as deaf. What then? he has the same intellectual nature, — put the apple in his hand, let him feel it, smell it, taste it, — put your clenched hand in his at the same time, and several times, until he associates this sign with the thing, and when he wishes for the fruit he will hold up his little fist, and delight your heart by this sign, which is just as much a word, as though he had said *apple!* out loud.

"Reasoning in this way, I undertook the task of instructing Laura Bridgman, and the result has been what it will ever be where nature is followed as our guide.

"This simple process is readily understood, but simple signs, and names of objects being easy enough, it is often asked, how can a knowledge of qualities which have no positive existence be communicated? Just as easily, and just as they are taught to common children; when a child bites a *sweet* apple, or a *sour* one, he per-

ceives the difference of taste; he hears you use one sound, *sweet*, when you taste the one, another sound, *sour*, when you taste the other. These sounds are associated in his mind with those qualities; the deaf child sees the pucker of your lips, or some grimace when you taste the sour one, and that grimace perhaps is seized upon by him for a sign or a name for *sour;* and so with other physical qualities. The deaf, dumb, and blind child cannot hear your sound, cannot see your grimace, yet he perceives the quality of sweetness, and if you take pains to make some peculiar sign two or three times when the quality is perceived, he will associate that sign with the quality, and have a name for it.

"Much surprise has been expressed by some who are conversant with the difficulties of the teaching, &c., of mutes, that Laura should have attained the use of verbs without more special instruction. It may be said in reply, that no minute and perfect account of the various steps in the process of her instruction has ever yet been published; and that, moreover, the difficulties in the use of the verbs are in reality much less than is usually supposed.

"As soon as a child has learned the use of a noun, as *apple*, and of one or two signs of qualities, as *sour* and *sweet*, he begins to use them; he holds up the fruit, and lisps out, *apple—sour*, or *apple—sweet;* he has not been taught a verb, and yet he uses one; he asserts the one apple to be sweet, the other to be sour; he in reality says, mentally, 'apple *is sweet apple*,' or 'apple *is sour apple;*' and in a little while he catches by the ear, an audible sign, — the word *is*, and puts it in where before he used only a sign, or meant to use one. Just so with the deaf-mute; when he has learned

a noun and an adjective he uses them by the help of a verb, or some mark of assertion, and you have only to give him some sign, which he will adopt just as readily as the speaking child, by mere imitation, and without any process of ratiocination. We give too narrow a definition when we say a verb is a *word*, &c. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that the long, detailed, and very ingenious process laid down in some books for teaching verbs and other parts of speech to the deaf-mutes, are worse than useless; they have excited much attention, and justly received much admiration for their ingenuity, but it is of the kind we should bestow on mechanical contrivances for imitating the human voice; and it would seem to be about as wise to teach a child to talk by directing him to contract this muscle, to relax that, and to place his lips in such and such a posture, as to teach a deaf-mute the use of the different parts of speech in the manner detailed by Sicard.

"Much attention has been paid during the year to improving her in the use of language, and at the same time to increasing her stock of knowledge. A useful exercise for this purpose has been to tell her some story, and to require her to repeat it in her own language, after she has forgotten the precise words in which it was related to her.

"The following story was related to her one day:

"'JOHN AND THE PLUMS.

"'1. An old man had a plum tree, and when the plums were ripe, he said to his boy John,—

"'2. I want you to pick the plums off my tree, for I am an old man, and I cannot get up into my tree to pick them.

"'3. Then John said, yes sir! I will get up into the tree and pick them for you.

"'4. So the boy got up, and the old man gave him a pail to put the plums in, and he hung it up in the tree near him.

"'5. And then he put the plums into the pail, one by one, till the pail was full.

"'6. When the boy saw that the pail was full, he said to the old man, Let me give you the pail, for it is full.

"'7. Then the man held up his hand and took the pail of plums and put them in his cart.

"'8. For, said he, I am to take them to town in my cart to sell them, — and he gave the pail back to the boy to fill with more plums.

"'9. At last the boy said, I am tired and hot, will you give me a plum to eat?

"'10. Yes, said the old man, for you are a good boy, and have worked well; so I will give you ten plums, for you have earned them.

"'11. The boy was glad to hear him say so, and said, I do not want to eat them all now. I will eat five and take five home to my sister

"'12. You may get down now, said the old man, for it will soon be dark, and then you will lose your way home.

"'13. So the boy got down and ran home, and felt glad that he had been kind to the old man.

"'14. And when he got home he was glad he had been kind to his sister and kept half his plums for her.'

"The next day she was requested to recall it to memory, and to write it down in her Journal, and she did so in the following words:

"'An old man had a large plum tree,—he had a little boy, John; the man asked John to please to go up on the tree to pick many plums, because he was very old and lame. The man gave John a pail for plums. John put them in till it was very full; he said to the man, it is very full of plums. He took the pail up in his cart to sell them. John was tired and hot; he asked the man if he might take one plum. The man said he might take ten plums, because he was a very good boy to earn them hard. The man told him to hurry home. He ate five plums; he gave his sister five plums; he felt very happy because he helped the old man much, and made his sister happy. John was kind to help the old man; he was very generous to give his sister part of his plums. The old man loved John very much. If John did not hurry home he would have lost the way. John liked to help the old man well.'

"It will be seen, that she made some moral reflections of her own which were not expressed in the original story. It is desirable that every new word or fact which she learns should be communicated by her teachers, or that she should form a correct notion about it; but this, as will be perceived, is impossible, without depriving her of that intercourse with others which is necessary for the development of her social nature."

We might copy much more which Dr. Howe has written about this truly wonderful but unfortunate girl. The extracts we have made, however, are sufficient to show her fondness for knowledge, and the readiness with which she acquires ideas, and the general course of her instruction.

The history of Oliver Caswell is as interesting as that of Laura. We give it in the words of his benefactor, with the remark, that he is now about eighteen years of age; that he enjoyed the exercise of all his senses for the first three years and four months of his life. At that time he was attacked by scarlet fever, which, at the expiration of four weeks, deprived him of hearing, and in three weeks more, of his sight. At the end of six months, the poor child could neither hear, see, nor speak; for being unable to hear the sound of his own voice, he soon ceased altogether to articulate the words he had learned before his faculties had become injured.

"His thirst for knowledge," says Dr. Howe, "proclaimed itself as soon as he entered the house, by his eager examination of everything he could feel or smell in his new location. For instance, treading upon the register of a furnace, he instantly stooped down and began to feel it, and soon discovered the way in which the upper plate moved upon the lower one; but this was not enough for him; so, lying down upon his face, he applied his tongue first to one, then to the other, and seemed to discover that they were of different kinds of metal.

"His signs were expressive; and the strictly natural language, laughing, crying, sighing, kissing, embracing, &c., was perfect.

"Some of the analogical signs which (guided by his faculty of imitation) he had contrived were comprehensible, such as the waving motion of his hand for the motion of a boat, the circular one for a wheel, &c.

"The first object was to break up the use of these

signs, and to substitute for them the use of purely arbitrary ones.

"Profiting by the experience I had gained in the other cases, I omitted several steps of the process before employed, and commenced at once with the finger language. Taking, therefore, several articles having short names, such as key, cup, mug, &c., and with Laura for an auxiliary, I sat down, and, taking his hand, placed it upon one of them, and then, with his own, made the letters *key*. He felt my hands eagerly with both of his; and, on my repeating the process, he evidently tried to imitate the motions of my fingers. In a few minutes he contrived to feel the motions of my fingers with one hand, and holding out the other, he tried to imitate them, laughing most heartily when he succeeded. Laura was by, interested even to agitation; and the two presented a singular sight; her face was flushed and anxious, and her fingers twined in among ours so closely as to follow every motion, but so lightly as not to embarrass them; while Oliver stood attentive, his head a little aside, his face turned up, his left hand grasping mine, and his right held out. At every motion of my fingers his countenance betokened keen attention; there was an expression of anxiety as he tried to imitate the motions; then a smile came stealing out as he thought he could do so, and spread into a joyous laugh the moment he succeeded, and felt me pat his head and Laura clap him heartily upon the back, and jump up and down in her joy.

"He learned more than half a dozen letters in half an hour, and seemed delighted with his success, at least in gaining approbation. His attention then began to flag, and I commenced playing with him. It was evident that in all this he had merely been imitating

the motions of my fingers, and placing his hand upon the key, cup, &c., as part of the process, without any perception of the relation between the sign and the object.

"When he was tired with play I took him back to the table, and he was quite ready to begin again his process of imitation. He soon learned to make the letters for *key*, *pen*, *pin;* and, by having the object repeatedly placed in his hand, he at last perceived the relation I wished to establish between them. This was evident, because, when I would make the letters *p i n*, or *p e n*, or *c u p*, he would select the article.

"The perception of this relation was not accompanied by that radiant flash of intelligence, and that glow of joy, which marked the delightful moment when Laura first perceived it. I then placed all the articles on the table, and, going away a little distance with the children, placed Oliver's fingers in the position to spell *k e y*, on which Laura went and brought the article. The little fellow seemed to be much amused by this, and looked very attentive and smiling. I then caused him to make the letters *b r e a d*, and in an instant Laura went and brought him a piece. He smelled it, put it to his lips, cocked up his head with a most knowing look, seemed to reflect a moment, and then laughed outright, as much as to say, 'Ah! I understand now how something may be made out of this.'

"It was now clear that he had the capacity and inclination to learn, that he was a proper subject for instruction, and needed only persevering attention. I therefore put him in the hands of an intelligent teacher, nothing doubting of his rapid progress.

"He is rather lymphatic in temperament, and has by no means that rapidity of thought and action which

characterizes Laura in so remarkable a degree But though very quiet in his deportment, and slow in all his movements, his smiling and intelligent countenance gives him an interesting appearance, and his thick-set frame indicates strength and endurance. The most remarkable trait in his character is his affectionate and cheerful disposition. He is a favorite throughout the house; every one loves him; every one gives him a kiss or caress on meeting him; and he greets all with smiles in return. He is uniformly cheerful, and seems to have that enjoyment of existence which characterizes Laura, though unaccompanied by the keen zest that makes her buoyant, while he is only calm.

"He does not manifest his affection for others by those active demonstrations which she is constantly making. It does not seem a necessity of his nature to unburthen himself by kisses and caresses to others; but he is evidently pleased at receiving them. And though he seldom returns them, still he is evidently deeply attached to many of the persons about him, and manifests his love and sympathy by natural language which cannot be mistaken.

"A great deal of time has been spent during the last year in communicating to him a knowledge of that indispensable requisite for the development of mind, arbitrary language; and he has profited much thereby. He acquires words slowly, and uses them slowly, but takes great pleasure in both processes, and has already made a considerable acquisition of words. For instance, here are some of his sentences as he made them early in the year. Wishing to inform his teacher that he had been out fishing with two persons, he said, '*Oliver, fish, boat, Thomas, Bradford.*' Pointing out to his teacher a rat-hole in the wainscot he said *eat rat.*

Having made a little boat and rigged it with sails, he put it into a trough of water, and, blowing too hard, overset it, which he related to his teacher thus,—'*Water*, *boat*, *Oliver*, *blow*, *fall*.' Wishing to express the fact of witnessing a person sawing and cutting wood, he said, '*Wood*, *saw*, *Thomas*;' and '*Wood*, *axe*, *cut*, *Thomas*.' The slaughtering of the pig which he had been made to comprehend before he came here, and which was referred to in the last report, seems to have made a strong impression on his mind. One day, he wrote down of his own accord, '*Pig*, *fall*, *knife*, *cut*, *leg*, *Oliver*;' which I interpret, the Pig fell down cut by a knife, and he, Oliver, used his legs, and ran away.

"The following extract from his teacher's journal shows the ease with which verbs are taught. July 15.—'Tried to make Oliver familiar with the use of a verb in connection with adjectives. He asked for a cracker; I went with him to get one, and told him 'Cracker is round;' he smiled and nodded his head, as much as to say, I understand it. Afterwards he applied it to other things of himself, saying, 'Button is round, ball is round,' &c. My former plan was to go on step by step, and give the different parts of speech separately, beginning with nouns, but reflection has convinced me this was wrong. Whenever the deaf-mute indicates through natural signs, assertion, negation, interrogation, quality, &c., then is the time to give him the corresponding arbitrary signs or words, which he, by mere imitation, and without requiring any explanation, immediately adopts.

"When he was taught that persons have two names, he was very much interested, and went on to ask the second name of all the members of his family, as John

Caswell, Richard Caswell, &c.; but afterwards asking the family name of one of his school-mates, which happened to be Caswell, he was sorely perplexed, and much of the value of the lesson was necessarily lost from inability to explain to him the apparent violation of a rule which he seemed himself to have established. He also inquired what was the second, or family name of cat, dog, &c. One of his exercises is when alone to put down words and sentences by inserting metallic types in the form of pegs into a board pierced with holes to receive them. He can write quite well with a pencil, but this method of putting down words with types is better, inasmuch as it enables his teacher to make him correct his own sentences. He generally puts down the words in what is probably the most natural order, placing the one of leading import first, as *Jacket*, *Oliver*, *give*, *mother;* that is, mother gave me (Oliver) the jacket; the jacket, the principal object; to him, the second; given, the third; by his mother, the fourth. Having been drawn upon a sled on the snow, he said, '*Ride*, *Oliver*, *sled*, *snow*, *rope*, *Thomas;*' that is, Oliver rode on a sled on the snow, the rope held by Thomas; and, '*Fall*, *Oliver*, *sled*, *snow*, *rope*, *Thomas;*' that he fell from the sled on the snow, the rope being drawn by Thomas; the word significative of the leading idea coming first in each case. One chilly day he perceived that the dog was wet, trembling with cold; and on his teacher saying to him interrogatively, '*Walk?*' that is, will you go to walk, he said, '*Walk*, *no*, *rain;*' and added, '*Shake*, *cold*, *dog*.'

"Like Laura, and like all children, indeed, he is very fond of using new words; his teacher having explained to him the word *hurry*, he amused himself

during the rest of the day by saying *hurry* to every one he met, and pushing them along to show them how to hurry. Having learned a word, he easily and of his own accord makes various applications of it. For instance, having learned the use of the verb *is*, when his teacher caused him to shut the door, and then to spell door *shut*, he added, '*Door is shut.*' He then took up an umbrella, and made signs to know what the cover was called, and being told cloth, he said, '*Umbrella is cloth.*' Having fallen over a sled, and hurt his leg, he said to his teacher, '*Oliver, hit, fall, leg, sled, hurt; leg sore; Oliver blind;*' that is, I hit, in falling, my leg against the sled, and hurt it; my leg is sore; I was blind.

"He is much inclined to frolic, and sometimes tries to excite laughter by saying extravagant things; as, '*House can laugh,*'—and then laughing at himself; rolling a button on the floor and saying, '*Button can walk.*' He seems to understand readily that mere play is intended, when one holds him over a place from which he might fear to fall, or when one tells him anything extravagant; but is inclined to put implicit reliance on what is said in an ordinary way. For instance, when I had gone away, to be absent, as he was told, for two nights, but returned the next day, his teacher said to him, 'Doctor has come;' he replied, '*No! Doctor will come after one;*' that is, after one night more; but, being again told I had come, he seemed troubled, and replied emphatically,* and with a look of reproof, '*No! Doctor will come after one night; Rogers not know!*' He understands when

* Deaf-mutes may be said to talk *emphatically* with their fingers; and it is very easy to perceive when Laura or Oliver wish to lay stress on particular words.

words are to be taken interrogatively, by a peculiar manner of using them, and will answer affirmatively or negatively. For instance, his teacher said to him a few days ago, 'Did Oliver go with Bradford to see sister?' '*Yes.*' 'When?' '*Yesterday,*' said he. He makes this visit weekly, and on a particular day, and said, '*Oliver will with Bradford after five nights;*' that is, will go with Bradford after five nights. Being asked, to see who? he replied, '*Sister.*' He has learned to count pretty correctly as far as fifty, but he always *fives*, (as the old form of expression is,) that is, counts his fingers; if he is counting leaves, for instance, and finds eighteen, he will hold up both hands, with the fingers spread out, then one hand with the fingers, then one with three fingers. His progress, however, is slow in this as in other studies.

"We have never had occasion to give him any lessons on propriety, either as to personal decency, or moderation in eating; and yet in both respects his conduct is not only unexceptionable, but, as I think, remarkable. He is a very moderate eater, and chews his food very deliberately. He does not crave so much as most other children, but is fond of odors, especially of flowers; and the pleasure which he derives from visiting a greenhouse seems almost equal to that obtained by persons with all their senses. He has a sense of property, and though not particularly acquisitive, asserts his right to his own, while he always respects the rights of others.

"I have said that he is cheerful and affectionate. There have been very few exceptions to this in his conduct. He has rarely shown marks of temper, and only when he had been teased or imposed upon, or thought he had been, and then he becomes passionate,

and seems bold as a little lion. There is much manliness about him, and he takes great delight in those exercises which require strength and activity. In our gymnasium he is one of the strongest and most expert performers, leaping the bars, clambering the ropes, and swinging himself about in the air, with entire fearlessness. When injured, he bears it bravely; rubs the part injured, and conceals his emotion, or, if a tear is forced out, it is unaccompanied by a groan. He has a very strong frame, and is seldom ill; but when anything ails him, he drops his head, sits quietly, or goes to bed, without any whining or any complaints. Sometimes, when he is grieved by a friend going away, he seems to be full of emotion, which, however, he conceals, though the tears sometimes trickle down his cheeks. He seems perfectly truthful and conscientious, though I am sure no one ever gave him any lessons upon the necessity of being so. Finally, without that remarkable degree of mental activity which makes Laura so apt a learner, he is in every respect a most interesting and beautiful boy, and it cannot be doubted that, by long and close perseverance in the course of instruction which has been adopted for him, his mind will be developed, and he will become an intelligent and happy man."

I have thus, my dear friend, given you some account of these two interesting cases that have attracted so much attention, and whose attainments in knowledge are well calculated to shame those, who, possessing all the senses, yet know not their value. How many thousands there are, "who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not." The last Report of the Perkins Institution states that there has been the same marked pro-

gress in the studies of Laura Bridgman and Oliver Caswell during the past year, as at any former period. Laura has been sick and is still feeble. Oliver is as healthy and active as usual, manifesting great fondness for manual exercise; and he will probably be able to maintain himself in after life, at some useful trade. I need not add, in conclusion, the reflections which the foregoing cannot fail to excite in every thoughtful mind. If those who are bereft of sight, of hearing, and of speech, who have but one avenue of knowledge,—one outlet alone through which the mind can communicate with the external world,—are, nevertheless, enabled to acquire so much knowledge of men and things, what ought they to do who enjoy the innumerable and unspeakable advantages which each of the five senses confer.

O, my friend, think of this, and remember that "to whom much is given much will be required." If this letter shall stimulate you to greater exertions in those pursuits which now occupy your attention, and I doubt not that it will, its object will have been accomplished.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN.

The first question which a young man might be supposed to ask, when he assumes the responsibility of acting for himself, is, For what purpose was I created? What am I designed to accomplish? or, in other words, What is my duty and my destiny? We do not mean to say that every one, on commencing life, does actually propose to himself this question, much less that he states it in this precise form. All that we mean is, that a thoughtful man, when he feels for the first time that his destiny has been committed, in a measure, to his own keeping, and his future happiness or misery depends upon nothing so much as the manner in which he decides upon the duties and purposes which he feels called upon to perform, will naturally be inclined to pause and reflect before taking the first step in that devious path that must lead him he knows not whither. For he feels an intuitive consciousness that there is a strange and intimate connection between all our acts. And he knows that our success or failure is mainly dependent on the view we take of life, and the manner in which we enter upon the performance of its duties. And therefore we say, a wise man would do well, first of all, attentively to consider the object for which he was made, and the best method by which it can be attained. For the slightest reflection will be sufficient to satisfy him that we were placed here not merely for amusement, or for momentary pastime, but that life is in fact a serious business; and that its character and usefulness depend mainly upon the manner

in which it is commenced. It may be assumed as certain, as a fixed and invariable law, that our usefulness and our happiness in the present state of existence, are decided by nothing so much as the manner in which we first commence to perform its duties. We hear much said about the capriciousness of fortune, about the many that fail, and the comparatively few that succeed, in the journey of life. But if we examine the subject closely,—if from the actions of men we endeavor to discover the principles which originated them, — we shall find, I think, in almost every case, that they are the true exponents of the wisdom or folly of those by whom they were put forth. Or, in other words, if we analyze with care the events of our own lives, we shall find that our experience has been in perfect accordance with the degree of thought and reflection which we bestowed upon life and its objects, at the very outset; and that whatever may be the vicissitudes to which we are subjected, we cannot in justice attribute them to any other cause foreign to ourselves. It is an indication of ignorance or imbecility to ascribe our prosperity or adversity to chance or fortune. Man is the arbiter of his own destiny; and he decides for himself whether his life shall be fraught with happiness or misery. But we would not be here misunderstood. We would by no means deny that there is a greater power than that of mere human agency, that makes itself manifest in the affairs of men. But this mighty influence operates more frequently in a general, than in a particular way. It is more strikingly displayed in its effects upon society than upon the individual, and besides its influence is always beneficent. Whatever evil may exist in the world, is attributable not to the Providence of God, but to the ignorance and degrada-

tion of man. We do not deny, indeed, that there is evil inherent in the very nature of things; but it bears no proportion to the misery caused by the sad mistakes and appalling crimes of man. What a fearful contrast does his life present, with its ceaseless discord, to the beauty and harmony that everywhere pervade nature. Whence this difference? It seems to me that it exists in that very superiority that man enjoys over all other terrestrial beings. The little insect of a day fulfils its brief destiny with admirable exactness. The silk-worm spins its thread and dies. And in every part of the animal kingdom, we find everywhere the same regularity to exist. Each one of all God's creatures, in its peculiar sphere, accomplishes the purpose of its being. Man alone, endowed with intelligence,—to whose vast capacities, no limits have been fixed, pre-eminently distinguished above all other terrestrial beings, with a nature that can never die, made in the very image of God, and destined forever to be the companion of angels,—mars the general plan, the great design of Heaven. We look in vain to his daily life for that beauty and regularity that exists in the world around him. Yes! No one can escape the conviction that the want of oneness between man and nature, as well as the want of harmony in himself, is the natural result of ignorance or neglect of those universal laws which man alone refuses to obey. Because he alone of all created beings is left free to decide for himself. Is it not lamentable that this freedom, that constitutes his highest glory, should so often be the cause of his deepest degradation? From what we have said, it will be readily understood, that we regard man, *to a very great extent*, as the arbiter of his own destiny. And that his failure to realize that degree of develop-

ment of which he is capable, is not to be attributed to any influence foreign to himself. Every human soul possesses energy enough to triumph over its external circumstances. It is a false and shallow philosophy which teaches the contrary.

We can never hope for anything higher than a third-rate civilization, until this is practically admitted. And we must not expect that there will be any considerable improvement in the condition of the individual man, until this is felt and acted upon. So long as we attribute our faults and our crimes to other than the right cause, we shall sin, and we must suffer. What every man needs, and more especially on entering life, is a deeper consciousness of himself, that he may truly understand the full extent of that which he is designed to accomplish. I do not assert, indeed, that a young man must comprehend the entire problem of his being, before he can fulfil those obligations that grow out of his complicated relations. But it certainly is necessary that he should have some fixed principles, some definite views by which he can determine with some degree of certainty upon a course of life which will be most conducive to promote his own physical, intellectual, and moral development, and at the same time will enable him to perform the duties he owes to society and to his Creator.

Every man ought to form, carefully, for himself, a theory of life, and, so far as practicable, he ought to make his actions conform to it. The case is, with most of us, quite the reverse. We make our view of the objects of life, in too many instances, square with our own limited and selfish actions; or what is, perhaps, more frequent, there really exists no kind of connection between what we think and what we do; between

what we conceive ought to be, and what we actually accomplish. Is it not true, that by far the greatest portion of mankind go through life without having any precise or definite idea of its object, who live on from day to day as if they were creatures of instinct, rather than reason? It is to this that we must ascribe the failure of so many schemes. We plan, in too many instances, without seeming to know why. We make use of means without having any definite idea of an end. And hence it so frequently happens that life is a miserable failure. It has become a common saying, that one must live twice to know how to live once. Now, we think, every one, on taking a retrospective view of his past life, can see that his mistakes and errors have been for the most part the results of his ignorance, or the want of a thorough preparation at the commencement. Such, at least, has been our experience. And we think that all, at times, must have felt, that a more thorough education would have enabled them to avoid many of those unhappy events, those unfortunate circumstances that are remembered only with pain and regret. How many rash and foolish things we do in our youth, only to be repented of in after life. There is probably no one who has not in his more thoughtful moments, when the events of his past life, assuming fantastic shapes, appear before him in terrible distinctness, confessed, in bitterness and in tears, that by far the greater number of those acts, which are now viewed only with sorrow, might have been avoided, if he had but better understood the true nature and object of life before taking upon himself its responsibilities. The young man, fired with enthusiasm and impelled by passion, enters upon the arena of life, knowing but little of his combatants, and

deplorably ignorant of the conflict. A momentary flush of success is sufficient to inspire him with new and increased ardor, and for a while he thinks of nothing but glory and renown. But soon the dream of his imagination is compelled to give place to the more sober and tardy convictions of reason and common sense. The bubbles that once amused him, vanish, and he is grasped by the cold, stern hand of terrible reality. Hence it is that we hear so many complain that they never realize, in the experience of after life, all that they hoped for in their youth. And the reason obviously is, that we form, at that period, an altogether different idea of life from the true one; or, more frequently still, we have no idea at all. We enter upon life knowing but little of its character, and but poorly fitted for the performance of its varied duties, and are compelled to learn from experience what might have been just as well obtained before, could we have enjoyed, during our minority, a more enlarged and liberal culture. And this leads us to observe, that we can never hope for that regularity and unity in the successive states of our progress from childhood to old age, until the significance of life, as a whole, is more fully comprehended than it is at present by the majority of mankind. If there be any period of our existence more important than any other, it is that in which we relinquish those influences that have guided and controlled our childhood, and go forth single-handed and alone to play our part in the broad battle-field of life. And yet, strange as it may seem, at no time are we less governed by the convictions of reason and the dictates of sound principles. The dawn of manhood seems to have been given over, by common consent, to the sway of the passions. The most critical moment

of all our existence, at which, more frequently than any other, our destiny is decided, is suffered to pass away neglected, or is spent in the pursuit of that which seldom fails to embitter our future days. How many noble men have been lost to the world, how many gifted minds have been sacrificed at this crisis of their existence, while yet they were young men, just entering upon the active duties of life. History furnishes many examples of such. We can never read their brief, sad story without regretting that the impressive lesson it teaches should not have been better understood.

But we will now proceed to point out some of those errors of which we have hitherto spoken only in a general way. The grand and too often fatal mistake which most young men commit, on setting out in life, is the total disregard which they often manifest to the experience of those who have preceded them. It is singular that the period when we most need the guidance of others, is precisely that in which it is most irksome. There is no time when man can rightly free himself from superior authority; in which he is not bound by the laws of nature or of society. But at the very commencement of his career, when as yet his character and habits of life are, at most, but imperfectly formed, with a blind impetuosity he spurns all authority, and gives himself up, if I may so speak, to the pleasures of the imagination, or, worse still, to the unbridled license of his passions. Now this utter contempt of authority, this total disregard of the wisdom and experience of his seniors, is the most unamiable, yet I am sorry to say, the most frequent trait which the young man exhibits. He will tell you that his soul is not a "palace of the past." He will talk largely

of manly independence, of his natural rights, &c. Yet in a few years afterwards, he will confess, but not unfrequently until it is too late, that at the very time when he claimed most rights he was the least capable of appreciating them, and that when he thought he was the most free, he was in fact the greatest slave. There is another characteristic which most young men exhibit, and which, if not early overcome, will seriously affect, if not altogether prevent, their future usefulness and success in life. I mean that thoughtlessness, that utter indifference, to all that is real, permanent, attainable, by systematic and well-directed efforts. This is so common that it is thought to be a necessary characteristic of early manhood. There is a kind of seriousness, a solemn, thoughtful demeanor, which sometimes displays itself in childhood, when the new-born spirit, with all its freshness and buoyancy, in a kind of enchanting bewilderment, looks forth upon the strange and beautiful universe. One could almost wish, though it would be at the expense of all progress, that we could retain throughout our whole existence this spiritual character that makes the little child seem so much like an angel. How terrible is the contrast between the condition of the child that looks forth with astonishment and delight upon every object around him, or turns upward his gaze and views the starry heavens, as if conscious that it was once his home; and the thoughtless and impetuous being just emerging into manhood, impelled by those dark and malignant passions that have drowned alike the voice of reason and of conscience, and that have annihilated from the soul all those bright and beautiful reminiscences of its former home in the spirit land. The period of life of which we are speaking is commonly denominated the

transition period. We are told that the phenomena it exhibits is the result of the change consequent on passing from boyhood to manhood; that there must be a time in every one's life in which the individual, for a while, must be given up to the dominion of his impulses, that he may more fully respect and revere the authority of the intellect and the moral sentiment. But there are those who believe that this could be obtained in a far different and far better way. For it cannot surely be that we are so constituted that we may not appreciate a pure and elevated life until we have first experienced its opposite. Can virtue and excellence only be attained by first passing through a state of ignorance and vice? And yet this is what is practically maintained by those who would throw a veil over the thoughtlessness which so often characterizes the life of the young man, or who would apologize for the excesses to which it leads, by insisting upon its necessity. It is a great mistake to suppose that any portion of our life, much less that in which the mind first begins to exercise its dearest right, its noblest prerogative, freedom of action, can be given up to the mere pursuit of pleasure or momentary self-gratification. So far from this, there is no time when we ought to give ourselves over more fully to calm reflection, to the profound, thoughtful consideration of the great work which we are appointed to accomplish, of the great mission which we were destined to fulfil.

The young man should pause on the threshold of the busy, active world upon which he is so soon to enter, and calmly and attentively consider the part which he is best fitted to act in its great drama, and the way in which he can best accomplish the purpose of his being; and not, as is now too often the case, rush forth

with a fiery impetuosity, attracted hither and thither by every surrounding influence, made the sport of every fortuitous circumstance, until, at length, the hours of his existence have well nigh passed away, and he feels, as he takes a retrospective view of his life, that he has not accomplished its high purpose, and he sinks at last into an inglorious grave, leaving behind only the record of disappointed hopes and miserable failures. The indifference to which we have referred, and which constitutes one of the prominent characteristics in most young men, proceeds from the want of proper views and definite ideas of the true aim of human life. Nothing is required to remove this indifference, this thoughtlessness, but a more liberal and extended culture. The primary object of all education should be, to impress upon the mind of every human being the purpose for which he was created, and instruct him in the way by which it can be most thoroughly attained. Then he will exhibit, on assuming the responsibilities of a man, a dignity worthy of his high vocation; for he will then no longer be swayed by impulse, but governed and controlled by principle. He will advance onward, cautiously, but resolutely. Instead of being the sport of circumstances, he will make them administer to his ends. Life will not be to him, what it now too often is, a mere series of disconnected and adverse events. But he will be able to see a beautiful unity and harmony in the vicissitudes of every day and every hour. Even the failure of such a one, (if indeed it be admitted that he can ever be truly said not to have accomplished what he has undertaken,) is infinitely preferable to the casual and momentary success of him, who, on enter-

ing life, acknowledges no higher law than the dictates of his own caprice.

We might here specify many other peculiarities in the character of young men, which are, for the most part, the deplorable results of a defective education, and which cause the experience of so many lives to be barren and unfruitful. Or we might enlarge upon those we have already briefly noticed. But in such a case we should greatly exceed the limits we have prescribed for this article. We have briefly referred to the necessity of a more thorough education than young men at present receive. We would only add, that this must be, for the most part, self-education. As we before observed, every man is, to a great extent, the arbiter of his own destiny; and as he alone can take cognizance of the facts of consciousness, and of those complicated processes of thought that are going on within him, and which exert a far more important influence in fixing his sphere of activity, and determining his destiny, than the innumerable agencies by which he is surrounded; therefore it is that he must be, for the most part, his own instructor. The motto written upon the temple of Delphi, "Know thyself," should be engraven upon every heart.

We might have referred to many other distinguishing, and, what we cannot help calling pernicious, traits in the character of young men, and which are made but too plainly visible in their influence upon society. With them, usually, originate most of those Utopian schemes for revolutionizing the world and regenerating the race, and which, for the most part, accomplish but little more than to keep the world in ceaseless turmoil. They commence to reform the world, without seeming to think that the best way to attain their

object is to begin by reforming themselves. However, this and many other characteristics upon which we might enlarge are all mainly attributable to the cause we have assigned, — the want of a more thorough self-culture, — a more complete preparation for the active and responsible duties of life than young men at present receive. We rejoice, however, to know that the subject is beginning to receive the attention it deserves. And we trust that the day is approaching, when, to see an uneducated young man will be as rare as it is now frequent; and when the end and aim of every human being shall be to develop aright his noble nature, and to accomplish his high destiny.

ETERNAL LIFE.

"The stars shall fade away: the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the warring elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

THERE is no subject more worthy of our thoughtful consideration, none better fitted to occupy our noblest powers, than the humble endeavor to discover the nature and character of that life for which we are all destined, and upon which we are so soon to enter. We have expressed in another article, to the best of our ability, reasons for believing in the soul's immortality. But next to the conviction that we shall live beyond the grave, is the desire to know something of the form and mode of such an existence. Indeed, the one is inseparable from the other. The human soul is not satisfied with having arrived at a certainty of its eternal duration. It seeks for something more. It endeavors to ascertain what will be the character and object of this prolonged existence. Shall the sympathies awakened, the associations formed, the ideas acquired here remain with us when we have entered upon that higher life, or shall we retain, in the better world, only the consciousness of our own identity, whilst all we have formerly thought, felt, or known, is buried in forgetfulness? We can conceive of no subject more worthy of the serious study, deep thought, and profound contemplation of every rational, moral, and accountable being. In those hours of deep reflec-

tion, when the soul turns inwardly its gaze, and views its own inimitable graces, and endeavors, as it were, to systematize its own lofty presentiments, it feels, without the aid of argument, that it can never die, that it is destined for a life that shall never terminate, an existence that shall have no end. At such a time, it endeavors to discover, by the light of its intuitions, the teachings of nature and the truths of revelation, where and what is to be the nature of that home, in which, after the struggles of its primitive state are over, it is to realize its destiny. Every one, we think, must be conscious of a desire to know something more of that world to which we are hastening with a rapidity which we attempt to measure, but can never fully calculate. There is probably no one so constantly occupied with the pursuit of the world, so completely engrossed with the objects of sense, as not, occasionally at least, to experience a longing, a desire to know something more of that purer and that better world towards which he is now so rapidly advancing. This desire is strengthened in every man by nearly all the circumstances attendant on our present state of existence, and more especially by the uncertainty of its duration. No thoughtful man can lie down at night, without feeling conscious that before the dawn of another day he may be removed from earth to heaven, from the world of men to the world of spirits. It is this uncertainty that invests our present life, that gives such a deep and solemn interest to the inquiry, *whither are we going?* Innumerable are the speculations to which this question has given rise. It might form an interesting exercise to collect and compare the ideas of heaven, which devout men in every age have incorporated in those religions, through which they have endeavored

to establish a more intimate connection between themselves and God, and to express their faith in the never-ending existence of the human soul. And though we should find between each a very striking difference, yet there is one respect in which they would all bear a resemblance. They would all unite in describing the future abode of the soul to be something far higher and nobler than that in which it at present exists.

This subject has formed, at all times and among all nations, the most exciting theme for the poet and the philosopher. The poet has described heaven as the sacred, enchanted land, adorned with perpetual luxuriance, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and ambrosial streams forever flow. In this abode of the just and good, where youth and beauty reign immortal, and the smile of love is the light of their existence, exalted genius has endeavored to delineate its highest conception of our future destiny. The philosopher, dealing less with imagery and more with ideas, has pictured a heavenly paradise, in whose sacred groves, divine instructors shall impart to the souls of men a knowledge of that truth which they sought for in vain upon earth. This subject forms the burden of many of those legends and myths, that constitute so large a part of what may be denominated the sacred writings of antiquity, and in which was embodied the religion of all those nations not favored with a direct revelation from heaven. Many of the most beautiful ideas in the teachings of Socrates and the speculations of Plato, relating to the future condition and abode of the soul, were derived from the fables and traditions of many of the oriental nations. The allegories and fables of those earlier times, relating to the Elysian fields or the dread Tartarus, show with what earnest-

ness man has ever contemplated his future condition. The idea of heaven and hell has been incorporated into every system of religion that has ever existed. Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive a religion without them. The human soul cannot be satisfied with the conviction of its immortality. It seeks for something more. It endeavors to discover where and what will be the nature of its future condition. Now, as we have before remarked, the idea of eternal life, has, in some form or other, been connected with men's notions of God and his moral government, and the necessity of a higher development than the human soul in its present imperfect state of existence can receive. Among the rudest and most uncultivated nations, who may hardly be said to have a language sufficiently comprehensive to convey any but the most common ideas, we find unmistakable evidences of a belief in a higher life. True, it is often nothing more than an exalted conception or an exaggerated view of what they realize here upon earth. The red man's idea of heaven, for example, is a more extensive hunting-ground, where he will possess better implements of warfare, better facilities for hunting, and richer game. The Indian has a firm faith, that when he lays down the bow and arrow and dies, he is to resume them again in that better land where his fathers have gone before him. Now this extended view of the present existence, this idea of having in completeness what we only have here in part, or of realizing that in the future of which here we only dream, is the same in the civilized as in the savage man. When we, as Christians, speak of heaven, we mean a state of greater felicity than can be realized upon the earth. Perhaps our most exalted conception

of paradise is an abode where we shall be united to those we have loved, and where, in the society of purified spirits, we shall spend the ceaseless ages of eternity, in perfecting or completing what we have but commenced in the present world, and in glorifying God. The certainty of our immortality is revealed in the New Testament; but the place where we are to spend our future existence, its nature and character, as well as the forms we are to assume, the parts we are to act, the laws by which we are to be governed, is shrouded in mystery, or, at most, is left to mere conjecture. Various and contradictory have been the theories or hypotheses by which enlightened and Christian men have endeavored to explain the nature of the life beyond the grave. Some have maintained that death will effect an entire change in our condition, and that in the next world the manner in which we are to exist will be altogether unlike our present life. Others, and we think with far more probability, insist, that heaven is but another state, from which we are separated only by a thin veil; and that we shall be there in every respect as we are here, excepting only that we shall be placed in more favorable circumstances to improve or progress. There has been a great deal of dispute among theologians and divines, as to whether we are to have in heaven the same bodies that we inhabit here. Volumes have been written upon this single question, but without mankind becoming any wiser.* The Scriptures, we think, favor the idea of a spiritual body, resembling in form, — if indeed it may be said that spirits can have form, — the one we at present inhabit, but freed from all its

* See Taylor's Physical Theory of Another Life.

imperfections and infirmities. This, however, is of but little consequence. The intellect, which has been expended in the investigation of this subject, might have been, to say the least, much more profitably employed. It is enough for us to know that the grave is not the goal of our existence; that there is a brighter, better land beyond. There is no truth which the human mind is capable of receiving, more consolatory than this. And nothing can tend more to elevate us above the world, than the thought that we have a home in the skies. The tired wanderer of earth loves to gaze upon the beautiful stars, "and guess what one shall be *his* home when love becomes immortal." And he who cannot see the light of sun, nor moon, nor stars, is cheered in his darkness by the reflection that the day is coming, when, from the heights of the far-off future, he shall look down with delighted eye upon the beautiful universe that he now yearns in vain to see. When we look around us, and behold the inequality that everywhere exists, the wretchedness and sin from which none are entirely exempt, it is a blessed thing, that we can look upwards and onwards with hope, nay, with the assurance that the day is approaching when the voice of the archangel shall proclaim to man that the reign of sorrow and suffering is over. Then shall that song with which the angels proclaimed the birth of the Saviour be again repeated. Then shall the good of earth and the pure of heaven unite in the triumphant chorus, "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth, and good will towards men."

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS UPON THE BLIND.

If we write more frequently upon blindness than any other subject, it is because we are called upon at every moment of our existence to feel and deplore its effects. In whatever we attempt to accomplish in performing the most trifling act of every-day life, we are admonished of the absence of vision, and of the difference, which, in consequence, exists between us and the rest of mankind. It is not, therefore, strange that the great fact of our life, — that which in an eminent degree decides its character, — should, more frequently than any other, occupy our thoughts.

We propose to devote the concluding pages of our offering to a few additional observations upon the blind.

In previous articles we have referred to the different institutions that have been established in this and other countries, for the education of this unfortunate class of mankind. The system by which they are instructed is partly by substituting the sense of touch for that of which they are deprived, and partly oral. One of the greatest improvements of modern times is the printing of books in raised characters, so as to enable the student deprived of sight to read with his fingers. Who can estimate all the advantages which books prepared in this way confer upon those for whom they are designed? What language can describe the alleviations they afford to the darkened life of him "to whom nature is at one entrance quite shut out?" Still, there is such a thing as over-estimating

their value as a means of education. They form an important and essential auxiliary in the instruction of the blind. But they can never be wholly relied upon. They can never entirely take the place of oral instruction. And besides, the number of books prepared in this way must of necessity be very limited. There have been published in this country, at the Perkins Institution, some forty-three volumes. These have, by no means been sufficient to meet the wants of educated blind persons. They have, nevertheless, formed an important addition to oral instruction. Most of the knowledge which the blind man is enabled to acquire of the physical sciences and speculative philosophy, as well as of the world around him, and of passing events, is obtained by having some seeing person read to him from some book, or describe to him that which is going on around him; and but for such description, he would remain in ignorance of the commonest facts of every-day life. Oral instruction is then the grand agent in the education of the blind, which books in raised characters can greatly assist, but never supersede. The disadvantages of books prepared in this way, are, that they are, in the first place, too bulky. Secondly, that the difficulty of reading them is increased as the student grows older, and his fingers become hardened. Thirdly, it takes him three times as long to read one third as much as is contained in ordinary books. We might name other objections, but these are sufficient to substantiate what we have already observed upon this subject. Of the contrivances for instructing the blind in writing, arithmetic, higher mathematics, geography, astronomy, &c., we need only say that they are simple and effective,

and that they admirably answer the purpose for which they were invented.

The question, "can the blind be educated?" is no longer a debatable one. The experience of the last half century is enough to satisfy every one that the mere want of sight does not necessarily debar the individual from the high enjoyment which knowledge imparts; and that intellectual stupidity and ignorance are not necessarily consequent upon physical blindness. There are, however, other problems connected with the blind, which, as yet, have not received a solution. We have time only to briefly advert to one. It is acknowledged by all, that there are insuperable difficulties in the way of a blind man's obtaining an independent livelihood. Everywhere in human society, the possession of sight seems necessary to fit one for any considerable degree of activity. And hence, it too often happens that education does but a little more for the blind than to awaken them to the fuller consciousness of their deprivation. This is at length beginning to receive the attention it merits; and the philanthropist is now compelled to acknowledge that next to the importance of giving the unfortunate an education, is the devising of some method by which they can obtain their daily bread. The friends of the blind recommend the establishment of asylums, where those blind persons who are too old to receive an education, or otherwise disqualified, or who, having received an education, are still unable to obtain a subsistence in the world at large, by their own unaided exertions, may be received, and employed at some useful handicraft work, so that, by laboring with their own hands some twelve or fifteen hours a day, they may be able to supply themselves with the necessaries

of life. We cannot but think that such establishments would not only fail to realize the object for which they were designed, but would actually create greater evils than those under which the blind at present labor. None can deplore more deeply than we do, the inability of the blind to compete with seeing persons in many of the avocations of life. We are still, however, of the opinion, that there are some situations in which they can not only be useful to others, but by which they can also, without the aid of society, maintain themselves and their families. There is no reason why the blind may not become effective teachers in our seminaries and academies, and even in our colleges. Mr. Nelson, a blind man, was for many years, a successful professor in a college in New Jersey. It would not be out of place in this connection to refer to Mr. Shaw, the distinguished blind musician. Indeed, we see not what there is to prevent many educated blind persons from occupying, with advantage to themselves and society, those situations, where the possession of a good intellect and a well cultivated mind is of more consequence than mere physical sight. Now, if we are right, we maintain that establishments where blind persons are collected together, and are compelled to labor at some handicraft work, from which at most they can only hope to obtain a scanty pittance, barely sufficient to supply their physical wants, and not even this much, without the aid of charity, to be, to say the least, very unwise. It would be manifestly an act of injustice to those who go forth into the world unaided and alone to meet with and manfully contend against the obstacles that everywhere surround them. If the blind must receive aid from society, it is far better that it should be direct. It will then be more commensurate with

the merits and the wants of each individual. Asylums, houses of refuge, retreats, work-houses, whatever you may please to call them, usually generate two evils where they mitigate one. What the blind man most needs is a good education. As soon, therefore, as he has completed the course of instruction at the institutions established for the purpose, instead of being immured for the rest of his days in an asylum, and required with his fingers to compete with those who bring to their aid steam and machinery, and do as much in an hour as he can possibly do in a week,—instead of this, we say, the blind man should be sent forth into the world to test the value of his education, and if it be worth anything at all, it will enable him to achieve his success. It seems to us there is something cruel in requiring one, for whom physical objects present no attraction, to labor the livelong day for barely a sufficient sum to feed and clothe him. Society ought not to require this of any human being, much less of the blind man. He, at least, ought to be allowed some portion of time for the cultivation of the mind, since from it comes all his enjoyment. We would like to say much more upon this subject, did our space permit. We will only add, that when a blind man is thoroughly educated, he is fitted to contend successfully with the evils incidental to his condition. And that before the well-directed efforts of a cultivated mind, mere physical obstacles must disappear as the darkness of midnight before the light of the noon-day sun.

THE FAIRY WALTZ.

Composed and affectionately Dedicated to MARIA L. BOWEN, by her Father.

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